BLOOD for BLOOD:
OR
MURTHERS
REVENGED.

BRIEFLY, yet LIVELY set forth
In Thirty Tragical Histories.

To which are added Five more,
Being the sad Product of our own Times.
VIZ.

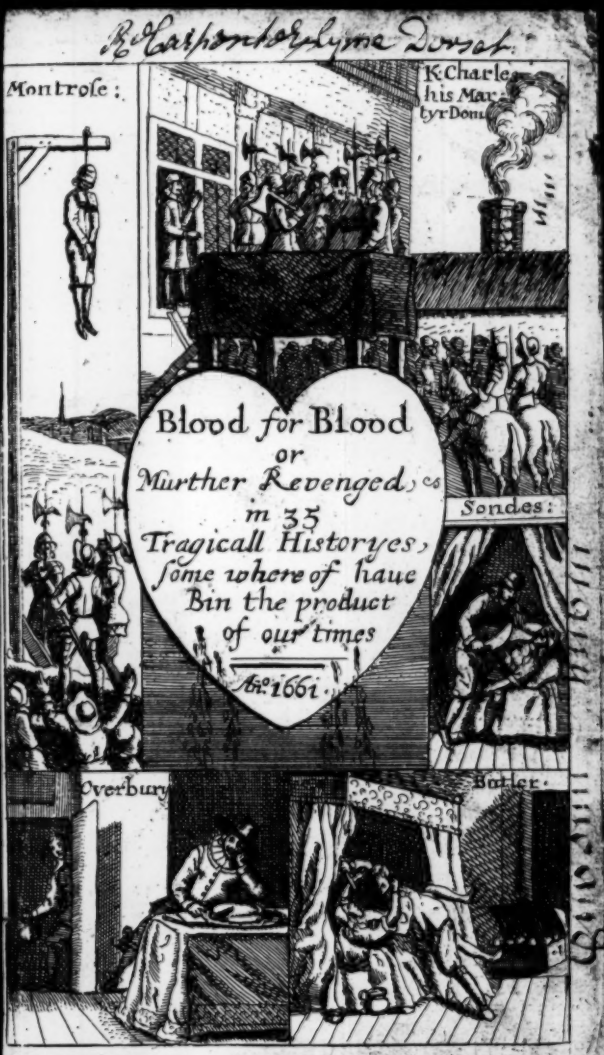
K. CHARLES
THE MARTYR.

Montrose and *Argyle*, *Overbury* and *Turner*
Sonds & his two Sons, *Knight* and *Butler*.
With a short *Apendix* to the present age.

Homicida omnium peccatorum est maximus: Qui enim hominem cædit, imaginem Dei delet.
----Nec lex est justior ulla
Quam necis artifices, arte perire sua.

Faithfully digested for the benefit of Posterity
By *T. M*, Esq;

OXFORD,
Printed for the Author and are to be sold by the Booksellers in *London*. 1661.


Montrose:
K. Charles his Martyr Dom
Blood for Blood
or
Murther Revenged, &c
in 35
Tragicall Historyes,
Some where of haue
Bin the product
of our times
Anno 1661
Sondes:
Overbury
Butler

To the Eminently Vertuous and most worthily honoured Lady, the Lady Margaret, *Wife unto the Right Honourable* William, Marqueſs, *and Earl of* Newcaſtle, *Baron of, &c.*

IT hath been a (cuſtom praiſe worthy enough as I ſuppoſe) in all ages, by the repreſentation of former vices to deterr the preſent times, eſpecially where the fact hath been notorious, and the judgment exemplary; the Almighty wiſdom evermore delighting to ſhew to the world, that by unlikelieſt means, greateſt matters may come to concluſion, that humane reaſon may be the more humble, and more willingly give place to Divine providence.

You may wonder, I confeſs, Madam, from whence I ſhould get ſo much effrontery to make this bold attempt: but all the World knowes that vir-

tue is attractive, wherewith your noble breſt being ſo replete, hath enforced me to be a willing and devout admirer.

But when I conſider the meanneſs of my capacity, that is not able to ſhew the candor of its zeal by the worth of a preſent, I muſt invoke your Ladyſhip to accept of the will for the deed, while I imitate thoſe pious birds, who having nothing elſe, brought their feathers as a willing oblation to that magnificent Temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos*.

True honour is never envyous, whereof had many of the Subjects of our enſuing diſcourſes been poſſeſſed, they had not this day been ſo infamouſly noted in the regiſter of fame, but where there is no heed taken to lawes, there is much to be doubted a pertinacy to ſin; for they that cannot be wrought to obedience by authority, will never be won by favour, for being without fear,

fear, they are commonly void of grace, and deviate as far from honour as awe, neither valuing good Counſel, nor ſubmitting to good lawes, but making all the wrongs they do, to be a cauſe ſtill to do further injuries.

I ſhall not trouble your honour with the reaſons moving me to this work, but ſhall only Dedicate it to your Honourable ſervice, being aſſured your name will prove an *Aſylum* able to protect it from the greateſt ſtormes, malicious carpers can raiſe againſt it. To you therefore moſt Vertuous Lady it deſervedly makes addreſs, both as its Patron and Judge, by whoſe candid acceptance it will receive ſuch vigour, that it dares enter the liſts, while I for ſuch your favour ſhall alway be enforced to acknowledge my ſelf *Madam*

Oct. 1660. *Your Ladyſhips moſt humble Servant, and an admirer of your eminent vertues.*

T. M.

To the Reader.

IT is the great fault of this Age to write much and act little, and among the guilty I must needs appear, as infected with the same Scribendi Cacoethes: *'Tis the daily work on all hands to write; but if Readers were as judicious as curious, good books would be more esteemed, and trifles less valued, and fewer in number; whose multitudes have and do so daily swarm, that they even nauseate, and breed a loathing to the Muses choyceſt and most ſelected dainties. But to the purpiſe. In this enſuing volume, you have the two great buſineſſes of Mankind handled, which are rewards and puniſhments, rewards proper to, and for well-doing, and puniſhments to evill doing: Which two muſt be confounded no more than good and evill are to be mingled. Therefore it hath been determined in all Wiſdomes, that no Man becauſe he hath done well before, ſhould have his preſent evills ſpared; but rather ſo much the more puniſhed, as having ſhewed he knew how to be good, yet would againſt his knowledge be naught.*

Now as that is the ſubject, ſo the Method ought alſo to be conſidered, wherein that ſubject is treated. Tragical Hiſtories are to have Tragical words to

ſet

ſet them out. This made Lucan that Heroick Hiſtorian bring forth Cornelia ſitting upon the ſhore, where her Husband took his last farewell of her, where (like another Niobe) ſhe makes a Limbeck of her eyes, and deſcants her own calamity, oft wiſhing his return, and when deprived of his ſight, yet the eye of imagination repreſents a new object of ſorrow: Here in ſuch royal compoſitions and funeral concluſions; he deſcribes the diverſity of nature in two contrary Subjects, a Servant faithfull, ſitting ore the headleſs trunk of his unhappy Maſter: And there a ſlave as ingratefull haling his once well eſteemed Lord and General to the fatal ſhore, where (without taſt of remorſe or remembrance of former merits, or regard of Countries love) he deprives him of Life. Such tragick Occurrents (I ſay) require their Emphaſis, for pittifull ſtories have often ſtrange effects, if amply deſcribed.

And ſuch, Reader, hath been my care, from an amazed bulk of prolixity, wherein thou mighteſt with eaſe looſe both thy delight and judgment to reduce them to this narrow ſcantling, able to be pierced by any ingenious fancy. And that it is no new quirk, you may pleaſe to obſerve, that ſome Famous Romane Authours, were but in truth the Epitomizers of ſome more antient writers. But yet to render ſome ſatisfaction in point of novelty: I have added five new Hiſtories, whoſe particulars have never been ſo ſuccinctly and truly gathered together by any one pen: ſome of them are diabolically monſtrous, and ſtriking even at the root of na-

ture

ture, others too bad, but not of so deep a dye; be not hasty in judgment, but read and consider with tears, and then truly though I might fear the just reproofe of the learned, yet I have for my excuse what our Saviour spoke in another case, If these should hold their peace, the very stones would cry out.

Accept then hereof and set an esteem upon it, as it deserves, so shall the imperfections be winked at, which will be a further encouragement to move me to something else, wherein and in all other things I shall endeavour to approve my self.

Octob. *Thy Friend*

1660. T. M

BRITISH MUSEUM 23 JY 34 NATURAL HISTORY

GODS REVENGE AGAINST Murder:

HIST. I.
GRANDPRE and *HAUTEFELIA*.

The Contents.

Hautefelia *causeth* La Fresnay *an Apothecary to poyson* Mermanda *and her Husband* Grandpre, *her own Brother, and is likewise the cause that her said Brother kills* De Malleray, *her own Husband, in a Duell.* La Fresnay *condemned to be hanged for a Rape, on the Ladder confesseth the two former murthers; and sayes that* Hautefelia *seduced and hired him to perform them:* Hautefelia *is likewise apprehended, and so, for the said cruel Murthers, they are both put to severe and cruel death.*

AS there is no crime but carrieth its guilt with it, so there are particular enormities which merit and draw on them their peculiar punishments; as that great and crying sin of

Murther; whoſe beloved mother is Revenge: which two having once taken poſſeſſion, Grace, being wholly excluded, leaves the place, which, by Hypocriſy, being ſwept and garniſhed, the Devil enters *de novo*, and makes it ten times more defiled than at firſt. The horrid greatneſs of this crying ſin cannot be better ſet out than in the grievouſneſs of the puniſhment, for it never eſcapes: *Sequitur impios Ultor à tergo Deus.* Which the following Hiſtories will ſo clearly demonſtrate, that he that runs may read the ſame, as in the following Relation will appear.

Neer *Auxone* a frontier Town of the Dutchy of *Burgandy*, dwelt one *Monſieur de Grand-mont*, an antient Gentleman, of a noble extract, which was waited on by an opulent eſtate both in Land and Goods, and bleſs't with the enjoyment of a vertuous wife, *Madamoyſelle de Carnye*, the only Daughter of *Monſieur de Buſerat*, who lived in the Citie of *Dole*: This happy pair, as a farther addition to their felicity, had three hopeful ſons, *Grand Pre*, *Vileneufe* and *Maſſeron*, and two daughters, known by the titles of *Hautefelia* and *De Creſſy*.

Grand Pre the eldeſt ſon, for the better completing of his Gentility, deſires his Fathers leave to ſee the wars, and therein to gain both honour and knowledge: in which vertuous reſolution he was confident to ſpeed; in regard he deſigned himſelf to ſerve *Mars* under the command of that famous Prince of *Orange*, *Grave Maurice* of *Naſſaw*.

The ſecond ſon, *Vileneufe*, according to his natural delight in Books, was ſent to *Pont-au-Mouſſon* to ſtudy: and the third for his beauty and ſweetneſſe was begged for a Page by the *Marſhal* of *France*, who unfortunately loſt his head in the *Baſtile* of *Paris*.

The

The two Daughters were thus disposed, *Hautefelia* to live at home with her Parents: and *de Cressy* was presented to the service of a great *Burgundian* Lady.

Thus we see them, by the industrious care of their tender Parents, all hopefully disposed, though Providence in a short time cast a cloud on this calm serenity by the deaths, of *Villeneufe* at *Pont-au-Mousson*, who was there drowned as he bathed himself in the River; of *Masseron* at *Fountainbleau*, who was there killed in a Duel by a *Gascon*; and of *Hautefelia*, who dyed at home of a burning Fever with her Parents. With which several griefs being almost overwhelmed, they resolve to call home the remaining two, *viz. Grand Pre* and *de Cressy* (who by her sisters death comes to take her title of *Hautefelia*, by which name she is generally hereafter known) that their presence might be a stay and comfort both against their griefs and age.

According to this Resolution they are sent for, and with speed come: first *Hautefelia*, and shortly after *Grand Pre*: to congratulate whose returne, most of the Nobility and Gentry of those parts resort to visit and complement him, whom they now finde to be every way a most accomplisht Gentleman, with a total inclination to the Martial humor, which makes his aged Father fear his future losse in seeking wars: for the preventing whereof, and keeping him at home for the time to come, he seeks to joyn him in marriage with some rich and beautifull Lady, whereof he affords him choice; but *Grand Pre* desires to be excused: yet the good old man, knowing by experience, that *there is a time for all things*, and therefore among many inventions, he approves of this as the likeliest, namely, at Winter to leave the Countrey, where he then dwelt, and

to reside in the Citie of *Dijon*, hoping that some one of the many famous beauties were therein, might so at last prevail, as to alter that martial temper of his son, and reduce him to delight more in the presence of a Mistress, than of *Mars*. And according to his hopes the event succeeds: For on a Sunday morning, going to the Chappel Royal to hear a *Capuchin* Fryer preach, he espies before him a beautifull young Lady, of stature tall, yet very slender, fair of complexion, with a quick and sparkling eye, the delicate tresses of a flaxen hair in various curles curiously shadowing the snowy whiteness of her neck: in a word, peerless in her outward perfections, which were also set forth, and adorned, by the exquisite artifice of becoming and most rich apparel, with the amiableness of which object, our *Grandpre* is suddenly overcome, so that he immoveably for some time fixed his eyes upon her, which, the Lady taking notice of, and observing in the passage from Church, that as he was rich in habit, so he had a great attendance, raised a blush in her cheeks, which set a greater Lustre on her conquering beauty: so that now 'tis all our young Gentlemans endeavour to finde out who, and what this his new Mistress may be. To which end he sends his Page after her to enquire, who quickly returns, and informs him that her name is *Mermanda*, eldest daughter to *Monsieur de Cressonvill*, one of the chief Presidents of the Parliament. Whereat, rejoycing that there was no great disparity between them, he immediately resolves, all other businesse set apart, to seek her in marriage: which he doth, first privately by himself, then publickly by his Parents and Friends, who in a short time prevail with *Mermanda*'s Father, who agrees to give his Daughter to *Grandpre*; desiring on the

other

other side that his only Son, named *De Malleray*, may have to wife *Grand Pre's* sister *Hautefelia*, which, after some debates on both sides, at last also takes effect, and so the two families are united into one by a double tye of affection, and the marriages are with great pompe and pleasure solemnized.

Never did any married couple live more happily contented for the space of one whole year, than did *Grand Pre* and *Mermanda*; when, behold *Hautefelia*, (her Sister in law) envying her felicity, begins to contrive how, to alter the scene, and, to make her as miserable in her Husband *Grand Pre's* jealousie, as formerly she had been happy in his Love; and considering the means how to bring this her mischief to effect, she remembers, that the Baron of *Betanford*, sometimes visited her brother, (against whom likewise she bore a spleen) and so resolves to make use of his name and visits, and to lay them as a ground, whereby to work her revenge against both the *Baron* and *Mermanda*.

And now being thus resolved, she sends for her brother *Grand Pre* by a servant and a letter: Upon the receipt whereof he presently goes to *Dijon* to her, where after his welcome, espying, as he thought, some discontent in her face, whereof he was desirous to be satisfied, and so shortly he is; for supper being ended, after a little walk taken in the the garden, he is conducted to his chamber, when, his brother in law *De Malleray* giving him the good night, his Sister *Hautefelia* with tears in her eyes informes him, that she knows for certain the Baron of *Betanford* is too familiar with his Wife *Mermanda*, yea beyond the bounds of honesty.

Grand Pre amazed at this strange and unlooked

for News, becomes like a Madman, and having ſhewn divers effects thereof in his extravagant paſſions, and therewith wearied, at laſt he reſolves with his Siſter to keep the matter ſecret; but vows ſharp revenge to his wife and the Baron: and thus, very penſive and ſorrowful, the next day rides home. Where, being arrived, and beginning to ſhew his diſcontent, after ſupper, he ſends for his Wife into the Garden, and bringing her to a ſolitary Grove, with unkindneſs in his words, and terrour in his actions, he charges her with the crime of diſhoneſty with the Baron of *Betanford*, whereat ſhe is ſo amazed that ſhe falls into a ſwoon, and after recovery endeavours to cleer her ſelf; vowing that ſhe never had the leaſt thought of that kinde, neither ever did the Baron open his mouth to her with ſuch a motion. *Mermanda*'s ſorrow and tears ſo prevail, that he prayes her pardon, vowes to forget all this, and to love her better than before: but ſhe, not daring to rely on theſe his words, and thinking to prevent the like for the future, and to take off all cauſe of ſuſpition, which ſhe ſuppoſed would grow anew, if the Baron ſhould continue his viſits to their houſe, as formerly; reſolves to write him a Letter to refrain the houſe, and accordingly doth in theſe words:

IT is not with bluſhes, but tears, that I preſume to write unto you; for indeed it grieves me to publiſh my Husbands folly, which by duty I know I am bound to conceal: neither had I attempted it, but that grief and neceſſity throw me on this exigent; for ſo it is, that my unſpotted chaſtity is not able to defend him from jealouſie, which makes me as much triumph in mine own loyalty, as I grieve at his ingratitude: and not content to wrong me, his

his folly, or rather his frenzy hath reflexion on you whom he takes to be, both the object, and cause thereof: but, as your innocency can justly warrant and defend mine honour, and your honour my innocency, from the least shadow of that crime, so, that we may both endeavour rather to quench, then enflame, this his irregular passion, I most humbly beseech you to refrain our house, and neither to visit me, nor be familiar with him; and, so peradventure time may wear away from his thoughts that which at present truth and reason cannot. Your relucent vertues, and true generosity assure me of this curtesie, the which I will repay with thanks, and requite with prayers, that your days may be as infinite as your perfections, and your fame as glorious as your merits.

Mermanda.

The Baron having received this Letter, and vexed, that his innocency should be thus accused, he purposes to go out of the way to *Paris*, and so takes Coach for that great Citie.

Grand Pre understanding the Baron of *Betanfords* sudden departure to *Paris*, (straight in his jealous humour) imagines a plot betwixt him and his wife, which so heightens his suspition, that now he wholly hates his wife, and, as an effect thereof, refuseth her bed, whereat she is infinitely troubled and perplexed. But he, now boyling with deviliſh malice, vowes to be revenged, first on the Baron, and then of his wife: to which effect, under pretence of other businesse, taking a choice horse, a Page, and two Lackeyes with him, by a contrary way comes first to *Troy*, then to *Briecount Robert*, where, being very private in his Inne, he writes a Challenge, and taking aside his Page, gives it him with, command at

break of day to post to *Paris*, and there having found the Baron of *Betanford*, secretly to deliver the same to him, to take his Answer, and to return the same night.

The Page, in pursuance of his Masters command, hasts to *Paris*, fitly findes out the Baron, and delivers him this Letter or Chalenge.

YOu need no other witnesse than your self to inform you in how high a nature you have wronged me; and herein your false glory hath made my true shame so apparent, as I had rather die than live to digest it: for not to dissemble you my malice, as you have done me your friendship, I can sooner forget all other offences, than pardon this. Therefore finde it not strange that I request you to meet me on Thursday *morning next at five or six, either with your Sword or Rapier, on horseback or a foot, at* Carency, *half a league from* Bricaut Robert, *where the bearer hereof shall expect you, to conduct you safely to a fair Meadow, where, without Seconds, I will attend you: Its impossible for me to receive any other satisfaction, for to write you the truth, nothing but your life or mine is capable to decide this difference.*

Grand Pre.

Which having read, and caused the Page to dine with him, after dinner he sends him away with this Answer; *Tell thy Master, that I will not fail to meet him on horseback without a second, at the hour and place appointed.* And according to his promise, the next *morning* comes to *Carency, where* he is met in the field by *Grand Pre*, having only their Chirurgions with them: where after a sharp & resolute fight on horseback, with the guift & return of divers *wounds*, *Grand Pre*

Pre is with a desperate wound in the belly laid for dead, and *Betanford* is the Victor: yet so friendly, that he takes care for the dressing *Grand Pre*'s wounds, whereby he comes to himself: when likewise being satisfyed by *Betanford* of the odiousness of the scandal laid on himself, and raised against *Mermanda*'s honour, he repents of his jealousie, vowing to live and dye his honourable friend, and to renew his love to his wife, which he had so undeservedly withdrawn from her. And thus after some dayes they very friendly part. When coming home to his wife, he relates to her the whole occasion, and event of the combat, cryes *Peccavi*, and so all things are now once again well between them.

But now I must reminde you of *Hautefelia*, who finding her plot thus broken, and purposes prevented, she resolves once more to try her invention, and of all her wicked devices rests at last on this, to poyson *Mermanda*: and so strikes a bargain with one *La Fresnay* an Apothecarie, for two hundred Crowns to perfect it, who undertakes, promiseth, and in less than two moneths performs it; so as she is brought to a mournful and lamentable end.

Hautefelia having thus brought about her first mischief, instantly begins to teem with a second, for as she hated *Mermanda* the sister, so she never loved *De Malleray* the brother, though her own Husband; and therefore purposed to remove him too out of the way. For the more neat and cleanly carriage whereof, she thinks it the safest way by setting her Husband *De Malleray* at variance with her Brother *Grand Pre*. To which effect she informs her Husband that her brother had killed his wife with his jealousie, that he held her to be the Baron of *Betanfords* Strumpet, with whom for the same

cause

cause he fought; and which was more, it was shrewdly suspected that he had poysoned her.

De Malleray, infinitely grieved at this news, secretly acquaints his Father *De Cressonvile* therewith: presuming that he would by order of law call him in question for the fact: but the Old man, weighing the matter by reason and wisdom, thinks it better to acquiesce, than by diving thereinto, to rake up the ashes, and call in question the repute of his deceased Daughter. But, *De Malleray* will not rest so; for he swears to be revenged for his Sisters death: and therefore, hearing *Grand Pre* to be newly come to *Dijon*, he sends him, by a confident Friend, a Challenge in writing.

De Malleray to Grand Pre.

I Should degenerate from my honour and blood, if I were not sensible of those wrongs and disgraces you have offered, your wife, and my Sister: they are of that Nature, that I know not whither, her innocency deserves more pity, or your jealousie contempt and revenge: her death and your conscience make me as justly challenge you, as you you have unjustly done the Baron of Betanford; *therefore to morrow, at five of the clock after dinner, at the foot of* Talone-Fort, *in the meadow ranked with Wallnut-trees, bring either a single Rapier, or Rapier and Ponyard, and I will meet you with Seconds: the equity of my cause, and the unjustness of yours make me confident in this hope, that as you lost your blood at* Briecount Robert, *you shall now leave your life in the sight of* Dijon. *Judge how earnestly I desire to try the temper of your heart and sword, sith already I not only count hours but minuits.*

De Malleray.

Which

Which *Grand Pre* accepts, making choiſe of ſingle rapier, ſo they meet without any other ceremony, they throw off their doublets to their Chirurgions, commanding them to ſtay without the next hedge till the death of the one proclaims the other Victor: which is not long after, for, after the third breathing *De Malleray* receives a deep wound under the left pap, wherewith he immediatly falls down ſtark dead without ſpeaking a word, which *Grand Pre* ſeeing, mounts his horſe and with his Chirurgion haſts to *Dole* a Parliament free City, where he remained untill he had his pardon procured and ſent to him, which at length it was, notwithſtanding all the oppoſition made by Preſident *Creſſonville* and his allyes.

Returne we now to *Hautefelia*, who no ſooner heard of her husbands death & her brothers flight, but ſhe preſently (being ſure of her dowry) packs up her Jewels and chiefeſt baggage, and goes home to her Father neer *Auxone*, where, during her brothers abſence, ſhe imperiouſly ſwayes and commands all, but his return alters the caſe with *Hautefelia*, for ſhe cannot domineer as before, nay ſhe finds, that he hath ſmelt out her malice, to *Mermanda*, the Baron of *Betanford*, *De Malleray* her husband, and likewiſe to himſelf, by his averſeneſs to her and and hatred of her, in abandoning her company at all times, for which ſhe vows his death and to that end again maketh application to her former Apothecary *La Freſnay* to poyſon *Grand Pre*, which, for three hundred crowns, he engageth to perform, and in two moneths finiſheth. And now *Hautefelia* thinks all cockſure, and domineers more than before: But now the juſtice of God purſues them at the heels; for ſix weeks were ſcarcely finiſhed ſince *Grand Pre*'s funeral was ſolemnized, but

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La Freſnay having gotten his money ſo eaſily (though it were the price of blood) ſpent it as prodigally, and, ſo on a time being in his cups at a Tavern in *Dijon*, in the height of his drunkenneſs he ſteals from his company and commits a rape, upon one *Margaret Pivot*, a Girle of twelve years old, and Daughter to the Maſter of the houſe where he was tippling. The Father of the Child complaines to the Senators of the Court of *Paris*, whereupon he is apprehended and examined, but denyeth all; then, being put to the rack, at the ſecond torment he confeſſeth all: and ſo is condemned to be hanged.

Two *Capuchin Fryers* are ſent to prepare him for his end, whoſe good exhortations ſo work upon his conſcience, that he confeſſeth that, at the inſtigation of *Hautefelia*, for five hundred crowns he had poyſoned *Mermanda* and her husband *Grand Pre*: Upon which Confeſsion, & as a puniſhment of many bloody villanies, the firſt ſentence is altered; and he is condemned to be broken alive on the wheel, and there to languiſh and dye without being ſtrangled: which was executed accordingly.

A Provoſt likewiſe is diſpatched to apprehend *Hautefelia*, whither when he comes, he finds her dancing in her fathers garden among many Gentlemen and Ladies, where he preſently takes her, and carries her away; Two Counſellors and a Preſident are appointed to examine her. She impudently denies all, and ſaith *La Freſnay* ought not to be believed, becauſe her enemy, but this doth not ſerve her turne, for, being adjudged to the rack, at the firſt torment ſhe confeſſeth all, whereupon the criminal judges pronounce ſentence on her: and being ſoon after brought to the place of execution, her paps are feared and torne off with red hot pincers, then ſhe is hanged, her body

burnt

burnt and her aſhes thrown into the Air.

See here the hand of God, *in quo quis peccat, in eo punitur*, whoſoever ſheddeth mans blood, by man ſhall his blood be ſhed: let him then who hopes for heaven, not run in the wayes of Hell: happy therefore make thy ſelf by being warned by other mens harmes.

HIST. II.

PISANI and *CHRISTINETA*.

The Contents.

Piſani *betrayeth* Gaſparino *of his Miſtreſſe* Chriſtineta. Gaſparino *challengeth* Piſani *for this diſgrace, and kills him in the field. He after continues his ſuit to* Chriſtineta, *ſhe diſſembleth her malice for* Piſani's *death*: *ſhe appoints*, Gaſparino *to meet her in a Garden, and there* Bianco *and* Brindoli *to murther him*: *they are all three taken and executed for the ſame.*

IF affection be vertuous and conſtant, it ſeldom miſcarries: but ſuch is the frailty of nature, that to be croſſed therein breeds diſcontent, which hath too often proved the ruine of ſome families, which will plainly be diſcerned, if the following hiſtory be peruſed with a ſerious and deliberate conſideration.

In the City of *Pavia*, which belongeth to the Dukedom of *Millain*, even within the memory of many yet living, did inhabit one *Seiguior Thomaſo Vituri*

Vituri a noble Gentleman, having one only daughter, grown now to the maturity of fifteen years of age, whose excellencies of beauty, and perfections of mind, made her not only eminent, but the esteemed *Paragon* of that place. The report whereof brought many young Gallants to visit, court and seek her marriage; amongst whom *Seignieur Emanuel Gasparino* of *Cremona*, who acquainting an intimate friend of his called *Seignieur Ludovicus Pisani* with his intended resolutions, and desiring the assistance of his company therein, which is as soon granted as requested, they prepare for their journey. They arrive at *Pavia*, are courteously and respectfully entertained by *Vituri*, especially *Gasparino*, who having motion'd his suite to marry *Christeneta*, *Vituri*, like a careful father, takes time to advise thereon. During this intervall of consideration *Gasparino* finds that *Christineta* shews little or no affection to him, though indeed he does, as it were, dote on her beauty, to which end willing to move every stone, he tries all waies to win her love, as Courtship, Balls, Masks and the like. But, still finding her averse and not imagining what farther to do, he concludes with himself, to make use of his friend *Pisani*, to interceed and mediate for him, which he tells him of, who faithfully promiseth, to behave himself as a Friend in this business and to deal effectually with *Christineta*, which having found an opportunity, he really and truly performeth; not leaving any thing untouched, which he thinks may any way advance his friends content and affection. Whereat he findes her passionately perplexed, which having noted with a careless observation, he yet prayes her to return a pleasing answer by him, to his friend, and her servant *Gasparino*.

Where-

Whereupon after a ſerious pauſe, ſhe, confeſſeth his ſpeeches of his friend to be honourable and true, but that ſhe cannot comply with his ſute becauſe ſhe hath fixed her affection on another, but this doth not beat off *Piſani* from the purſuit, yea, he rather ſo preſſeth on, that he endeavours to draw *Chriſtineta* to nominate her ſervant, the which at the preſent ſhe denyed, but promiſed, if he would meet her the next day at eight of the clock in the morning, in the *Nunns* Garden at St. *Clare*, ſhe would there inform him both of the perſon and his name, to which meeting he quickly conſents, and ſo for that time they part. But finding his friend *Gaſparino*, relates to him the very truth of the former paſſage (ſave only the intended meeting which he conceals) whereupon *Gaſparino* conceiving it labour loſt to ſue to her any longer, civilly takes his leave of her, and ſo returnes home to *Cremonia*. Where we muſt leave him to hear the event which the Garden conference will produce.

The time of meeting now come, *Chriſtineta* takes her prayer book and her waiting maid, and ſo goes to the Nunnery, and ſo to the Garden. Whither, before ſhe hath taken three turnes, ſhe ſees *Piſani* enter, whereat ſhe bluſhes, but, he drawing neer, and having given her the good morrow and ſalute, he tells her that he is come to wait upon her for the performance of her promiſe, which, after a few modeſt bluſhes ſhe doth in theſe termes. *The perſon on whom I have ſettled my affection doth much reſemble You, nay in ſhort it is your ſelf* (interpret my meaning and words with honour) *be pleaſed therefore to admit of* Chriſtineta *for a ſolicitrix for her ſelf* to Piſani, *but never let* Piſani *henceforward mediate for* Gaſparino.

Piſani wonders at this newes and knows not how

to

to carry himself in this affair, to reject the Ladies love he thinks discourteous, but to betray his friend he knows dishonourable, whereupon he thus replies, *As I must needs acknowledg the greatness of my Obligation to you for this your* (by me) *unmerited affection, so I must humbly beg your excuse herein, because in being your servant I must prove a traytor to my friend* Galparino, *which honour forbids me, otherwise I should esteem my self most happy in this honour*: upon which answer they presently part; but being enboldned by love, and not able to bear her passions, within ten dayes she sends him this letter to *Cremonia* where he was at home.

Christineta *to* Pisani.

FInd it not strange that I second my last speech with this my first Letter, and think that, were not my affection entire and constant, I should not thus attempt to reveal it to you in lines, which blush not as my cheeks do when I write them: I should offer too palpable injurie to the truth, if I tell You not, that it is impossible for Christineta *to love any but* Pisani, *whom I no sooner saw, but, deeply admired, and dearly affected. Now sith my zeal to you is begun in vertue and shall be continued in honour, it makes me flatter my self with hope that you will enforce me to dispair: For if I am so happy to be yours, I must be so unfortunate never to be mine own. Judge what Your absence is to me, since your presence is my chiefest felicity, which makes me both desire and wish, that you were either in* Pavia *or I in* Cremona, *I can prefix and give bounds to my Letter, though not to my affection: Hate not her who loves You dearly, otherwise, what ever you think, Your unkindness to me will be meer cruelty.* Christineta.

The

The receit of this letter puts new apprehenſions into *Piſani*'s thoughts, making his reſolutions as unconſtant as his mind was unſetled, yet at laſt honour overpoyſing affection, he returnes her theſe lines.

Piſani *to* Chriſtinetta.

YOu diſcover to me as much affection, as I ſhould treachery to my friend, either to accept or requite it. I would not ſtick to ſay that Piſani *loves* Chriſtineta, *becauſe ſhe deſerves to be loved, did not my friendſhip to* Gaſparino *forbid it, for, though your beauty demands the one, yet honeſty denies the other. Could time reconcile theſe difficulties with my reputation, my heart would inſtantly command my pen to let You know, that I deſire to give you hope, and withal that* Pavia *is more pleaſing to me then* Cremona, *ſith* Chriſtineta *lives in it &* Piſani *in her: I was never heretofore cruel to any, nether do I reſolve to be unkind to you: for how can I, ſith I as truly vow to honour You, as You profeſs to love me: live you in this aſſurance, and I will dye in the ſame.*

Piſani.

As this letter gave her ſome hopes, ſo fear quickly brings them to nothing, whereupon reſolving once more to let him know the ardency of her paſſions, ſome fifteen dayes after, ſends this following.

Chriſtineta *to* Piſani.

I May paſſe the bounds of Diſcretion, but will not exceed thoſe of honour, I have learn'd to attain this maxime, that affection which receives end had never beginning: If then I live, I muſt breath the air of your Love as well as this of my life, ſith

it is the prime and sole cause thereof, as the Sun is of light: Could you dive as deeply into my heart, as I have into your merits, if Nature do not, Pity would enform you, that you ought to preferre the love of a Lady, before the respect of a Gentleman; especially sith he may carry his heart from you, and I desire to bring and present mine to you. Think what you please either of me, or your self: only give me leave to tell you, that I finde, doubt, a step and degree to despair, as that is to death. I write rather with tears than ink: If you will not live my Saint I must dye your Martyr,

Christineta.

At the receipt of this Letter he is quite conquered, and now, neither thinks of *Gasparino*, or his fidelity or friendship towards him: but casting away all respect towards him, he does homage to the Soveraign of his thoughts: the which he doth in this Letter, which to that purpose he sends her by his Page.

PISANI to CHRISTINETA.

YOur vertue and beauty is enough powerful with me to prevail; but your affection makes me forget my respects to Gasparino, *to remember my love to* Christineta: *and that which gives life to my resolution is this, that it is impossible for him to hate me as much as you love me: and in this hope I both rejoyce and triumph, that you shall not be my Martyr, but my Mistress, and I will be both your Saint and your Servant. For, as you desire to live in my favour, so my chiefest ambition is, to dye in your affection. That which heaven maketh me affirm, earth shall not enforce me to deny. I will shortly follow, and second this my Letter, till when*

you

you can never ſo much lament my abſence, as I deſire your preſence. Let this be your true conſolation, ſith it is my ſole delight, and chiefeſt felicitie.

PISANI.

At the receipt of this letter, ſuch was the exceſs of her joy, that ſhe could hardly contain within any bounds, imagined the dayes to be lengthned, and the houres increaſed, till the arrival of her ſo much deſired and beloved *Piſani*: who now likewiſe having nothing but affection to *Chriſtineta* in his thoughts, without thinking of his old friend *Gaſparino*, he prepares all things ready to go ſee his new Miſtreſſe, *Chriſtineta*.

Being thus aſſured of the Daughters love, he now honourably, yet ſecretly, ſeeks to win the parents conſent; but findes it a task of great difficulty. For after many excuſes and delayes on their ſide, and perpetual ſollicitations, and importunities on the other, he at laſt hath this anſwer from old *Vituri* the Father, That as yet he hath no intent to marry his Daughter, by reaſon of her few years, and ſuch other trivial reaſons, whereby *Piſani* might know with eaſe, he had no intent to give him his Daughter. But he like a conſtant Lover continues his ſuit, by himſelf, his parents and kinred; but all to no purpoſe. For *Vituri* diſpleaſed therewith, at laſt *Chriſtineta* is forbidden his company, and *Piſani* her Fathers houſe. This vexeth our two Lovers to the heart, to be thus nipped in the bud of their hopes; yet they continue their affections with conſtancy, and ſo he for the preſent retires home, where he is continually ſtudying to bring his deſires to effect: at laſt he thinks, that if *Chriſtineta* can get her Mothers good will, that will procure the Fathers approbation. And ſo writes to her his

thoughts, which she approving and putting in execution, in few dayes gets the one, who in lesse then a moneth obtains the other, and now their hopes are revived and their day of marriage appointed.

But here we must come to speak of *Gasparino*, who notwithstanding all the secrecy in the managing of their affairs between *Pisani* and *Christineta*, yet he hath newes thereof, and considering the nature of *Pisani's* treachery, he is extreamly incensed at him and vows a sudden and sharp revenge. Having thus his judgment overclouded with passion, he thinks not only himself, but his family, disparadged in this affront, and therefore, inquiring for *Pisani*, and understanding he was in *Pavia*, enflamed hereat and taking with him a resolute Gentleman and one Lackey he hies thither, where being arrived and being told *Pisani* was at that instant with *Christineta*, he thought once to have gone and killed him in her presence, but altering his mind, he keept him private in his Inn all the day and the next morning he writes a challenge, and sends it to him by his confident Kinsman *Sebastiano*, who dilivered it accordingly, which *Pisani* receiving and opening finds therein these words,

GASPARINO to PISANI.

YOu have given the first breach to our friendship: for sith you have treacherously bereaved me of my Mistris, You must now both in honour and in justice, either take my life, or yield me your's in requital. If You consider Your own ingratitude, You cannot tax, much less condemn this my resolution: the Place, the West end of the Park; the hour, four or five after dinner; the manner, on foot, with Seconds; the Weapon, if You please, two single Rapiers, whereof bring You the one, and

I the other, and I will be content to take the refuſal, to give You the choiſe. If Your courage anſwer Your infidelity, You will not refuſe to meet me.
Gaſparino.

To which immediately he returnes this anſwer by the ſame *Sebaſtiano*. Sir, pray tell *Gaſparino* from me, that my ſelf and ſecond, will with ſingle Rapiers meet him, and his, at the hour, and place appointed. *Sebaſtiano* returnes with the ſame; and *Piſani* finds out a Gentleman his acquaintance, and deſires him to be his ſecond, relating the whole buſineſs to him; *Sfondrato* (for ſo was *Piſani's* friend named) readily and willingly engageth himſelf, and ſo be bearing the matter very ſecretly, that *Chriſtineta* might not hear thereof, they poaſt away to the Park at the hour, where they find *Gaſparino* and *Sebaſtiano* already appear, ſo allighting from their horſes, they pul of their ſpurrs, cut off the heals of their boots, throw of their doublets, and draw their ſwords.

And here we muſt ſee *Gaſparino* and *Piſani* now engaged in blood, as having given and received ſeveral wounds from, and to, each other. When ſo after two breathings, at the third encounter, *Gaſparino* runs *Piſani* through the body a little below the left pap, where meeting with the *Vena cava* he fell ſtark dead to the ground. *Sebaſtiano* runs to him to congratulate with him for his victory, but *Sfondrato Piſani's* Second calls to *Sebaſtiano* to prepare himſelf, which he doth, and ſo with various fortune they fight, till providence reſolving to make both parties equal loſers: after they had three ſeveral times taken breath, *Sfondrato* ran his enemy *Sebaſtiano* through the ſmall of the belly, and ſo nailed him to the Ground, bearing away his

life on the point of his rapier: which done and their wounds bound up, *Gaſparino* flies for ſafety to *Parma* and *Sfondrato* to *Florence*, where for a time we muſt leave them and come to *Chriſtineta*, whoſe tears and grief are infinite for her *Piſani*, yea ſhe tears her hair and is even frantike, and was not to let the death of her lover to go unrevenged.

And now *Gaſparino* having gotten his pardon, returnes home, where he begins preſently to renew his love to *Chriſteneta*, and to that end firſt viſits her by letters, then by friends, and at laſt in perſon. She diſſembling her malice and triumphing in her diſſimulation, thinks this both a fit opportunity and object to be revenged on him for her loſs of *Piſani*, and obſerving him very earneſt in his ſuit, ſhe appoints him to meet her in the Nunns Garden at ſix of the clock in the morning: and preſently thereupon, agrees with two ruffians, *Bianco* and *Brindoli* for one hundred duckets to murther him.

Gaſparino and *Chriſtineta* are both early up, but with different intents, and ſo are *Bianco* and *Brindoli*: they all meet, ſhe walkes in publick, they hide themſelves in private, when immediately in comes *Gaſparino*, and approaching *Chriſtineta* with his hat in his hand to ſalute her, ſhe utters theſe words: *Gaſparino*, this place I firſt had conference in with *Piſani*, and where I purpoſe to have my laſt with you: At which words the two ruffians iſſue out and kill him, but with ſome noiſe and reſiſtance. *Chriſtineta* thinking him not dead enough, runs to him, thruſts her handkercher in his mouth, and with a Stilletto ſtabs him many times through the body, with this bloody ſpeech. This I ſacrifice to the memory of my dear love *Piſani*, and ſo throwing the body into the Well of the Garden, the Ruffians fly at a Poſtern, and *Criſtineta* comes to the Nunns Church.

The

The Nunns in their Cells hearing the clinking of ſwords, advertiſe their Abeſſe, who with other company come into the Garden, find the Poſtern open, and the Allies bloody, but cannot ſee any body, they ſuſpect Murther, and therefore ſearch all places in the Garden, but forget the Well. The Magiſtrates are acquainted, they cauſe inquiry to be made among all the Chirurgions, who having new wounds came to them lately to be cured, *Rhanutio* one of the chief Chirurgions, informes them of the ſeveral new wounds of *Bianco* and *Brindoli*: they are ſent for, and examined who wounded them: they ſay they had a quarrel betwen themſelves, for which they fought, being asked where and when, they anſwer in the Nunns Garden at St. *Clare*, and and at ſix in the Morning: which agreeing with the Nunns relation, all was ended.

But now *Gaſparino* is miſſed as not having been at his lodging in two whole nights, which his Lackey confirming upon his examination, gives a new ſuſpition to the Judges, whereupon and other circumſtances, *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are both impriſoned, examined and put to the rack, yet confidently and ſtoutly, they confeſs nothing. Yet they are kept in priſon and a further ſearch ordered in the Garden, wherein at laſt they ſearch the Well, which was neglected before: and in their hooks bring up ſome peices of wrought black Taffeta: which *Gaſparinoes* Lackey did affirm his Mr. wore when laſt he ſaw him, and ſo ſearching more narrowly, they at laſt bring up the dead body which had thirteen ſeveral wounds, whereupon all conclude *Bianco* and *Brindoli* guilty, neither ſhall *Chriſtineta* eſcape, for a little boy ſtanding by, eſpieth a linnen cloath in his mouth, which being pulled out, was found to be a Cambrick handkercher with *Chriſtinetaes* name

up-

upon it. Upon this she apprehended even in the midst of her pleasures, and committed close prisoner, upon examination denies, but adjudged to the racke confesseth, that in revenge of *Pisani's* death she had caused *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to murther *Gasparino* as is afore related: for which facts the two ruffians are condemned, first to have their right hands cut off, and then to be hanged, and their bodies thrown into the river *Po*, and *Christineta* to be first hanged, then burned, and her ashes to be thrown into the air, which to the satisfaction of Justice was executed accordingly.

See here the finger of God, if therefore thou wouldest shun the punishment, thou must hate the sin, for the wages of such sin is death.

HIST. III.
MORTAIGN and JOSSELINA.

The Contents.

Mortaign *under promise of marriage, gets* Josselina *with child, and after turning his Love into hatred, causeth his Lackey* La Verdure, *and* La Palma *to murther both her and her young Son;* Isabellaes *jealousie to* La Palma *discovers the murther, they are all three taken and executed for the same.*

IN *France*, not farr from the City of Lyons, neer *Darency* a small Village, dwelt a poor Country Farmer, named *Andrew Mollard*, who being a widower, had one only Daughter, very young, nam-

named *Joſſelina* whom he intended for his heir.

In the paſſing away of ſome few years, the Fathers wealth increaſing, and the Daughter growing to years, ſhe was by all the ruſticks juſtly termed *Joſſelina* the fair. Now within a little league of *Mollards* houſe dwelt a rich Gentleman, who had many Children, of which his eldeſt was named *Mortaigne*, a hopefull young ſtripling, and bred under ſeverall great and noble perſons of honour. Who having lived ſome years in *Paris*, was at laſt deſirous to ſee his Father, whom he now underſtood to be aged and ſickly, as alſo to be at the Nuptialls of one of his Siſters, who was then to be married to a Gentleman, of *Avergne*, to whoſe houſe having conducted her, and finding his Father to grow better, he deſires to reviſit *Paris*. But the night before he was to depart, *De Coucye* his Father fell dangerouſly ſick of a burning feaver, which quite forbade his journey.

Living thus in the *Country*, he ſports himſelf abroad with hauking and hunting, when once by chance he ſprung a Pheaſant, which flying to the next woods, he ſends for his Hawke, but could never after ſet eye on the Pheaſant, though he ranged ſo farr, that he was thirſty, but ſaw no houſe, that he might call to for Wine, till at length he eſpied *Mollards* houſe.

Mortaign ſeeing a *man walk* in the *vineyard*, demanded if he might have any wine there, 'twas anſwered yea (for he gueſſed who he was by his face) ſo he courteouſly prayed him to come into his houſe, where being ſet down, he ſends his Daughter *Joſſelina* for wine, who brings both it and what other homely dainties her Fathers houſe did affoard. *Mortaign* admiring to ſee ſo fair a maid, in ſo obſcure a place, is the more deeply ſtrucken with her beauty

and

and vowes either to obtain her favour, or lose his life in the acquiring thereof; No sooner are these thoughts in *Mortaignes* head, but lo an opportunity suiting his desires, immediately presents its self, for *Mollard* tells him, he holds a small Tenement close by, of his Father, who now sues him for two herriots, and therefore intreats him for his good word to his Father in his behalf, which he promiseth faithfully, and so thanking *Mollard* for his good cheer, at that time departed. But he intends suddenly to return, for now he is wholy taken up with the thoughts of *Josselina*, he comes frequently to see her, and gives her many gifts and presents, and all to allure her to his lust, but he yet cannot obtain, for she is chaste and will not hearken to his inticements. *Mortaign* perceiving his labour and cost to be lost, he now resolves to set all at stake, and promise any thing, rather then miss of his aime, and so tells her, that if she will permit him to injoy his desire, he will marry her, notwithstanding their inequality and difference in Estate and fortunes. And this was it that conquerred *Josselina*: And now having thus fooled her self and finding that she was with child, which likewise her Father discovered to his extream sorrow and grief, she advertiseth *Mortaign* thereof, and desires his assistance in this her affliction; who one night steals her away from her Fathers, and sends her ten leagues of from *Durency* to a poor kinsmans house of his, where she is delivered of a fair young Son.

Calintha, *Mortaignes* Mother knowing nothing of all these passages, resolves to seek a Wife for her Son, and makes a motion there to Monsieur *De Vassy* the Seneschall of *La Paisse* for his only Daughter *Madamoyselle La Varina*: the parents conclude, and upon sight the young folkes agree, so

that

that it is already reported to be a match, This news startles and terrifies *Josselina*, who now like was disinherited by her Father, having left her nothing. Wherefore now or never she must look to her self, and so resolves to write *Mortagin* a letter to put him in mind of his promise, and to desire relief for her self and Son. Her Letter contained these words.

Josselina to Mortaign.

YOu have bereaved me of mine honour, the which I should have esteemed farr dearer and more pretious then my life, your promise to make me your Wife, was only the Lure which drew me to consent to that error and folly, at the remembrance whereof I grieve with shame, and shame with repentance, especially sith I see you are so farr from performing it, as you hate me instead of loving me; Let the sweetness of my youth, and the freshness of my beauty judge, whither I have deserved this discourtesie from you; but it is a just punishment for my sin, and now I find too late, though formerly I would not believe, that the fruits of pleasure are bitter, resembling those pills that seem sweet to the palate, but prove poyson to the stomacke, and may all Maidens beware by my example. If you will not advance my fortunes, yet seek not to make shipwrack of my life, as you have done of my Chastity; you know my Father is dead, and with him all the means which in this World I can either hope or expect as well for my own as your Sons maintenance, except from your self, thee which with sighs and tears I beg you to afford us, and if not for love to me, yet for pity to him: If you will not grant me the honour to be a piece of your self, yet in nature you cannot deny but your little

little Son is not only your picture but your image, therefore if you will not affect me for his ſake, at leaſt do him for mine, and think that as it will be an extream ingratitude in you, not to give her maintenance, who hath given you a Son, So it will be extream cruelty not to allow that poor babe wherewith all to live, who received both his life and being from you: But I hope you will prove more naturall to him, and more charitable to my ſelf, otherwiſe reſt aſſured, that ſuch diſreſpect and unkindneſs will never go long either unpitied of Men, or unpuniſhed of God.

Joſſelina.

Having penned this Letter, She thought fit to write another to his Mother *Calintha* to the ſame effect, ſo that I ſhall not tire the Readers patience therewith, only tell you the ſucceſs thereof, *Mortaign* and his Mother *Calintha* receive them, but he, like an unworthy Gentleman triumphs in his ſin, and mocks at her poverty, and will no way either own or relieve the child, and ſo burning his Letter, takes no more notice thereof. And *Calintha's* malice is ſo great, that ſhe not only refuſeth to relieve them, but commands him, that he ſhall not, and wiſheth them both in another World.

At the hearing of this cruel news, ſhe falls in a ſwoone, and had not ſome accidentall aſſiſtance come in, ſhe had there ended her miſery with her life, but ſhe is reſerved to greater miſeries, for by this time, *Calintha* knowes poor *Joſſelina's* reſidence, and is deviliſhly bent againſt her, that where ſhe leaſt thought thereof, ſhe is in a dark and cold night turned out of her lodging, and not ſuffered to be in any place of ſhelter, but to make the ground her bed, and the Heavens her covering.

In

In this diſtreſſed condition ſhe is with her unfortunate babe, wanting all means and helps, but only that of bewailing her ſad and deplorable Eſtate, wandring in fields, and places unknown till the morning light is diſcovered to her, that ſhe was not farr from a little Village, which ſhe knew: here to relieve her ſelf and child, ſhe ſold her cloaths from off her back.

And now caſting in her mind that *Villepont* was but ſeven leagues from *Durency* (where ſhe was born) but irreſolute whether to ſtay here or go thither, but neceſſity and weakneſs to travell enforce her to ſtay, and ſo there ſhe contents her ſelf with a poor little out-chamber, without either chimney or window, yet at length driven by meer neceſſity, ſhe relates her caſe and condition, yea and threatens to ſend *Mortaign* his Son.

This is not carried ſo ſecretly, but *Mortaignes* Miſtreſſe *La Varina* hears thereof at *La Paliſſe*, which makes her withdraw her affection, and her Father his reſpect: which *Mortaign* perceiving, and imagining truly what might be the cauſe thereof, namely *Joſſelina*, that he ſwears to deſtroy both *Joſſelina* and her Son. But the better to diſſemble his intent, he gives order that ſhe and her child be lodged in a better Inn, and ſends her word, he hath gotten a nurſe and provided maintenance for his Son, and that ſhortly he will ſend his Lackey for him, but withall bids her be ſecret herein. *Joſſelina* rejoyceth hereat, and within three dayes he ſends his Lackey *La Verdure* for the babe, which with many tears and kiſſes, ſhe delivereth him. *La Verdure*, following his Maſters command, is not four leagues from *Villeponte*, but he ſtrangles it, and wrapping it in a linnen cloath, throwes it into the river *Lignon*. But *Mortaign* ends not here, for being

ing thus rid of his Son, he makes a bargain with *La Palma* (who is *Josselinae's* host) and his said Lackey *La Verdure*, to stifle the Mother in her bed. Which for two hundred frankes they perform, (She not dreaming thereof) and bury her in the Garden. As soon as these Villaines had perpetrated this cruell murther, they both poast away to *Dureucy*, and there tell *Mortaign* what they had done, and for the same receive their wages. Leave we here *La Palma* and *La Verdure* frolicking and drinking, and making no hast either of them home: And come we to *Mortaign*, who now assuring himself that all Rubs were removed, he goes to *La Paliſſe*, hoping to finish the match between *La Varina* and himself, but his hopes are deceived, for they (fearing that which was indeed fallen out) in plain termes give *Mortaign* the refusal, so distontented he returnes home.

La Palma hearing of *Mortaignes* arrivall, goes home to *Villepont* to his Wife *Isabella*, who being an old Woman and he a young Man, she jealous of his long stay, especially for that he departed (as she thought) in *Josselinae's* company, and so for his first entertainment, She gives him this salute: *La Palma* (quoth She) you were very unkind so soon to forsake your whore *Josselina*, whereat being very much moved, he gave her the lie, and called her whore, for speaking it. She continues in her railing vein, which so provokes him to impatience, that he gives her a box on the ear, which fell'd her as dead to the ground, which breeds a tumult in the house, whereat neighbours coming in, they lay hold of *La Palma*, deeming his Wife dead, and carry him before the Procurer *Fiscall* of *La-Paliſſe*: who commits him to prison, and goes to *Isabella* whom he finds recovered, she tells him all had

past

paſt, as alſo of his ſtay at *Durency*, and averrs conſtantly to the Magiſtrate, that if *Joſſelina* be not her husbands ſtrumpet, ſhe doth conſtantly believe, he is her murtherer, and ſaith her maid can ſay more; *Jaqueta* the maid ſayes he, and *La Verdure Mortaignes* Lackey, were at midnight in *Joſſelinae's* Chamber, and that ſince that ſhe was never heard of.

The Procurer *Fiſcall* chargeth him with theſe points, but he denies that either he or *La Verdure* were in *Joſſelinae's* Chamber, neither ſaw her departure nor knew what was become of her, and prayes to be releaſed, but the *Fiſcall* thinks it fit the ſame night to ſend *La Palma* to *La Paliſſe*, as alſo *Iſabella* and *Jaqueta* his maid for wiineſs, and rides thither himſelf to ſit upon his proceſs: here he is again examined, but perſeveres in his denyal, then he judged to the racke, and at the ſecond torment confeſſeth the whole murther, as is before ſet forth.

Sergeants are forthwith ſent to apprehend *Mortaign* and *La Verdure*, they meet the Lackey, and ſeize the Maſter in his bed; The Lackey upon torment confeſſes likewiſe *Joſſelina's*, and alſo her Sons murther, *Mortaign* is examined, and very penitently confeſſeth all likewiſe: whereupon *La Palma* is condemned to be hanged and burnt: *La Verdure* to be broken on the wheel, and his body thrown into the river *Lignon*, and *Mortaign* to be broken on the wheel, his body burnt, and his aſhes to be thrown into the air, which on a market day was accordingly executed on the ſaid malefactors in *La Paliſſe*. May all maidens learn to preſerve their Chaſtities by *Joſſelinae's* examples. And men by *La Verdure* and *La Palma*, not to be drawn to ſhed innocent blood for lucre of money. And by *Mor-*

taign

taign to be less inhumane, lasscivious and bloody, and to pray for the grace of God to direct them.

HIST. IIII.

ALSEMERO and BEATRICE-JOANNA.

The Contents.

Beatrice-Joanna *to marry* Alsemero *causeth* de Flores *to murther* Alonso Piracquo, *who was a Suter to her.* Alsemero *marries her, and, finding* de Flores *and her in Adultery, kills them both.* Thomaso Piracquo *challengeth* Alsemero *for his brothers death.* Alsemero *killeth him in the field treacherously, and is beheaded, and his body thrown into the sea for the same. At his execution he confesseth, that his wife and* de Flores *murthered* Alonso Piracquo: *their bodies are taken out of their graves, then burnt, and their ashes thrown into the air.*

THere of late dayes dwelt in the City of *Valentia* in *Spain* one *Don Pedro De Alsemero*, a noble young Cavalier and wholly bending his mind to *Naval*, and sea affairs, wherein, and whereby he gained not only repute and honour, but wealth also and riches in abundance. So that he thinks of nothing but what he hath already thriven by, *Viz* the warrs, and therefore, the then general peace of his own Country made him turn his thoughts towards *Malta*, (so famous for the many valiant Knights that defend it) but how suddenly are his thoughts diverted from these martial

tiall resolutions, for, being one Morning at his devotions in the Church, he sees a young Gentlewoman neer him, likewise on her knees, by the observance of whose beauty he is, ravished, and surprised with her love.

Alsemero, after the Mass ended, enquires of a good fellow-priest, who walked by, what she was, and whither she frequented that Church, and at what hour. The Priest informes him that she is *Don Deigo De Vermandero's* Daughter, who was Captain of the Castle of that place, that her name was *Donna Beatrice Joanna*, and that she is every morning at that Church, about the same hour.

The next morning *Alsemero*, is stirring very timely, and hoping to find his Mistress, he goes again to the same Church, where he first and last saw her, where he, the second time, finds her on her knees at her prayers, glad of which opportunity, he kneels near her, and, not having patience to hear Mass ended, he interrupted her Devotions with complements, and, in fair and amourous termes, notified his affection to her, vowing to live and dy her most passionately affectionate Servant. *Beatrice-Joanna* blushing at this unaccustomed assault, gave him a check and repulse, but in such termes as befitted both her modesty and the place: But *Alsemero*, resolves not to leave the pursuite, and so at the end of service, he desires that she will admit him to wait on her home, which after some modest refusalls, she yet accepts, and so he takes her by the arme, and leads her from the Church to her Coach, and conducts her home to the Castle, where first her self, then the *Captain* her father, thanks him for his Honour and Curtelie, and, in requitall thereof he shewed him, the rarities, and strength of the Castle, and thus after some discourse and com-

 plements

plements between them, he for that time departs and rides home to his lodging. Where we must leave him to his thoughts, and come to speak of *Don Alonso Piracquo*, a rich Gentleman of that City, who was *Alsemero's* unknown Corrivall.

This *Piracquo* being noble in his extract, and having a great and plentifull Estate, and a neat Courtier, passionately likewise seeks *Beatrice-Joanna* for his Wife, which *Vermandero* the Father approves of with much content, but the Daughter is of another mind, and gives him his answer in general terms; not positively, least she should seem to sleight or disobey her parents; which rather gives an edge to his affections then a check to his desires: but she is as resolute in her denyal as he in his suit, so that now, his hopes beginning to flagge, he applies himself to her Father, who by this time had notice of *Alsemero's* affection, and withall that his Daughter liked him better then *Pyracquo*, whereat he was displeased, because he had in a manner engaged his promise to *Pyracquo*: and therefore to prevent *Alsemero's* hopes and attempts, he suddenly leaving his Castle to the command of his Son, goes away to *Briamata*, a fair house of his, ten leagues off from *Alicant*, where he concluded to stay till he had finished the match between his Daughter and *Pyracquo*.

At the news of *Beatrice-Joanna's* departure, *Alsemero* is extreamly perplexed and sorrowfull, but he sees there is no remedy, and therefore he must bear as patiently as he may, so now, since he cannot see her, nor may not go to her, he resolves to write, and so providing himself of a confident messenger, he writes to this purpose.

Alsemero

Alſemero *to* Beatrice-Joanna.

AS long as you were in Alicant, *I deemed it a Heaven upon Earth, and being bound for* Malta, *a thouſand times bleſſed that contrary wind which kept me from ſailing from you: yea ſo ſweetly did I affect, and ſo dearly honour your beauty, as I entered into a reſolution with my ſelf to end my voyage ere I began, and to begin another which I fear will end me. If you demand or deſire to know what this ſecond voyage is, know, fair Miſtreſs, that my thoughts are ſo honourable, and affections ſo religious, that it is the ſeeking of your favour and the obtaining of your ſelf to my wife, whereon, not only my fortunes, but my life depends: But how ſhall I hope for this honour, or flatter my ſelf with the obtaining of ſo great a felicity, when I ſee you have not only left me, but which is worſe, as I underſtand, the City for my ſake? Fair* Beatrice-Joanna, *if your cruelty will make me thus miſerable, I have no other conſolation left me to ſweeten the bitterneſs of my grief and misfortunes, but a confident hope, that death will as ſpeedily deprive me of my dayes, as you have of my joyes.*

Alſemero.

Beatrice-Joanna having received this Letter, and finding therein *Alſemero's* true affection (which ſhe ſo much hoped) concludes with her ſelf that it is neceſſary to anſwer him, but in what termes ſhe is yet unreſolved: when, conſulting with affection, and calling modeſty to the Councill; ſhe taking pen and ink, writes him this return.

Beatrice-

Beatrice-Joanna to Alsemero.

AS I have many reasons to be incredulous to believe, that so poor a beauty as mine, should have power to stay so noble a Cavalier (as your self) from ending so honourable a voyage as the first, or to perswade to one so simple as your Second: so I cannot but admire, that you, in your Letter, seek me for your wife, when, I presume, in your heart, you least desire it, and whereas you alledg, your life and fortunes depend on my favour, I think you write it purposely, either to make trial, of your own wit, or my indiscretion, by endeavouring to see whither I believe that which exceeds all beliefe. Now, as it is true that I have left Alicant, *so it is as true that I left it not any way to afflict you, but rather to obey my Father, for this, I pray, believe, that although I cannot be kind, yet I will never be cruell to you, live therefore your own friend, and I will never be your Enemy.*

Beatrice-Joanna.

This Letter upon serious perusal, giving nothing of despair, maketh *Alsemero* gather new courage, and, knowing in himself that the giving the Onset is not the Victory, he calls for paper, and seconds his first discovered love in these second lines.

Alsemero to Beatrice-Joanna.

YOu have as much reason to assure your self of my affection, as I to doubt of yours, and if words and Letters, passions and vowes, are not capable to make you believe the sincerity of my zeal, and the honour of my affection; what resteth, but that I could wish you could dive as deep into my heart, as that hath into your beauty, to the end you might be

be both witness and judge, if, under Heaven, I desire any thing so much, as, on Earth, to be crowned with the felicity to see Beatrice-Joanna *my Wife; but why should I strive to perswade that, which you resolve not to believe, or flatter my self with any hope, sith I see, I must be so unfortunate to despair: I will therefore henceforth cease to write, but never to love: and since it is impossible for me to live, I will prepair my self to dy, that the World may know, I have lost a most fair Mistress in you, and you a most faithfull & constant Servant in me.*

Alsemero.

With the perusal hereof she is now conquered, and therefore considering, her fathers averseness to this, and *Piracquo's* importunacy, with his consent on the other side, she thinks fit to signify to *Alsemero*, her agreement in affection, and withall, that he must endeavour to put a stop to *Piracquo's* carier, which she secretly sends him word of, in these words,

BEATRICE-JOANNA to ALSMERO.

AS it is not for Earth to resist Heaven, nor for our wills to contradict Gods providence, so I am enforced to acknowledg, that if I ever affected any man, it is your self, for your letters, protestations and vows, but chiefly your merits and the hope, or rather assurance, of your fidelity, ha h won my heart from my self to give it you; but there are some important considerations that urge me, to crave your secresie herein, and to request you, as soon as you may with conveniency, to come privately hither to me, for I shall never give content to my thoughts, nor satisfaction to my mind, till I am made joyfull with your sight, in the mean time

manage this affection of mine with care and discretion, and whiles you resolve to make Alicant *your* Malta *I will expect and attend your coming with much longing and impatiencie to* Briamata.

Beatrice-Joanna.

How dearly welcom this happy Letter was to him, judge you that are, or have been lovers: wherefore the wind now serving for *Malta* (whither he was bound) for the more plausible excuse of his stay he feignes himself sick, fetcheth back his trunks and so remaineth in *Alicant*, but withall dispateheth a messenger to his Mistress, to advertise her, that he will not fail to be with her that night at eleven of the clock.

According to which promise *Beatrice-Joanna* provides for his coming; he arrives, and *Diaphanta* his Mistresses waiting Gentlewoman, conducts him to her Ladies chamber, where she curteously and respectfully receives him: and after many amorous dalliances and complements, relates *Piracqo's* importunate suit and her Fathers compliance to his desires to compleat the match: and then shews him the intireness of her affection, casting out some doubtfull speeches, that before *Piracquo* be in another World, there is no hope for him to injoy her for his wife in this.

Alsemero understands by this half word, what the whole means, and therefore freely proffers himself to his Mistress, protesting, that he will shortly send him a challenge and fight with him: But she will not hear thereof, or admit him on any termes to endanger his person, but prayes him to leave *Alicant* only for a while, and to return to *Valentia*, and for the rest to repose and build upon her affection and constancy: thus parting from her, he returnes

returnes to *Alicant*, packs up his bags, and goes home to *Valentia*, within four dayes: such prevalence hath his Ladies command.

This meeting though private, could not be carried so closely, but that *Vermandero*, *Beatrice Joanna's* Father, is told thereof; wherat he is very angry, but setting on a good face to conceal his bad thoughts, he assures *Piracquo*, that he shall finish his desire in a short time; for if his paternall admonitions cannot, his authority shall prevail against his Daughters perverseness: which so farr clouds his judgment, that notwithstanding he had word sent him that *Beatrice-Joanna* had contracted her self to his Rivall *Alsemero*, whereby his suit was become vain and impossible, yet he will not desist, but rather advances with more violence and zeal. *Beatrice-Joanna* now more then ever troubled with him, resolves now on what she before thought on, namely to make away *Piracquo*, in what manner, and at what rate soever, and at last fixeth upon this execrable invention: There is a gallant young gentleman of the Guarrison of the Castle, who followes her Father, that to her knowledg doth dearly affect her, yea, she knowes, that he will not stick at her request to murther *Piracquo*: his name is *Don Antonio de Flores*, and him she intends to make her instrument; for which end, an opportunity is suddenly presented. For *Vermandero* learning of *Alsemero's* departure to *Valentia*, returnes with his Daughter and *Piracquo* to *Alicant*, when presently after their arrivall, she sends for *de Flores* and acquaints him with her purpose and desire, making him many promises of kindness, if he will perform it, which he, besotted with her beauty, freely promises with all speed to dispatch, to which end *De Flores* insinuates him-

self into *Piracquo's* company, and waiting for his opportunity, he heard *Piracquo* commend the strength of the Castle, *De Flores* catches hereat, and tells him that he saw not the strength, for that consisted in the *Casemates*, that were stored with good ordinance to scour the ditches, *Piracquo* desires he may be admitted to see them, *De Flores* tells him, that after dinner, (it being then noon) he will wait upon him himself, and shew them to him, whereof he accepts, and after dinner they meet according to appointment; and so go to the walls, thence to the Ravelins, Sconces and Bulwarkes, thence by a Postern to the Ditches, and so to the *Casemates*, three whereof they have viewed; and now coming to the last, and entring the same, *De Flores* layes off his rapier, telling *Piracquo* that the descent is narrow and craggy, whereupon *Piracquo* also puts off his, not dreaming of any treachery. They enter the vault of the *Casemate*, *De Flores* opens the door and throwes it back (to hide a sword and ponyard which he before had hidden there on purpose) he stoops and looks through a Port-hole; *Piracquo* stoops likewise, when, *De Flores* reaching his hidden sword and ponyard, stabs him therewith through the back, and swiftly redoubling his blowes, kills him dead, and buries him there, under the ruines of an old wall.

De Flores having perpetrated this murther, informes *Beatrice-Joanna* thereof, who joyntly with him rejoyce thereat, and, the better to blind the eyes of the World, they cause to be reported, that *Piracquo* was seen go forth of the Castle gate, and that he was seen take boat in the City, and went to take the air of the Sea, as was thought.

By this time *Piracquo* is missed, and no news is to be heard of him, though they send scouts both by

by Sea and Land, to hearken after the ſame: whereupon his friends, exceedingly bewailing his loſs, think he is drowned in the Sea. In the midſt of this hurly burly and ſorrow, *Beatrice-Joanna* privately ſends for *Alſemero*, who, after ſome time, very diſcreetly, firſt ſends the chiefeſt of his kindred, and after comes himſelf in perſon, to ſeek her in marriage; whereof he makes ſhew in publick. And at length, though with much difficulty, he obtains *Vermandero's* conſent: and thus are *Alſemero* and *Beatrice-Joanna*, ſolemnly married at *Alicant* with much State and bravery.

Scarce have three months paſſed ſince their Nuptialls, but *Alſemero* becomes jealous of his wife, and ſo reſtrains her that he will hardly permit her to ſee any man; ſhe is very much netled at this his diſcourteous uſage of her, and complains to her Father, who ſpeaking thereof to him, he ſuddenly provides a Coach, and ſo carries home his wife to *Valentia*.

Vermandero, willing to hear how matters ſtand between his Daughter and her husband, ſends *De Flores* thither, with Letters to them both, who exceedingly glad of this occaſion, haſts thither, and finding *Alſemero* abroad, he delivers her her Fathers Letter, when ſhe tells him of her husbands unkindneſs, whereof he taking advantage, revives his old ſuit, ſhe yields to his unlawfull deſire, and bids him viſit her often, by this time *Alſemero* is come home, receives his Fathers Letter, and the next day ſends away *De Flores* with returns of Letters to his Father.

De Flores is ſcarce gone but one of his ſpies, a waiting-Gentlewoman of his wifes, tells him, that there paſt many amourous kiſſes & the like, between *De Flores* and her Miſtreſs, and relates to him

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whatever she either heard or saw, whereat wholly overcharged with passion, and rage, flies to her chamber, and chargeth her with her too much familiarity with him, the which she denies: but his choler rather increasing then abating hereat, she is reduced to this extream, to palliate her whoredoms she must discover *Piracquo's* murther, the which she doth in these words. Know, *Alsemero*, that sith thou wilt enforce me to shew thee the true cause of my chast familiarity with *De Flores*, that I am much bound to him, and thy self more; for he it was, that at my request dispatched *Piraeqno*, without which I could never have enjoyed thee to be my husband, nor thou me for thy wife, and so reveals to him the whole circumstance of that cruel murther, and conjures him to conceal the same, vowing to dy a thousands deaths ere she will defile his bed.

Alsemero, wondring at this news, saith little, only he strictly charges his wife, no more to see or admit *De Flores* into her company, but she for all this continues, her intelligence with him, and by custome grows impudent, for now they in a manner do that publickly, which heretofore they were very private in.

Diaphanta informes her master of this scandall, who swears to be revenged, and injoyneth her to lay wait for the very hour that *De Flores* arrives from *Alicant*, which she doth, when, instantly pretending a journey into the Country (he very secretly having his rapier, and ponyard, and a case of Pistols charged in his pocket, resolving to punish them at once, both for their murder and adultery, seeming to take horse) he gets into his study which was within his bed-chamber.

Alsemeroes back is no sooner turned, but *De Flo-*

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res is with his wife, which he perceives, and hears all the paſſages, and now they are at their beaſtly pleaſures, when on a ſudden, he throws off the door, ruſheth in, and finding them on his bed, he firſt diſchargeth his Piſtolls on them, and after ſtabs them with his ſword and ponyard, with many grievous wounds, whereof they inſtantly dy: This done, he takes his Coach, and goes directly to the criminall Judge, and reveales what he had done, but conceals *Piracquo's* murther. The Judge is amazed at it, and finding it to be true, commits *Alſemero* priſoner in one of his own chambers, and examines *Diaphanta*, who upon her oath affirms, that ſhe many times ſaw her dead Miſtreſs and *De Flores* commit adultery, and that ſhe advertiſed her Maſter thereof, whereupon, and after a Second examination of *Alſemero*, upon mature-deliberation, he is acquitted for the fact, and ſet at liberty, and the dead bodies buried.

But now we muſt think of *Don Thomaſo* Piracquo, who, as you heard before, adviſed his Brother to leave off his ſuit to this *Beatrice-Joanna*, and now hearing of all theſe occurrences; he remembers his dead Brother, and confidently ſuppoſeth, that both *Beatrice-Joanna* and *Alſemero* had a hand in the loſs of his Brother! and this conceit he cannot wave, and therefore reſolves to call him to account for the ſame, and to that end underſtanding him to be in *Alicant*, he ſends him this challenge.

THOMASO PIRACQUO *to* ALSEMERO.

IT is with too much aſſurance, that I fear Beatrice-Joanna's vanity, and your raſhneſs, have bereaved me of a Brother, whom I ever eſteemed dearer then my life: I were unworthy to converſe with the World, much leſs to bear the bo-

honour and degree of a Gentleman, if I ſhould not ſeek ſatisfaction for his death with the hazard of my own life, for, if a friend be bound to perform the like courteſie and duty to his friend, how much more a Brother to a Brother? your ſword hath chaſtiſed Beatrice-Joanna's *errour, and I muſt ſee whether mine be reſerved to correct yours. As you are your ſelf, meet me at the foot of* Gliſſeronhill, *to morrow at five in the morning, without ſeconds; and it ſhall be at your choice either to uſe, your ſword on horſeback, or your rapier on foot.*

Thomas Piracquo.

Alſemero accepts the challenge: And they meet at the hour and place appointed. *Piracquo* is firſt in the field, and *Alſemero* ſoon after. They draw, and as they approach, *Alſemero* throwes away his rapier, and, with his hat in hand, tells him, he is ready to joyn with him to revenge his Brothers murtherers. *Piracquo*, fearing nothing leſs than treachery, throwes away his rapier, and likewiſe, with his hat in his hand, drawes near to him: when *Alſemero*, taking out his Piſtolls, ſhoots the one through his head, and the other through his breaſt, of which two wounds (ſpeaking only theſe words, O villain, O traytor) he fell down dead.

The news hereof is ſuddenly ſpread abroad, and the treachery and flight of *Alſemero* both known, the criminal Judges advertiſed hereof, ſpeedily ſend poſt after him; when his haſt is ſtopped, for his horſe, ſtumbles and breaks his foreleg, and *Alſemero* his right arme, with which diſaſters he, is amazed, and knowes not what to do: but ſtill reſolved to eſcape if poſſible, ſo throwing off his cloak, he runs as faſt as he can, but all in vain, for lo at laſt he ſpies four come galloping after

after him, and they quickly ſee him, and now, conſidering with himſelf that he is both a Gentleman and a Souldier, he chooſes rather to looſe his life fighting, than on a Scaffold: he prepairs for his defence, but all is not enough: for now the Lords vengeance will ſmite him home, for the Sergeants ſurround him, and, after he had fighting broken his rapier, he yields himſelf.

Thus is he brought a pitied ſpectacle to *Alicant*, and a priſoner before the criminal Judges, where he accuſeth himſelf of this murther, and ſo they adjudge him to loſe his head. When being on the Scaffold, he finding no hopes of his Life, diſcovers *Don Alonſo Piracquo's* murther by *De Flores*, as is before related, in all its circumſtances, but proteſts his innocency therein, only in concealing it, whereof the Judges having notice, cauſe his head to be taken off for *Thomaſo*, and his body to be thrown into the Sea, for concealing *Alonſo's* murther. And take *De Flores* and *Beatrice-Joanna's* bodies out of their graves, burn them at the place of execution, and throw their aſhes into the air.

Thus, firſt or laſt, we ſee the juſtice of God triumphing againſt this horrid ſin, for, though for a time he may forbear, yet he will not forgive, for, *Sera venit, ſed certa venit, Vindicta Divina.*

HIST. V.

HIST. V.
ALIBIUS and *MERILLA*.

The Contents.

Alibius *murthereth his wife* Merilla, *be is discovered first by* Bernardo, *then by his own Daughter* Emilia, *so be is apprehended, and hanged for the fact.*

IN the parish of *Sprear* not far from *Brescia* in the territories of *Venice*, there dwelt a poor Country man, named *Alibius*, of a comely stature and proportion, whose Parents were of an honest fame and reputation.

This *Alibius*, after he had attained the age of five and twenty years, married an honest maiden named *Merilla*, a farmers Daughter of the same parish, with small means, little wit and less beauty, yet sought by many honest Country swains, for she was known to be wary and provident, and indeed had *Alibius* care but answered her honest simplicity, they might have proved happy.

But *Alibius*, in few years after his marriage, by prodigality and profuseness had so wasted that little he had, that he now began to want, & saw those evill courses he took would bring him to beggery: yet so was his heart hardned, that he still persists in his vicious course of living, whereat his wife finding fault, had no other hopes of amends, then vile and contemptuous speeches and reproachfull, abusive language. Growing thus from bad to worse, his

his poor wife thinks fit to ſpeak to ſome vertuous friend to deal with him to reform him, but he was ſo farr from liking or taking this wholeſom counſel, that he reviled the party who gave it him, and underſtanding that it proceeded through his wives perſwaſion, to be revenged of her, he for ſome moneths forſakes her company and bed.

Another motive, which as he ſaid made him not love her, was her barrenneſs: but God to take away this cauſe (which lay not in her own power to help) and as a puniſhment (as it afterward proved) ſent him a daughter, whom they called *Emilia*. But as before he was diſcontented for want of a child, ſo now he hath one, he cannot endure the crying and trouble thereof; nay, as ſhe growes up, he growes unkind to her, yea, every day more and more, both in words and deeds: and laſtly to make up his evills compleat, he cavills with his wives wrinkles and finds fault that ſhe is withered and decayed.

Alibius now caſting away all fear of God, and goodneſs; leaves his wife and family, and gets into ſervice, where what he gets, he prodigally ſpends in whoring and drunkenneſs, having no regard at all, either to reform the vanity of his thoughts, or to controule his diſſolute and dangerous actions. Having thus ſpent many years in ſervice, and in that time having never viſited *Merilla* or *Emilia*, and finding himſelf grow aged and knowing ſervice to be no patrimony, he intends to forſake that kind of life, and ſo comes for a time to *Breſcia* to watch if any occaſion preſented it ſelf whereby he may raiſe his fortunes.

He had not lived there long, but he ſees ſo many beauties, as he began to loath his wife *Merilla*, and wiſh her in another World. Abiding thus in *Breſcia* it

it fell out that he who bore the silver rod, in token of honour and justice, before the Podestate or chief Magistrate of the same City, dyed, and to this Office *Alibius* aspired, and, by making many friends to the Podestate and Senators, he at last obtained it, being worth on hundred Zechins *per ann.* besides his diet. And now, this preferment makes him indeed scorn his wife *Merilla*, so as she must not come near him, nay he resolves to poyson her, as being a disparagement to him. And to increase this his pride, not long after, an honest Citizen of *Brescia*, of his own name, though nothing of kin, dyes, leaving a rich widow named *Philatea*, and makes our *Alibius* (cozened by his hypocrisie) overseer of his will. And now all his thoughts tend to the getting *Philatea's* favour; so, defacing all goodness and vertue out of his heart, he rides over to *Sprear* to poor *Merilla*, and under colour of tender love, in milke, wine, and rosted apples he gives her some poyson, but seeing it did not operate as he intended, he purposely picks a quarrel with her, reviles and beats her in a most lamentable manner, and so goes his way and leaves her: And applies himself to *Philatea*, and courts her to grant him unlawfull pleasures, which she not having honesty enough to refuse, yields to his lust, which, in a short time, made her shame apparent by the swelling of her belly, which finding, she acquaints *Alibius*, therewith, and tells him she must marry one of her Servants, but he minding to make himself Master both of her person and wealth, swears now *Merilla* shall not live, to which end, he gets stronger poyson than before, and in a dark night he takes horse in the East suburbs of *Brescia*, and so rides toward *Sprear*, but as he rides by the common place of execution a mile out of the town, his horse

horſe ſtumbles, and falls under him, right againſt it and with the fall puts his ſhoulder out of joynt (here was a caveat to divert him, but he had not grace to receive it) and arrives at his houſe, where he finds *Emilia* his daughter with *Merilla* his wife, which ſaved her life that time, but yet he quarrels with her, reviles and beats her, and ſo goes his way.

But now *Philatea* again ſeconds her firſt matter, and tells him that he now muſt provide for her ſafety, and to hide her ſhame, with which words netled, he now fully concludes *Merilla* muſt dye, at what rate ſoever: ſo having one night waited upon the Podeſtate to ſupper, he takes horſe a little before the City gates were ſhut, and having diſguiſed himſelf that he might not be known, with the poyſon in his pocket, he rides to *Sprear*, ties his horſe to a tree in an adjacent meadow, he knocks at the door.

Poor *Merilla* was in bed with a little grandchild of hers named *Pomerea*, which was *Emilia's* Daughter, whom ſhe ſends down to open the door without a candle, *Alibius* enters, goes up ſtairs into his Wives chamber, and after ſome words, gives her a potion with poyſon, and forceth it down her throat, and to make ſure work, takes a billet out of the chimney, kills her in her bed, and ſo haſtily ruſheth out of the doors. *Pomerea*, who before had hidden her ſelf, now lights a candle, aſcends up the chamber, and there finds her Grandmother dead in the bed, during which time *Alibius* takes his horſe and gallops away: *Pomerea* raiſeth the neighbours, who coming and finding the dead body, Chyrurgeons are ſent for, who report ſhe is both poyſoned and beaten to death, they examine the Grandchild, who tells what ſhe knows, but to little purpoſe for the preſent.

By this time news is come to *Brescia*, at which news *Alibius* mourns and takes on extreamly, and none so ready to inquire for the murtherer as himself: and becauſe he will take off all ſuſpition, becauſe *Emilia* was ſuſpected, he comforts her, and uſeth her more kindly then ordinary, yea and becomes ſurety for her future appearance.

And now time which weareth all things, begins to deface the memory of this murther, and *Alibius* thinking himſelf ſecure, marries *Philatea* for his ſecond wife, which is the cauſe that ſome curious heads begin to ſuſpect him for *Merilla's* death, but none dare ſpeake it publickly; when lo God himſelf now brings it our, the manner thus.

Alibius ſends for one *Bernardo* of *Sprear* to come to him, who had formerly been one of his diſſolute companions, and was at that time an aſſociate of *Emilia's* husband, and drew to lewd and vicious courſes: this man after his conference with *Alibius*, fell to his drunken humour in *Breſcia*, where, in the midſt of his cups, he ſaid he was a Country Man of *Sprear*, and that he knew *Alibius* as great as he now bore himſelf, and that he murthered his poor wife in the Country, to get this fine one in the City, which he often repeated, but was ſoon after ſent away, and ſince that time was never ſeen in *Breſcia*. But this report remained.

Shortly after this he begins to withdraw his kindneſs from his Daughter *Emilia*, which greatly perplexed her, as knowing in her conſcience that her Father was her mothers murderer, ſhe nightily feared, leaſt he would diſpatch her likewiſe, which ſhe the more doubted, becauſe her Father had bailed her, but not as yet freed her from her appearance before the Corrigadors of *Sprear*. And here ſhe knows not what to do, as to the diſcovery of

of the ſaid murther, but at laſt, God prevailing with her conſcience, ſhe goes to the next Corrigador and reveales, that her Father *Alibius* was the murtherer of his wife *Merilla*.

The Corrigador deteins *Emilia* in his houſe; and writes to the Podeſtate of *Breſcia* hereof, who finding the probabilities and circumſtances ſtrong, conclude to impriſon him: he is waiting at the door for the Podeſtate, when he is ſent for in to them; at his firſt entring his velvet cap, and ſilver rod are taken from him, and with them to office. He is examined, but with a brazened face ſeeks with ſmooth words to palliate and extenuate his crime; but in vain, for they ſtraight commit him cloſe priſoner.

On the *Munday*, *Emilia* is ſent for and brought, and the next day ſhe is examined, where ſhe ſaith with many tears and ſighes, theſe words, my Father hath often beaten my Mother, and even laid her for dead, and at other times he hath given her poyſon, and he it is and no other, that hath now murthered her, ſo binding her to give evidence at the great Court of the Province, they diſmiſſe her.

Now the time of his tryall being come, he is conveyed to the Caſtle to be arraigned, where he ſtands upon his innocency and juſtification; but his inditement is made, wherein the murther is ſet forth in all its circumſtances: Witneſſes are produced, firſt his own Daughter *Emilia*, who ſtands to her former evidence, then two Apothecaries boyes are called, who ſeverally affirm, they ſold him rats-bane at two ſeverall times.

Whereupon the Jury, notwithſtanding all his fair pretences, report him guilty of murthering his wife *Merilla*, ſo he is remand.d to priſon, yet all this cannot work him to confeſſion.

The next day he is brought to receive judgement, which was to be hanged till he were dead.

And now we must see *Alibius*, fetched from his prison, and conveyed to the place of execution, where at his ascending us the Ladder, his gray-beard and comely Countenance moved the spectators to commiseration, then confessing his crime freely, he with tears besought the World to pray for his soul, and wishing them to be ware by his example, he dyed penitently, having first cleared his second wife *Philatea*, from being accessary to the murther of his first wife.

And this was the end of *Alibius*, which may it prove a terrour to all people to make them avoid such sins, least they suffer the like punishments.

THE

The Second Book.

HIST. VI.

SYPONTUS and *VICTORINA*.

The Contents.

Victorina *cauſeth* Sypontus *to ſtab and murther her firſt Husband* Souranza; *and ſhe her ſelf poyſoneth* Faſſino. *Theſe being both miraculouſly detected, and the parties thereof convicted, he is beheaded, and ſhe hanged and burnt for the ſame.*

LUST is a ſin which for the moſt part goes accompanyed with other enormities, as having adultery and blood both attendant of her, and hereof this preſent Hiſtory is a pregnant example, which though it be mournfull and tragical, yet to the advancement of Gods glory in its puniſhment, happened as followeth.

In *Venice* in the latter years of the reign of *Leonardo Donato* the Duke thereof, there was a Gentleman a younger brother, yet neer fifty years of age, named *Seignior Jacomo Beraldi*, who in his youth took to wife the daughter of *Seignior Lorenzo Burſo* of *Padua*, by whom he had ſeven children, wherewith they thought themſelves bleſt, but this

their happiness lasted not long, for in seven years six of their Children dyed, and only the eldest Daughter named *Dona Victorina* survived.

This young Gentlewoman being now marriageable, and withall rich, noble and fair, had diverse noble suitors; amongst whom the most by her esteemed and loved, was one *Seignior Sypontus* a Gentleman of the City, but ennobled rather by his birth then conditions, though otherwise in his person very compleat; between these two was so entire and perfect an affection, that *Sypontus* resolves to seek her publickly in marriage, which accordingly, with much zeal, constancy and affection, he performes, and after a years suit and protraction, *Victorina* consents to be his wife, so as he obtain her Father and Mothers consent: whereupon, in fair and discreet termes, he acquaints *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, her father and mother, with his long affection to their Daughter *Victorina*, whom he prayes them to bestow upon him in Marriage. But the old couple not at all pleased with the motion, deny him their consent, but they thank him for his love and honour, and tell him they have disposed of their daughter otherwise, for the truth is they thought *Sypontus* to be too poor (as having suffered many and great losses by the *Turks*) and therefore sought a richer husband for her. And to that end, they bring to her one *Seignior Jovan Baptista Souranza*, a much richer, but likewise a farr Elder, Gentleman.

Victorina sees him with trouble and disgrace, but he her with affection and liking: which different passions produce different effects; for he seeks to perfect the match with her Parents, she utterly to break it off, not sparing either intreaties, prayers or tears for the same end; but they are deaf and cruell,

cruel, for within few dayes they violently enforce her to marry *Souranza*.

But *Victorina* though married to, yet loves not, *Souranza*, she thinks him too old for her lusty youth, and so laying aside her honour & honestly, she bends her affections from her husband, to young *Sypontus*; who though he have her not for his wife, contents himself with this, that, (to use the Venetian phrase) she is his Courtizana, and he her enamorata; for they now grow familiar, even beyond all modesty; *Souranza* being no sooner abroad, but *Sypontus* is at home, both defiling his bed, and contaminating his wives body, with the foul sin of adultery. And now indeed she is grown so vicious, that she perfectly hates her husband, and wishes him every day in another world, which she often hints to *Sypontus*, but he seems to take no notice thereof. But on a sudden, hearing news of two great losses befaln him in the *Levant Seas*, which amounted in the whole to at least seventy thousand Zecchines (above two thirds of his estate) and knowing *Souranza* to be rich, and himself the master of his wife, resolves also to make himself master of his estate, by murdering him, and marrying his wife.

At the next meeting, the matter is broken between them and concluded on, so some ten dayes after *Victorina* sends *Sypontus* word, that her husband is to go to his house of pleasure neer *Padua*, on the bank of the river *Brenta*, where he is only to stay three dayes, he embraces the occasion. And hires two wicked *Gondoleirs* or Watermen, who swear secrecy; the day now of his returne being come, *Sypontus* takes his *Gondola*, and hovers in the passage betwixt *Lucifizina* and *Venice* for *Souranza* his arrival, when lo about five of the clock in the evening, (it being Summer) in the midway *Sypontus*

espies

espies him, when with all possible celerity making towards him, disguised and masked he enters *Souranza's Gondola*, and with his Ponyard, stabs him three several times to the heart, and so being dead cuts of his nose and beard (that he might not be known) and throws him into the sea, and his waterman after him, that he might tell no tales, and speedily posting home, sends *Victoriana* this letter.

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA

FAir and dear Victorina, *I have begun and ended a business which infinitely imports thy good, and my content; the party hath drunk his fill of white and claret, and is now gone to rest: so a little time I hope, will, wipe off thy old tears, and confirme thy new joyes; be as but affectionate as I secret, and as secret as I till death will be affectionate, and thou needest neither fear my fortunes nor doubt thine own: judge what I would do to enjoy thee, and for thy sake, sith I have undertaken and already acted a business of this nature: We must refrain each others company, that we may the sooner meet, and imbrace with more content, and less danger.*

SYPONTUS.

Victorina receives this letter gladly, and rejoyceth at the news, but the better to hide her malice, she now begins to find fault *with* her husbands long stay, which now also his kinred begin to fear: they send a nephew of his own, one *Seignior Andrew Souranza*, to inquire after him, and brings word that he was come from *Lucifizina* for *Venice* four dayes since. His wife in shew, his friends in reality, grieve, for they cannot by any means get any news of him, till about

about some eight dayes after, providence guided some Fishermen to the place, where casting out their nets, they bring up the dead body of murthered *Souranza*, well clad, which for their own discharge, they bring to *Venice*, and land it at St. *Marks* stairs, where it is shown to all passengers, among whom *Andrea Souranza* the dead mans Nephew before mentioned was one, who viewing it very earnestly, at last he espies a red spot in his neck, that he brought into the World with him, and a wart over his left eyelid, he passionately cryes out, that it is the body of his Uncle *Seignior Jovan Baptista Souranza*, which being thus known, is taken home by his friends, wherein they find three several wounds: but not knowing whence they might come, he is buryed *according* to his rank. *Victorina* grieves hereat in especial, puts on blacks together with her family, but her self in two moneths never goes abroad but to the Church: whereof *Seignior Hieronimo Souranza*, a younger brother to the deceased, having curiously taken notice, and knowing his Sister in law never truly loved her husband, he began vehemently to suspect her of this murther, & for the more effectual discovery thereof, he deals with *Victorinaes* Gentlewoman named *Felicia*, who was likewise his niece, to know what Gentlemen chiefly frequented her Lady. *Felicia* tells him, that *Sypontus* is many nights with her, that there is much love and familiarity between them, and that he sends her many letters. Her Uncle conjures her to intercept some of his letters, which she promised, and effected in a short time, for going to fetch her Lady a new pair of Romish Gloves, she opens an ivoty box, wherein she finds the very Letter we have formerly seen and read.

Satisfied

Satisfied therewith, and vowing revenge, he goes to the criminal Judges, and accuseth *Sypontus* and *Victorina* of the murther, they are both committed to prison but separately. They are examined but deny the murther, the next day *Sypontus* his own letter is produced, he still confidently denyes the fact and disowns the letter. But fearing the worst, he writes to *Victorina* these lines.

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

IS it possible that thy affection to me hath been all this while feigned? and that thou whom I trusted with all my secrets, are now become the only person to betray me? I have hazarded my life for thy sake, and must I be so unfortunate to loose it through thy treachery? When I bore matters with such care and secrecy, that no witness whatsoever could be produced against me, must mine own letter, safely delivered to thee, be brought forth to convict me of my crime? Is this the reward of my love, and the recompence of my affection: O Victorina, Victorina, *such is my tender esteem of thy Youth and beauty, that had I enjoyed a thousand lives, I would have reputed my self happy to have lost them all for thy sake and service: and having but one wilt thou be so cruel to deprive me thereof? But that my loyalty and affection may shine in thy maker, take this for thy comfort, that, as I have ever lived so I will now die thy true Servant and faithful Lover.*

Sypontus.

Victorina receives this letter, and at the reading thereof she dissolves into tears, to think that *Sypontus* should suspect her fidelity, and therefore to clear that doubt to him, she sends him this answer to his letter.

Victo-

VICTORINA to SYPONTUS.

I Were the moſt wretched and ingratefulleſt Lady of the world, yea not deſerving to live or breath, if Victorina *ſhould prove treacherous to* Sypontus, *who hath ſtill been ſo true and kind to her. But believe me dear* Sypontus, *and I ſpeak in the preſence of God, upon peril of my ſoul, that I am as innocent, as that witch, that Devil my maid* Felicia *is guilty of the producing of thy letter, which I fear will prove thy death, and rejoyce, that in it, it ſhall likewiſe prove mine, for to clear my ſelf of ingratitude and treachery, as I have lived, ſo I will die with thee, that as we mutually participated the joyes of life, ſo we may the torments of death, for, although thy letter accuſe me not of my husband* Sauranza's *murther, yet that my affection may ſhine in my loyalty, I will not ſurvive but dye with thee, for I will accuſe my ſelf to the Judges, not only as an acceſſary, but as author of that murther, and this reſolution of mine I write thee with tears, and will ſhortly ſeal it with my blood.* Victorina.

Sypontus receiving this, is much ſatisfied, that his Lady is innocent, but when he reads her reſolution to dy with him, he condemnes himſelf for taxing her, and vowes no torment ſhall make him accuſe her, but that his death ſhall proclaim her innocency. And now expecting hourly to be called before his Judges, he thinks fit to ſignifie his mind to her, which he doth in theſe words.

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

SWeet Victorina, *thy Letter hath given me ſo full ſatisfaction, as I repent me of my raſh, cre-*

credulity conceived against thy affection and constancy, and now lay the fault of the discovery of thy Letter, where it is and ought to be, on Felicia, *not on thy self: It is with a sorrowfull but true presage, that I foresee my life hastens to her period, for the racke is already prepared for me, the torments whereof I will willingly suffer for thy sake, with much constancy and patience. I will deny mine own guilt the first time, but not the second, but in my torments and death, I will acquit thee of thine, with as true a resolution, as I hope to find Heaven. Therefore by all the bonds of love and affection, that ever hath been between us, I pray and conjure thee to change thy resolution, and stand on thine innocence, for if thou desirest to gratifie me with thy last affection at my death, let it be, that* Victorina *will live for* Sypontus *his sake, though* Sypontus *die for hers.*

Sypontus.

The Letter is scarce sent, but he is called before the Judges, and put to the racke, whose torments he endures with admirable constancy denying all, but the next day, the double torments makes him confess the letter his, and himself guilty, but totally cleers *Victorina*. The Judges are glad of this confession, and for his fault condemne him to lose his head the next day, between the two columnes at St *Markes* place. And accordingly the morn being come, he is brought to the Scaffold, where before a multitude of Spectators, he confesseth this bloody murther, but takes it to his death, that *Victorina* is absolutely innocent, after which the executioner presently severed his head from his body. Three dayes after the Judges consult of *Victorina*, and so send for her, and threaten her with

with the racke, but ſhe very boldly denies all: whereupon they in open Court acquit and diſcharge her.

Six months are ſcarce paſt, ſince theſe tragical revolutions did happen, but ſhe having forgotten all, throwes of her mourning, adornes her ſelf with her richeſt jewels and habiliments, and reſolves, that ſhe will have a ſecond husband: whom ſhe needs not long to ſeek; for her great wealth and beauty brings her many ſuters, out of all whom ſhe picks one *Seignior Ludovicus Faſſino*, a neat and handſome young Gentleman, and withall rich and nobly born, to be the man. He obſerving her affection, ſeeks, courts, and wins her, which her parents underſtanding and knowing him to be vicious and debaucht, they ſeek to divert their Daughter, but in vain, for before full ten dayes acquaintance, ſhe marries him.

But a moneth is hardly paſt ſince the Nuptialls, but he begins to leave his wife, and follow his old courſe of whoring, ſo that now ſhe is become a married widow, whereat inwardly fretting to be thus abuſed, her jealouſie making inquiry finds the Lady *Calenare* to be the loadſtone that attracts him from her, at which ſhe ſtormes, and when her husband comes home, for the ſame with injurious words ſhe reviles him, but finding this do no good, ſhe vowes to be revenged, and that his life ſhall pay dearly for his abuſing her, and ſo concludes with her ſelf ſecretly to poyſon him: and for that purpoſe ſends for an Apothecary named *Auguſtino*, to whom ſhe offereth three hundred Zecchines to undertake and perform it; But he very honeſtly refuſeth her, and cordially perſwades to better thoughts of heart, but ſhe perſiſting in her bloody intent, ſeeing he will not be wrought upon to do

it,

it, purposes to do it her self, and so procures poyson from a strange Emperick, and waites opportunity to administer it; which *Fassinoe's* dissolute life shortly presenteth, for coming home sick, and complaining thereof to his wife *Victorina*, he takes his bed, and prayes her to make him some comfortable broath for his stomach, at which news she exults, and for the better concealing her wickedness, she commands her maid *Felicia* to make the same broath, (intending thereby to be revenged of her also, for discovery of *Syponius* Letter) and while she is busie in boyling the same, *Victorina* goes to her closet and fetcheth the poyson, whereof she (having sent *Felicia* from the fire) throwes two parts into the broth, and keeps a third by her still. Innocent *Felicia* knowing nothing hereof, gives the broth to *Fassino*, which he sups up, this was in the morning; In the *interim* hereof, *Victorina* goes to her maids chamber, takes the remaining poyson, layes it into *Felicia's* trunck, and so speeds her away. By this time the poyson operates with *Fassino*, he calls for his wife and tells her, he feareth *Felicia* hath poysoned him with the broth, and desires her to send for his friends, who quickly coming, and finding him ready to expire, askes the cause, *Victorina* cries out, that her maid *Felicia* had that morning poysonied him with some broath, which dying *Fassino* likewise averrs; hereupon *Felicia* is apprehended, she is amazed, weeps, and cries out, knowing her self innocent, but, doubting this proceeded from her Mistresse. But no *Fassino* dyes, and the criminal Judges advertised thereof, come to his house next day, and upon examination find all probabilities of *Felicia's* guilt, who is upon this hurryed away to prison.

The Judges go away to their Tribunal, send for

Felicia

Felicia and examine her, she confesseth the broth, but denies the poyson, and withall tells them she is afraid, this is a device of her Mistress, they aske her if *Victorina* touched the broth, she saith, not to her knowledg, they remand *Felicia* to prison, go again to *Fassino's* house, secure *Victorina*, search all her closets, boxes, trunkes and caskets, but find nothing, they go to *Felicia's* chamber, search her trunke and therein find the poyson: Now it is on all hands taken for granted, that *Felicia* was guilty, yet she denies it, notwithstanding which she is by the Judges condemned to be hanged, the next morning at St. *Markes* place. At which time she is brought to the place of execution, and ascending the Ladder, she protests her innocency in this matter, and that she knowes nothing of the poyson, but imagines her Lady *Victorina* is not innocent, and so forgiving all the World, she begins to prepare her self to dye; when, lo, by the providence and mercy of God, the Apothecary *Augustino* (formerly mentioned) lands at St. *Markes* stairs, who seeing a young Gentlewoman ready to be executed, he demanded who she was, and her crime, he is told the whole circumstance, then remembring *Victorina's* former tempting him to the same murther, he confidently believes the Mistress guilty, and the condemned maid innocent: wherefore hasting away to the Officers, he requesteth them to stay the Execution for a little time, because he hath something to say concerning *Fassinoes* murther.

The Executioner is commanded to forbear, and *Augustino* immediately in discreet manner, informs the Judges of the manner, time, and place, where *Victorina* seduced him to poyson *Fassino*, which himself refused and disswaded her from.

The Judges admiring at this discovery, remand *Felicia*

Felicia to prison, and send to apprehend *Victorina*, who being suddenly taken, is astonished, and confronted with *Augustino* (who now makes good his former allegation) after denyall, being adjudged to the racke, she acquits *Felicia*, and acknowledgeth her self guilty, both of her first and second husbands death; upon which confession innocent *Felicia* is presently freed, and *Victorina* condemned the next morning to be hanged and burnt at St. *Markes* place: which was performed accordingly; she shewing her self very penitent for her said crimes, and saying, that her example may be a Caveat to forewarn others from the like errours, and so consequently from the like punishments.

HIST. VII.
ANTONIO and BERINTHIA.

The Contents.

Catalina *causing her waiting maid* Anfilva, *two severall times to attempt to poyson her own sister Berinthia, wherein failing, she afterward makes an Emperick, termed* Sarmiata *poyson her maid* Anfilva. Catalina, *is killed with a thunderbolt, and* Sarmiata *hanged for poysoning* Anfilva; Antonio *steals away* Berinthia *with her own consent, whereupon her Brother* Sebastiano *fights with him, and kills him in a Duell.* Berinthia *in revenge, murthereth her Brother* Sebastiano, *she is adjudged to be immured between two walles and there languishing dies.*

In

IN *Avero* a City of *Portugal* there dwelt a Noble man, named *Don Jasper de Vilarezo*, great both by blood and revenues, who intermarried with *Dona Alphanta*, the Marqueſſe of *Denia's* Niece, a Lady extraordinarily fair, and perfectly vertuous, who had iſſue one Son, *Don Sebaſtiano*, and two daughters named, *Dona Catalina* and *Dona Berinthia*, neither of them wanting their Parents care, for their noble, and good education. So that now growing to be capable of marriage, many Cavaliers of *Avero*, become ſuitors to them, yea the chiefeſt Cities of *Portugal* ſend their ſons, but his age deeming them too young, puts them all off with honourable excuſes, as not yet intending to marry his daughters.

Sebaſtiano being abroad, becomes intimately acquainted with *Don Antonio de Rivere* of the City of *Elvas*, and chief Gentleman to the Duke of *Braganſa*. And that he might perpetuate this their familiarity, he offers him his eldeſt Siſter in marriage, and prayes him to ride over to ſee her.

Don Antonio thankfully liſteneth to him, accepteth his proffer, and prepares for his journey to *Avero*, where now we may ſuppoſe him, together with *Sebaſtiano*, arrived, honourably attended; he preſently viſits *Vilarezo*, by whom he is reſpectfully entertained, where he ſees both the Siſters: But likes the younger named *Berinthia*, to whom in amorous termes he reveals his love, which ſhe courteouſly giveth ear to, and to be ſhort accepts. And now ſo powerful is his affection, that not brooking delays, he finds out her Father and mother, and demands of them their daughter *Berinthia* in marriage. *Vilarezo* thanketh him, and offers him his eldeſt, *Antonio* anſwers, he requeſts the youngeſt,

the Father replyes, *Catalina* shall be first served; whereupon they part:

Antonio continues his suite, and so doth *Sebastiano* for him, but to no purpose, the father is resolute to match *Catalina* first, which forceth *Antonio* to this shift, namely, to comply seemingly with *Catalina*, though *Berinthia* were the marke he aim'd at. But at length having no pretence of stay any longer, he takes his leave which makes *Berinthia* sad. But before his departure, after thanks given for his entertainment, and again praies them not to reject his suite for *Berinthia*, which they return to him for *Catalina*. And thus after some complements ended they part. And in this recesse he makes it his only comfort to converse with his *Berinthia* by Letter, which he doth in this manner.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA

SWeet Berinthia, *wert thou as courteous as fair, thou wouldest rest as confident of my affections, as I do of thy beauty, and then as much rejoyce in that, as I triumph in this: but as my tongue lately wanted power, so now doth my art to inform thee, how dearly I love thy beauty, and honour thy vertues, so as could thy thoughts pry into mine, or my heart be so happy to dictate to thine, those should know, and this see, that* Antonio *is ambitious of no other earthly felicity, then either to live thy husband or dye thy martyr. Think with thy self, how farr thou undervaluest my zeal, when I will despair of loving* Catalina, *and yet cannot hope that* Berinthia *will affect me: only therefore in thee (sweet Lady) either to crown my joyes by thy consent, or to immortalize my torments by thy refusal. Be pleased therefore, (fair* Berinthia) *to signify me thy resolution, that I may know my doom and prepare*

pare my self either to wed, thee, or my grave.
Antonio.

This Letter was sent by *Diego* his Page, (who for his Masters sake is willing to counterfeit love to *Anſilva*, the Lady *Catalina's* Gentlewoman, and for the more cleanly conveying his letters) who delivers it to *Berinthia*, who receiveth it with infinite content & joy. In the mean time he delivers his Masters letters to *Vilarezo* in his behalf, and in favour of his suit to *Anſilva*, thus having stayed some time he is desirous to depart, and *Berinthia* willing to give *Antonio* some *satisfaction*, returnes these lines to him in answer.

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

HAd I not been more courteous to thee, then I am fair to my self, thou hadst not tasted so much, of my affection, nor I so many of my fathers frowns; and although thy tongue and pen have acquainted me with thy rich zeal to my poor merits; yet judge with thy self, whither it be fit for me to requite thee with observance, or him that gave me my being with disobedience: As I desire not to have thee die my martyr, so my Father will not permit thee to live my Husband, and yet as it is out of my own power to remedie the first, so it is not impossible for time to compass the last, not that I resolve to give thee too much hope, rather that I aim to take away some of thy despair; to the end I may finde thee as constant in thy affection, as thou me sincere in my constancy. My Sisters jealousie of me, and my Fathers distast of thee, invite thee to manage this favour of mine with as much secreecy as circumspection.

Berinthia.

This Letter she gives with a present to *Diego* re-his Master, who having his dispatch, takes his leave of *Ansilva* with promises to see her in three weeks; and so speeds away, and delivers both to his Master, who received them with infinite affection, the contents whereof breeds such a confusion in his thoughts, that he cannot resolve what to do: therefore, for the more privacy of his thoughts, he suddenly retires, from his employment and the Court, to his own house at *Elvas*, purposely to be neer *Avero*, that he might loose no opportunity to prosecute his affection.

Scarce hath he been at home two dayes, ere he sends *Diego* with another letter to *Berinthia*: *Ansilva* welcomes *Diego*, whom he hath no sooner saluted, but he seeks *Berinthia*, finds her and delivers his letter, wherein she findeth these words,

ANTONIO to BERINTHA.

IT is impossible for my pen to express the joyes my heart received at the reading of thy letter, and as I dispraise not thy obedience to thy Father, so I infinitely prize thy affection to me, a thousand times I kissed thy lines, and as often blest the hand that wrote them, and although they gave me hope yet these hopes have brought me doubt, and that doubt fear: not that thou lovest me, for that were to disparage my judgment, in seeking to prophane thy affection, but that thou wilt not please to accept of my promise, and to return me thine: wherein, if thou weigh the fervency of my love, I hope thou wilt the incredulitie of my fear; for till I am so happie not only to hope, but to assure my self that Berinthia *will be* Antonio's, *as* Antonio *is alreadie* Berinthia's, *I must needs fear, and therefore cannot truely rejoyce. I have* Lisbone *to reside at*

Elvas

Eluas; *therefore (fair and dear Lady) I beseech thee destinate me, dispose my service and command both. I long to enjoy the felicity of thy presence, for I take heaven to witness, thy absence is my hell on earth.*

Antonio.

Berinthia having read this, is exceedingly pleased, and will no longer hold him in suspence, and therefore resolves to send him her heart and consent in her next. But this calme must have a storm; *Catalina* is suspicious of *Diego*, that he seems what he is not, and manageth *Antonio's* love to her Sister, and works *Anselva* to try him, but he is faithful and will tell nothing. When behold an accident discovers the whole truth: for on a Sunday morning, *Berinthia* having left her chamber and gone into the Garden; *Catalina* goes into her chamber to see for a little book lately lent her to read, but not finding it where she expected, she seeks it in the pocket of her gown which she wore the day before, and there instead thereof unexpectedly finds *Antonio's* last letter: whereat being troubled, she takes it away, and shews it to her father, who angry at the same, checks *Berinthia*, and restrains her of her liberty: which her sister *Catalina*, heightens, nay rather then lose *Antonio*, who she also loves, she concludes to poyson *Berinthia*, to which end she hires *Anselva* with a hundred duckets, and promise of as much more, who assures to perform it, wherefore by an unknown messenger she sends for poyson, which is instantly brought her in a small gally pot, and she resolves the same night to make use of it; but before night *Diego* seeks out *Anselva*, and finds her in a close bower in the garden, whom he salutes and courts, when on a sudden his

noſe fell on bleeding, and having bloodyed his own handkerchief, *Anſilva* haſtily taking hers out of her pocket, therewith drew out the gallypot, which falling on the ſtone floor, broke in pieces, which *Diego's* ſpaniel licking up, immediately ſwelled and dyed before them: they are both amazed, but eſpecially *Anſilva*, who knowes not what excuſe to make, for *Diego* preſſeth her to know for whom this *poyſon* was prepared; her uncertain anſwers make him more inquiſitive; ſo that he prevails, and ſhe tells him, that her miſtreſſe *Catalina* had hired her therewith to poyſon *Berinthia*.

Diego no ſooner knows this, but, under colour of ſtoping his blood, he gets away and informes *Berinthia* thereof, praying her to be careful of her ſelf and life, and deſires her to write, for next morning he will to his maſter to tell him thereof. And ſo at his appointed time, pretending his Father had ſent for him, he hies away with his news and *Berinthias* letter to *Eluas*.

Here muſt me at preſent leave him, and come to *Catalina*, who urges *Anſilva* to the performance of her promiſe, which ſhe again aſſures her the performance of in three dayes; and for the effecting thereof ſhe provides a ſecond poyſoned potion. In the interim *Diego* comes to *Eluas*, and haſtily delivers his maſter *Berinthia's* letter, which he found to ſpeak theſe words,

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

MY *Siſters* Catalina's *malice is ſo extreme, for my affection to thee, as ſhe degenerateth not only from grace but nature, and ſeeks to bereave me of my life: This bearer, thy Page, whom, I pray, love for my ſake, ſith he under God, hath now preſerved me for thine, will more fully and par-*

particuarly acquaint thee with the manner thereof. So sith there is no safety for me in my fathers house, into whose protection shall I throw my self but into thine, of whose sincere affection I am so confident, as I rest assured thou wilt show thy self in preserving my life with mine honour. It is no point of disobedience in me to my Father, but of dear respect to my own life, and therefore to thee, for, and by, whom I live, that makes me so earnestly desire thy help and sight, sith the first will lead me from despair, and the second to hope and joy, both to content, till Fear and Love makes the Hours Years, and Minutes Moneths. Berinthia.

Antonio understanding this, poasts away his Page, to *Berinthia* with this letter.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

AS the Sun breaking forth of an obscure cloud, shines the clearer, so doth thy true affection to me, in that damnable malice of thy sister Catalina *to thee for my sake: having therefore first thanked God for thy miraculous preservation, so my Pages fidelitie in the discoverie of it shall neither be forgotten nor unrequited: I will never rest till I assist thee, which I will not faile to do on monday night at twelve of the clock, when I will wait at the postern of thy Fathers arbour, where let the light of thy candle be my signet, and the report of my* Pistoll, *thine. I am throwing away my pen, were it not to tell thee, that my sword shall protect thy life, & mine honour preserve thine,* Diego *who brought me the news of thy danger, shall attend thee, in thy flight, he being the bearer hereof. So farewell till we meet.*

Antonio.

Diego

Diego flies with this Letter, and delivers it to *Berinthia*, who packing up the chiefest of her apparell and jewels, prepares against the time appointed, when in the *interim*, *Catalina* persisting in her malice, the very same night of her flight, sends *Ansilva* under pretence of kindness to *Berinthia* (pretending to go to bed) with a sweet posset, telling her, her Lady had drunk one half and sent her the other. But she being forewarned, is forearmed, so accepting thereof, and setting it down, she prayes *Ansilva* to fetch her prayer book and gloves out of her Sisters chamber, and during her absence she poures it out into a bason in her closet, and instead thereof (having washed the cup) puts Almond milke therein, which at *Ansilva's* return, she takes and drinks up before her, and withall gives her the good night, and sends her away. *Catalina* demands if the business be dispatched, she answers, yes. About an hour after this, *Diego* comes secretly to *Berinthias* Chamber, to advise of her flight, she tells him of the potion, he startles, but at last joyntly agree to try it on *Catalina's* Parot, which was then in her chamber: they do so; the bird immediately swells and dies: they wonder at *Catalina's* malice, praise God for his mercy, throw the rest of the poyson away, and lay the dead parot on the table, waiting now with impatience for *Antonio's* arrival, when lo she hears his Pistoll, *Diego* takes up the trunk and secretly goes away, and *Berinthia* followes him through the first court to the garden, thence to the Postern, where *Antonio* meets her and conveyes her to his Coach, which hasts away to *Elvas* with all possible speed, where we must leave them for the present, and come back to *Avero*.

Catalina the next morning hopes to hear some pitifull

pitifull outcries for *Berinthia's* death, but she is deceived, whereat she admires, and according to custom, her maid *Anſilva* and her self, about ten a clock went up to *Berinthia's* Chamber, whom they find not, only *Catalina*, instead of her Sister, finds her parot dead on the table: They look fearfully on one another, but hearing that *Diego* was also gone, they agree that *Berinthia* is fled. *Catalina* gives the Alarum and tells her Father, Mother and Brother hereof, who making inquiry, finde that she was conveyed away by *Antonio*. *Vilarezo* and *Sebaſtiano* stormes hereat, and consult what to do. They send a messenger to see, who returnes; and assures them that *Berinthia* is with *Antonio*. *Vilarezo* being sick of the gout, sends *Sebaſtiano* with six resolute Gentlemen, to draw reason of *Antonio* for the affront, and to bring back *Berinthia* by one means or other. *Sebaſtiano* arrives, layes before him the affront and tells him, that his Father and himself are resolved to have *Berinthia* again at what price soever, and so fairly demands her. *Antonio* answers and denies to deliver *Berinthia*, and for reason tells him the two attempts of *Catalina* to poy on her; and therefore he resolves to protect her from the like dangers for the future in his Castle: where we must leave her to speak of *Catalina*, who finding her treachery to *Berinthia* revealed, (by her Fathers examination of her to that point) and knowing *Anſilva* might make good the suspition against her, she thinks it now high time to make her away, for the effecting, whereof *Catalina* sends for an Emperick, one *Pedro Sarmiata*, and bargains with him for a hundred duckets to poyson *Anſilva*, which he undertakes, and in few dayes by infusing poysons into some potions administred to her she dies, while this is acting at *Avero*,

by

by *Catalina*, her Brother is prepairing for the like, though somewhat more honourably at *Eluas*, who having received order from his Father; either by law or the sword to bring home *Berinthia*, sends *Villandras* his Cousen to *Antonio* for his last resolution, which was as before; whereupon *Sebastiano* minding his honour and reputation solely, resolves to regain his Sister by armes, and so making choice of *Villandras* for his Second, the next morning he sends him to *Antonio's* Castle with this ensuing challenge.

SEBASTIANO *to* ANTONIO.

I must either return my Sister Berinthia *to* Avero, *or lose my life here at* Elvas, *for I had rather dye, then see her dishonour, sith hers is mine: neither do I first infringe or violate the bonds of our familiarity, in regard thou art both the Author and cause thereof, wherefore, of two things, resolve on one, either before to morrow morning at six of the clock render me my Sister* Berinthia, *or else at that hour, meet me on foot with thy Second in the squâre green medow, under thine own Castle, where the choice of two single rapiers shall attend thee, if thou art honourable, thou will grant my first, if generous not deny my second request.*

Sebastiano.

Antonio receives and accepts hereof, and chusing a neer Kinsman of his, named *Don Belasco* for his Second, they privately meet at the appointed time and place, whither they are no sooner come, but they throw of their doublets and draw, and at the third close *Sebastiano* runs him through the body neer the heart, whereat first staggering, he soon

ſoon after fell down dead, and as it were in the turning of a hand, the like fate attends *Bellaſco*. This combat is quickly divulged, and notice of the ſame given to the criminall Judges, who in favour of money and friends, remit *Sebaſtiano* and *Villandras*, and give them their pardons, which they have no ſooner gotten, but *Sebaſtiano* comes to *Antonio's* Caſtle-gate and demands *Berinthia*; which is utterly denyed: he ſeeks aid of the Judges, who grant him an armed force, wherewith he forces the Caſtle, and takes his Siſter away (in the midſt of her tears and mourning for her dear *Antonio*), who refuſeth all comfort, and cannot look upon her Brother, but with an eye of indignation and revenge, which ſhe vowes one time or other to take of him. Thus *Berinthia* is by force againſt her will brought home, where her ſiſter *Catalina*, confeſſeth privately her former malice to her, in ſeeking reconciliation we muſt leave them.

Anſilva had a Siſter named *Iſabella*, which was to be married, who invites the Ladies, *Catalina* and *Berinthia* to her wedding, *Berinthia's* ſorrowes makes her ſtay at home, but *Catalina* takes Coach to go thither, when behold as ſhe was in the way, a ſudden tempeſt ariſes, and a terrible thunderbolt pierceth her through the breaſt, and almoſt kills her in her Coach, at the fright hereof her waiting maids and Coachman returnes home with her, who is put to bed, where finding ſhe cannot live, ſhe confeſſeth, that ſhe twice attempted to poyſon her Siſter *Berinthia* by her waiting maid *Anſilva*, and ſince that, that ſhe had hired one *Sarmiata* to poyſon the ſaid *Anſilva*, which he performed, whereof ſhe ſaid ſhe heartily repented and ſo dyed. The criminall Judges are acquainted hereof, who decree order and power to apprehend *Sarmiata* who

who was at *Isabella's* weedding, whither by this time the news of *Catalina's* sudden death is arrived, which amazes *Sarmiata* who endeavours to escape, but the house being beleagured with officers, he is taken going forth, and committed close prisoner: In the afternoon being examined and put to the rack, he confesseth all the circumstances of the murther, for which the next morning he was hanged right against *Vilarezo* his house, on a gibbet purposely erected.

Returne we now to *Berinthia*, who hating her brother *Sebastiano* for killing her *Antonio*, swears his death; for the doing whereof she provides her self of a sharp long knif, and about ten dayes after her sisters death, early in a morning, with the knif hidden in her sleeve, and a lute in her hand she comes to *Sebastiano's* chamber, and findes him sleeping, which as soon as she perceives, she laies down her lute, takes her knif, and with it cutts his throate, so as he could neither cry nor speak; and giving him seven several wounds through the body, leaves him there and retires to her chamber: But not so secretly but she is seenby *Philippo* her dead Brothers Page entring her chamber. *Philippo* goes up to his Master, finds him murthered in his bed, and thereupon cryes out. The noise calls all the house together, who search for the murtherer but finding none, the Page saith he fears it is *Berinthia*, they inquire of her, she denyes her knowledge in any thing of it: her chamber is searched and trunks, and nothing harmeful or offensive weapon found, yet the Judges must be certifyed hereof, who presently come to the house, and hearing *Philippo's* words, & weighing other circumstances they suppose her guilty, and commit her to prison. The next morning she is examined and persists

sists in her denyal; thereupon before she is put to the rack 'tis thought fit once more to search her chamber where they pry into all places and things there, yea into her very close stool, where at last they find *Berinthia's* bloody gown and in it wrapt up the murthering knif: which brought before the judges and shewn: at the sight of the same, she confesseth the whole murther and begs mercy of her Judges, who notwithstanding condemn her to be hang'd in the publick market place.

But by the mediation of her friends with much difficulty, her sentence is altered, and she is condemned to be immured up betwixt two walls, and there with a slender dyet to end the remainder of her dayes, and this sentence was speedily put in execution, where in a short time the yellow jaundies and a burning fever shorten her dayes.

This was misery and shame the attendants of that family, and all indeed by the fathers perversnesse: May all parents be warned hereby not to think to bind up affection by force: and may all children pray for grace to withstand the Devill, though urged by the rigour of their restraint to the contrary.

HIST.

HIST. VIII.
BELVILE and *LAURIETA*.

The Contents.

Belvile *treacherously murthereth* Poligny *in the street* Laurieta Poligny's *mistresse betrayeth* Belvile *to her Chamber, and there, in revenge shoots him: when assisted by her waiting made* Lucilla *they give him many wounds with a ponyard and murther him.* Lucilla *flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake and* Laurieta *taken, hanged and burnt for the same.*

IN *Avignion* a City of *France* there dwelt a young Gentlewoman of about twenty years of age, called *Madamoselle Laurieta*, by the death of her parents left to her self, being more fair then rich; and endued with many excellent qualities and perfections, but all were sullied with one Vice namely unchastity. Whereto she gave her self over, but especially with one *Mounsiear de Belvile*, who had more wealth and money then either wit or grace, and was so sotted in *Laurieta's* love that he speends his time wholly in courting and entertaining her; however she is advertised, that he is not content to injoy her, but that he brags of her favours, yea and hath let fall some speeches tending to her dishonour. Whereof the next time of meeting she tells him, and after a sharp check, forbides and banisheth him her company, but he persevers in his love, which *Laurieta* minding, and judging his innocency by his constancy, she re-

readmits into her favour, with protestation of severe revenge if ever he offended again in the like nature.

About this time comes to *Avignion* one Mounsieur De *Poligny*, a brave young Gentleman, who no sooner sees *Laurieta*, but he is enamoured with her, salutes and courts her, but not in the way of honour or marriage, but to make her his curtezan, but she is averse and deaf to his requests, whereat he growes pensive, and beats his wits, how he may attain to enjoy her: when lo an unexpected occasion presents it self to him in this manner.

Madamoyselle La Palaiseire, a rich young Gentlewoman living in *Avignion*, seeing *Poligni* dance, falls in love with him, whereof he receives so many secret signes, as he cannot be ignorant of the same, but he slights her for *Laurieta*, yet she is so blinded with Love, that knowing *Laurieta* was the cause of *Poligni's* disdain to her, she resolves with the first opportunity to acquaint him that *Belvile* was *Laurieta's* Servant, and she his Mistress, which not long after having a fit time, she doth, which so nettles him to the heart, that he cannot rest till ascertained of the truth thereof, which he finds no means or persons so able to do, as *Lucilla*, *Laurieta's* waiting maid; her he wins with gold and she reveales all, confirming *Palaiseires* words, that *Belvile* was her sole favorite; yet for some words dropt lately from him against her honour, he was like to have been discarded. *Poligny* understanding, and withall being told this that *Belvile* was but a coward, he concludes to work on him, and so insinuates into *Belviles* company, and becomes familiar with him, so as there are not greater consorts and companions then they, *Polignie* now watching his time makes a party at *Tennis* with *Belvile* for a collation

lation and beats him, and so taking two Gentlemen *La Fontain* and *Borells* with them, they go to the Tavern, where they are very merry and *Poligni* telling *Belvile* he was sorry for his loss, invites him to see the City of *Orange*, where he will repay him in a dinner. The invitation is accepted, and the next morn they all four take horse for *Orange*. Where having viewed that ancient City, with all the remarkable objects & monuments therein, they go to ther Inn, fall to their Viands, and after dinner wash them down with store of Wine. And now *Polignie* laies his bait, O! quoth he how happy are the Gentlemen of *Italie* to us of *France*, for after dinner they go every one to his *Courtizan* without controul, I know not, said *La Fontain*, but I believe *Avignion* has good-fellow-wenches as well as *Italie*. Yea quoth *Belvile* I am sure that for *Jewes* and *Curtezans*, it may compare with any City of *Italie*: For, from the Lady to the Kichinmaid all are tractable. Nay said *Borells*, except still our holy Sisters the Nunns. Not I, quoth *Belvile*, nor my Mistress neither, and so names *Laurieta*. *Polignie* hath now what he sought for, so their mirth ended, they return to *Avignion*, where he cannot rest till he have informed her of *Belviles* folly: which next morning by his Lackey he doth in this manner.

POLIGNI to LAURIETA.

IT is out of sincere affection to thee, not of malice to Belvile *that I presume to signifie to thee, how lately in my presence at* Orange, *his tongue let fall some words that tended to thy dishonour: whereof I know it is not only the part, but the duty of a true Gentleman, to be rather curious in preserving, than any way ingratefull in the revealing thereof. If thou wilt not approve my zeal, yet thou hast*

all the reaſon of the World to pardon my preſumption: and to make my Letter reall, what my pen affirmes to Laurieta, *my ſword is ready to confirm to* Belvile.

Poligny.

Laurieta receives this Letter, with grief, Choler, and aſtoniſhment, and having returned many thanks to *Poligny* for his courteſie by his Page, ſends for *Belvile*, who is no ſooner come to her, but ſhe chargeth him with the ſcandall delivered by him at *Orenge* in preſence of *Poligny*, and others, againſt her honour and chaſtity, wherewith ſhe fell into ſuch a rage, that ſhe would there have ſtab'd him, had ſhe not been diverted by her waiting maid *Lucilla*; he is ſtartled at her paſſionate carriage, forſwears and denies the words, and vowes his Innocency, ſhe, to convince him, produceth *Poligny*'s Letter, but he ſtill denies it, but ſhe will not be ſatisfied unleſs he vindicate her honour againſt *Poligny* in a duell, which, rather driven by neceſſity than courage, he undertakes, and ſome three dayes after, ſends him by his Lackey this challenge.

Belvile to Poligny.

THy malice and treachery to me is as odious as remarkable, for while I ſought to cheriſh thy friendſhip, it hath been thy ambition to betray mine, in ſowing diſcord betwixt the Lady thou waiteſt of and my ſelf, upon the point of her honour, for whoſe defence I owe not only my ſervice, but life; therefore, ſince I have been the undeſerved object of thy malice, find it not ſtrange, that I

justly repute thee the cause of my envy, which can receive no other satisfaction, but, that to morrow at five in the Morning, thou meet me, without Seconds, on the bridg by the iron stump, with thy single rapier, where I will attend thee with another, of which two take thou the choice, and give me the refusall.

Belvile.

Poligny receives this challenge, with admiration at his resolution, and bids the Lackey tell his Master he will not fail to meet him at the hour and place appointed. The morning is now come, and *Belvile* with very unwilling steps, is come to the bridge; and soon after comes *Poligny*, so preparing themselves, and having drawn their weapons, they joyn with resolution and fury; but after the receipt of two wounds, *Belvile* throwes off his sword, prayes *Poligny* to desist, for he holds himself satisfied, and desires his life, which *Poligny* grants him, and so they part: *Poligny* going to his chamber, and *Belvile* to his Chirurgeons. The newes of this combat is spread abroad by two souldiers who had seen them fighting: she sends to *Belvile* to know the truth, he will not be spoken with, then she resolves to send to *Poligny*, but is prevented, for he in person comes to her chamber, where, after a complementall salute, he tells her, that he had given *Belvile* two wounds for her sake, and his life for his own, whereat she rejoyceth, and here begin their affections.

While thus *Poligny* triumphs in *Laurieta*'s affection, *La Palaiseire* is grieved for his loss, that she cannot gain him, and *Belvile* vowes to redeem his honour with *Polignies* life, which *La Palaiseire* understanding by some words she heard, out of her ten-

tender love to him, she reveals it to him in this ensuing letter.

La Palaiseire to *Poligny*.

TO testifie now the constancy of my affection with ink, as I have formerly the fervency thereof with tears, thou hast some cause to fear, and I *to doubt, that* Belvile *hath some dangerous project to put in execution against thy life, and, as I reveal it to thee out of care, so look thou prevent it by discretion, least he bereave thee of thy life, as thou hast him of his* Laurieta. *I do not presume to send thee this advice out of any irregular ambition to purchase thy favour, but only to let thee know, that my affection can shine through the clouds of thy disdain. Regard therefore thine own safety, albeit thou will not respect my content, and although thou wilt not afford me the honour to be thy Mistress, yet I will take the resolution to live and dye thine hand-maid.*

La Palaiseire.

Poligny receives this Letter with laughter at her affection, for he is so besotted on *Laurieta* that he minds nothing else; yet upon second thoughts he thinks to return thanks to *La Palaiseire*, which he doth after a slight manner, and so growes careless of himself, not minding her advice: but *Belvile* is more watchful in his malice. For understanding that he comes often very late from *Laurieta*, he resolves to run him through with his rapier, as he issueth forth of her house, and the better to hide his villany, he goes from *Avignion* and pretends to the City of *Aix* in *Provence*, but after

ſix dayes returning with none but his Lackey in diſguiſe, he paſſeth the gates, and goes to *Laurieta's* door, and there ſtands with his rapier drawn, (being informed that *Poligny* was there) about one of the clock in the night: *Poligny* comes out, and is no ſooner in the Street, but *Belvile* meets him, and runs him through, and ſuddenly doubling his blow, kills him dead, which done he runs to *Horſe*, and by the ſame gate he entered (for money) he goes out to *Orenge*, and thence to *Aix* the next day. By this time the neighbourhood takes alarum, and finds the murthered body, which the Criminal Judges, upon notice thereof, coming to view, know to be Monſieur *Poligny*; they make a ſtrict and diligent ſearch, but cannot find the murtherer.

But *Laurieta* is ſatisfied in her thoughts, and deeply, ſwears, that nothing ſhall ſatisfie her for *Poligny's* death, but *Belviles* blood, who, conſcious of his own guilt, flies from *Aix* to *Lyons*, and thence to *Paris*, where he thought to ſecure himſelf in the multitude of people thither reſorting, and there reſiding: And in that place he falls to his old ſins of Adultery and Whoredom, which in a ſhort time ſo drain his purſe, that he loaths *Paris*, and will return to *Avignion*. And he is the rather induced to it, by a freſh remembrance of *Laurieta*, whom he prefers before all the beauties of *Paris*, and ſo he is reſolute to ſend one of his Lackeyes to *Avignion*, partly for money, but chiefly to deliver a letter to *Laurieta*, which he doth, wherein were conteined theſe lines.

Belvile *to* Laurieta.

IF Poligny *had as truly reſpected me, as I dearly loved thee, thou hadſt not ſo ſoon caſt me out of thy favour, nor God him ſo ſuddenly out of the World, and, though he dyed mine enemy, yet in deſpight of his malice and death, I will live his friend. And if thou lovedſt him, as I think thou didſt, I wiſh I might fight with his murtherer for his own ſake, and kill him for thine, what or what not I have perfotmed for thy ſake, is beſt known to my ſelf, ſince thou diſdaineſt to know it; but if thou wilt pleaſe to abandon thy diſdain, then my affection and the truth will inform thee, that I have ever conſtantly reſolved to dye thy Servant, though thou have ſworn never to live my Miſtreſs, ſo that could I but as happily regain thy affection and favour, as I unjuſtly loſt it,* Belvile *would quickly leave* Paris *to ſee* Avignion, *and abandon all the beauties of the World to do homage to fair and ſweet* Laurieta.

Belvile.

She rejoyceth at the receipt hereof to his Lackey, but laughs in her ſleeve to ſee him thus beſotted to his ruine, (which ſhe hath purpoſed) and to keep him ſtill in darkneſs, ſhe ſends him a preſent, and this Letter in return of his by his own Lackey.

Laurieta *to* Belvile.

AS *I acknowledge I loved* Poligny, *ſo I confeſs I never hated thee, and, if his treacherous inſinuation were too prevalent with my credulity, attribute it to my indiſcretion, not incon-*

ſtancy: for if he dyed thine enemy, let it ſuffice that I live thine handmaid. I am ſo far from his diſdaining, as I infinitely deſire to know what thou haſt done for my ſake, that I may requite thy love with kiſſes, and make my thanks wipe off the conceit of my ingratitude, as for my affection, it was never loſt to thee, nor ſhall ever be found but of thee. To conclude, I wiſh our litle Avignion *were thy great* Paris: *And, if thy love be as firm as mine, let my* Belvile *haſten to ſee his* Laurieta, *who hath vowed to rejoyce more a thouſand times at his return, than ever ſhe grieved at* Polignies *death.*

Laurieta.

The receit and peruſall of this Letter ſpur him forward in his deſires, ſo that he ſpeeds to *Avignion*, and the very firſt night of his arrivall viſits her, who embraceth him with an extraordinary ſeeming affection, and prayeth him to viſit her often, ſo they part. The next day he comes to her again, when ſhe prayes him to tell her what he hath done for her ſake, he ſwearing her to ſecrecie tells her, that it was he who killed *Poligny* in manner aforementioned: ſhe obſerves he alwayes carries a piſtol about him, and askes him the reaſon, he tells her, 'tis in his own defence. So they part again, he having gotten a promiſe of further favour the next day after dinner. In the mean time ſhe ruminates of nought but his death, and the means to effect it, which ſhe concludes to be his own piſtol: and now fully reſolved, ſhe deals with her waiting maid *Lucilla*, and with gold, gains her conſent to aſſiſt her, and then bids her be ſure to have a good ponyard ready in caſe they need it, which *Lucilla* gets ready.

The

The time is now come, and *Belvile* has no ſooner dined, but he comes on horſeback with his two Lackeyes to her door, and going up ſtairs ſhe meets him, aſſuring him of her love and readineſſe to pleaſure him, only ſhe deſires him to ſend away his Lackeyes, which he ſtepping aſide to do, *Laurieta* ſteps to her maid, and bids her ſtand cloſe to her with the Ponyard; *Belvile* returns, and ready to return (as he thought) into a withdrawing chamber, layes his piſtoll on the table, which *Laurieta* takes up, and enquires if it be charged, and how to ſhoot it off; he ſhews her: ſo ſhe is deſirous to ſhoot it off, and prayes him to look out at the window for a mark; he ſtooping to look out, *Laurieta*, having the Piſtol ready bent in her hand, ſhoots into the reins of his back, at which ſtaggering, *Lucilla* ſteps up, and with the Ponyard gives him five or ſix wounds through the body, ſo as he falls dead at their feet: which done, they drag his body down ſtairs into a low Cellar, where they bury him in his clothes, and pile billets over him. The Lackeys of *Belvile* ſtay till night with his horſe; but not ſeeing him to come, they go to *Laurieta*'s houſe to enquire for him. ſhe anſwers them, that he ſtayed not an hour with her ere he went away, and that ſhe had not ſeen him ſince; they expect him two or three dayes, but not hearing of him, acquaint ſome Gentlemen his Friends, who go with them, and demand him of *Laurieta*, ſhe anſwers as before; but they are ſuſpicious of her, and acquaint the Criminal Judges, who after examination of ſeveral parties, commit her to priſon: where about three weeks after, virtuous *La Palaſeire* viſits her, to whom in diſcourſe among other things *Laurieta* told her, that her ſelf was as innocent of *Belviles* death, as ſhe was of

Poligny's; which words being overheard, were instantly carried to the Judges, who thereupon apprehend *La Palaiſeire*, whoſe innocency making her undaunted, ſhe upon examination, relates all that ſhe knew, as is before herein related: whereupon, with commendation they acquit her. And now newes is brought to *Laurieta* to priſon, that *Lucilla* her waiting maid is ſecretly fled, which cauſeth more ſuſpition in the Judges, who ſet all the Citie and Countrey for her apprehenſion; ſo that now *Laurieta* is in deſpair, as thinking it impoſſible ſhe ſhould eſcape: but ſee the judgement of God! for as ſhe fled by night from *Avignion* to *Orenge* ſhe was drown'd, and the next morning found dead, between the two Cities in the Fenny Lakes; which news revives *Laurieta*, for now ſhe knows ſhe cannot accuſe her. But this flight adding a probability to *Laurieta*'s crime, ſhe is judged to the rack, the torments whereof ſhe endures with patience and conſtancy, ſtoutly denying her fact, and maintaining her innocency, which makes her Judges to acquit her the week following, if they heard nothing to the contrary in the mean time; whereat ſhe grows proud, and builds caſtles in the Ayre.

But lo here an accident. *Laurieta* being indebted to her Landlord a whole years rent, and three hundred Livers in money which he had lent her, and finding no hopes of getting either, lets out that part of his houſe which ſhe held of him, to the Dean of *Carpentras* (who was come that winter to ſojourn in *Avignion* for his healths ſake) and for his ſatisfaction, ſells her houſhold ſtuff, even to the billets in her Cellar: upon the removal of the laſt whereof, they finde the earth hath lately been opened to the proportion of a grave, whereof the

ſervants

ſervants telling their Maſter, he inſtantly believes, that undoubtedly *Laurieta* had killed *Belvile*, and buried him there; wherewith he acquaints the Judges, who haſt thither, and cauſing the new opened earth to be removed, they finde the murthered body of *Belvile* in his clothes; And now reſting confident that *Laurieta* and her maid were guilty, they privately convey *Belviles* body to the priſon, and there expoſe it to her ſight, roughly charging her with the murder of it: But ſhe nothing terrified, denies it ſtoutly. Her Judges command to have her paps ſeared off with hot burning Pincers, to draw out the truth; wherat amazed, and ſeeing the torment ready to be inflicted, with tears in her eyes, throwing her ſelf on her knees, confeſſeth, that ſhe and *Lucilla* were the murtherers of *Belvile*; whereupon ſhe is preſently condemned, firſt to be hanged, then burnt, in the ſame ſtreet right againſt her Lodging; and that *Lucilla's* dead body ſhould be taken out of the grave, and burned with hers, which the next day after dinner, was done according to order.

And this was the end of Luſt, Whoredom and Revenge; for never will the divine Providence pardon ſuch crimes. Let every good Chriſtian then learn to obſerve that Rule of the Apoſtle, to *keep their veſſel in holineſſe*, ſo may their lives be happy, and their deaths bleſſed.

HIST. IX

CASTLENOVO and *PERINA*.

The Contents.

Jacomo de Castlenovo *inſtfully falls in love with his daughter in law* Perina, *his own ſons Wife, whom to enjoy, he cauſeth* Jerantha, *firſt to poyſon his own Lady* Fidelia, *then his ſaid Son* Franciſco: *in revenge whereof* Perina *murthers him in his bed.* Jerantha *ready to dye in travel, confeſſeth her two murthers, for which ſhe is hanged and burnt.* Perina *hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetual impriſonment, where ſhe dies.*

OF late and freſh memory beyond the Alps, there was a rich and noble Gentleman named *Seignieur Antonio de Arconeto*, who by his wife lately deceaſed had two children, a ſon called *Seignieur Alexandre*, and a daughter known by the name of the Lady *Perina*, the ſon altogether beloved, and the daughter wholly ſleighted, by her father: ſhe bears her fathers frowns with an admirable patience; he building too much on his fathers love, debauched himſelf, gets a ſurfeit at a banquet, which caſt him into a peſtilent fever, and that, in three dayes, into his grave.

Perina is now the ſole ſurviving daughter and heir, yet this altereth not her fathers diſreſpect, for he ſtill looks on her with diſdain and envy, which

which brings her to melancholy and that to sickneſſe, which being reſented by her kinred, an Aunt of hers termed the Lady *Dominica* ſo works with her brother in law *Arconeto*, that he is content his daughter *Perina* ſhall reſide and dwell with her, whereat the Aunt is glad, but the Niece overjoyed.

Being now thus ſetled, her Aunt hath a Daughter named *Dona Bertlea* to be marryed to one *Signieur Bartholomeo Spelaſſi* of *Nice*, who, the day of Nuptials being come, arrives at the Lady *Dominica's* houſe nobly attended, at which ſolemnity *Perina* is appointed to conduct the Bridgroom to the Church; and one *Franciſco de Caſtlenovo*, an eminent Cavalier, was ſelected for the ſame ceremony to the bride, which Gentleman was a native of *Nice*, a Knight of *Malta*, and Son and Heir to *Seignieur Jacomo Caſtlenovo* a very ancient and rich Baron of *Savoy*. At this marriage *Franciſco de Caſtlenovo* coming acquainted with *Perina*, and hearing that her deſcent and quality anſwered his, he intends to ſeek her in marriage: in purſuance of which intent he takes an opportunity to reveal his deep affection to her, and during the whole time of his ſtay, which was fifteen dayes, he never left courting her, till he had obteined her affection and conſent to be his Wife.

Caſtlenovo acquaints the Lady *Dominica*, and deſires her beſt aſſiſtance to her Brother *Arconeto*, which ſhe promiſeth, and forthwith attempteth, and himſelf ſeconds her; the father is ſo willing to be rid of his Daughter on any termes, that he preſently gives his conſent, whereat he poſts away to Nice to his own father *Jacomo*, and returning likewiſe ſpeedily with his conſent, *Perina* and *Caſtlenovo* are almoſt as ſoon marryed as *Spelaſſi* and

and *Bertha*, though with lesse pompe.

Castlenovo having brought home his fair and dear spouse *Perina* to *Nice*, she is honourably welcomed by *Jacomo* the Father, with infinite feasting and mirth, whereat the young people rejoyce, and think themselves in heaven. But old *Castlenovo* being aged sixty and eight years, forgets his duty both to God and himself, and lusts after his young daughter in law *Perina*. And the better to draw her to his lure, he is wonderful courteous and affable to her, whereat herself and husband very much rejoyce. But, not daring to acquaint her with his beastly desires, while her husband is at home: he incites him to go to the warrs, to expell the *Spaniards* out of *Piedmonte*, adding, that his honour and the service of his Prince and Country called him to the field. His son not suspecting his fathers treachery, notwithstanding his wives intreaties and tears, is resolute to leave her for three or four moneths, and accordingly, fitting his traine, horses and Armes, he goes to the Camp, where we for the present leave him.

Old *Castlenovo* (his son gone) now fits himself, like a young wooer is still with *Perina*, and ever and anon kissing her, which though she think it too much, yet a fathers name made it passe for currant. But the Lady *Fidelia* seeing her old husbands humour, began to fear the worst, and indeed thinks he hath lustful thoughts, at which she both admires and grieves, admiring that his age should be so sottish, and grieving that no respect of heaven, conscience or hell, could allay his bestial heat, but managing her griefs with discretion, one day with tears in her eyes, she very secretly checks him for these lascivious thoughts towards

wards their daughter in law *Perina*.

Nipped herewith, instead of growing better, he grows worse, and seeing she stood in the way to hinder his bestiality, he vowes he will soon remove her out of this world into another, to which end, after many various ruminations, he at last concludes to poyson her, and he believes no instrument so fitting to be made use of, as her own waiting Gentlewoman *Jerantha*, which he moves to her: & she in regard of former kindness between them, and for five hundred duckats, undertakes, and by infusing poyson into white broath, which one morning she made for her, within eight daies gave her virtuous Lady a dispatch into another world; the old Lecher her husband inwardly rejoyceth, but in outward shew he is exceedingly afflicted, and dejected, and in a very honourable manner, causeth her to be interred.

While this tragedy is acted at *Nice*, peace is mediated and concluded between *Spain* and *Savoy*; the warrs thus ended, home comes our young *Castlenovo*, where he is entertained with mourning for his mother, but his father grieving inwardly at his return, and knowing 'twas impossible for him to obtain his aim, while his son was at home, he bends all his wit to find out some honourable pretext to send him away. In a short time two several employments present themselves, the choice of which he offers to his son, either to go to *France* with the Prince *Major*, who was shortly to espouse the Kings second sister: or else to go to *Malta* to get a pension during his life. The son and his wife like that of *France*, for diverse reasons, but the father prefers that of *Malta*, whereto in a filial obedience he submits.

So all things prepared and ready for his voyage

age, after many tears and dear embraces he takes leave of his beloved wife *Perina*, and embarks upon a French galley bound for *Malta*, where we are forced again to leave him and return to old *Castlenovo*.

This filthy Old Lecher now assures himself that either by fair or foul means he will have his pleasure of his daughter in Law *Perina*, and to win upon her, he gives her the sole Government of his house; when fifteen dayes being scarce past, finding her in her chamber playing on her Lute, after some pauses, coughes and kisses, he vomiteth forth his fervent affection and desire, at which she is so vexed and enraged, that throwing away her Lute, she very hastily and Cholerickly abandoneth his presence and her chamber, but he will not leave her, but in every walk, garden, and room, haunts her as her ghost, meaning to gain by importunity what he could not by perswasion, but she is inflexible, and infinitely grieved at his wicked perseverance, but how to quench the fire of his lust, she knowes not, she hath no friend to retire or make her moan to, she lives only by this hope that her Letter may procure her husbands speedy return, for the obtaining whereof she writes to him these few lines.

Perina *to* Castlenovo.

ALthough mine eyes and heart can better weep and sigh for mine afflictions, than my pen depaint them, yet I should infinitely wrong thee in my self, and my self in thee, if I informe thee not by this my letter, that my affection deserves, and mine honour requires, thy speedy return to me: I would unlock thee this mistery, and make it more obvious to the eye of thine understanding, but that

that mine own modesty, and anothers shame command my pen to silence herein. And again, my tears so confusedly and mournfully interrupt my sighes, they my tears, and both my pen, as although I have the will, yet I want the power, to enlarge to thee. Only my dear Castlenovo, *if ever thy* Perina *were dear to thee, make her happy with thy sight, who deems her self not only miserable, but accursed in thy absence. For till* Nice *be thy* Malta, *Heaven may, Earth cannot, rejoyce me.*

Perina.

This letter she sends by an intimate friend of her husbands, called *Seignieur Benedetto Sabia*, who in a short time comes to *Malta*, where he delivers *Castlenovo* his wives letter and token, at the newes whereof he is troubled, but construing it only to be a fetch of his wives affection to call him home, and loth to abandon his hopes of preferment in the Island, which the Grand Master hath now promised him, he returnes *Sabia* to *Nice*, with a rich emerald ring, and letter in these words.

Castlenovo *to* Perina.

MY Dear and fair Perina, *thy sighes and tears the more afflict me, in respect I am ignorant whence they proceed, or what occasioned them, 'tis true, thy affection deserves my return, and the preservation of thine honour not only may require, but command it, but I am assured of that, and so confident of this, that I know thou wilt carry thy first to thy grave, and the second to Heaven. So, if any one since my departure hath fallen in love with thee, thou must not find it strange, much*

less

less grieve thereat, sith the excellency of thy beauty hath power, not only to captivate one, but many, yea the consideration thereof should rather rejoyce than grieve thee, since whatsoever he be, the shame in the end will remain his, and the glory thine. But dear and sweet Lady, *I think thine honour is only the pretext, and thy affection the cause, so earnestly to desire my return, whereunto I would willingly consent, but, that the daily expectance of my preferment must a little longer detain me here: only this is my resolution, and I pray let it be thy assurance, I will dispatch my affairs here with all possible expedition, and shall never think my self happy, till I reimbark from* Malta, *and land at* Nice.

Castlenovo.

As this letter was a comfort, so the reading thereof proved unpleasant, because she was thereby ascertained of her husbands stay, which was the greatest affliction she ever underwent, for now she knows not what to do, or which way to turn her self, the fear of her Father in lawes wicked obstinacy, making her more than miserable, and indeed her fear was not causeless; for, persisting in his impious intent, and seeing he cannot by intreaties, or fair means prevail, he now adds threats to his requests, and protests that force shall compell, what perswasions cannot intreat; with which deportment being terribly affrighted, (as not accustomed thereto) as well to preserve her life as her honour, she begins to provide for her safety, and so determineth to leave *Nice*, and to fly to her own unkind Father *Arconeto*; and to assist her in her escape, she makes choice of *Sabia*, (her husbands friend, and her messenger to him) upon whose faith and her

own

own virtues ſhe dares relye; ſhe prayes his help, he conſents, ſo ſhe prepairing her apparell, and he her train, they in a dark night take horſe, and with great expedition paſs the *Alpes*, and recover her Father *Arconeto's* houſe, where, upon conſideration of all the former paſſages, ſhe growes ſickly, which makes her once more reſolve to ſend *Sabia* to *Malta* with a ſecond letter to her husband, which ſhe penneth in this form.

Perina *to* Caſtlenovo.

SIth thou wilt not *leave* Malta, *to ſee* Nice *for my ſake, I have left* Nice *to live, or rather to dye at my Fathers in St.* John de Mauriene *for thine. 'Tis true, my affection hath deſired thy return, which thou haſt not granted me. 'Tis as true, that one, to whom nature hath given a Prime and ſingular intereſt in thee, and thee in him hath ſought the defloration of mine honour, which my heart and duty have denyed him: Thou art confident of my affection to thee, if thine had been ſo faithfull and fervent to my ſelf, neither Sea nor Land had had power to ſeparate us. If any preferment be dearer to thee than my life, ſtay in* Malta, *or if my life be dearer than it, than return to* St. John de Mauriene, *where thou mayſt find me, for in* Nice *I will not be found of thee. Hadſt thou not purpoſely miſtaken the cauſe for the pretext in my importunity for thy return, I would have digeſted it with far more content, and leſs affliction, but ſith neither my affection or honour hath power to effect it, at leaſt let the regard of my life, ſith that will not accompany me, if thou any longer abſent thy ſelf from me: make therefore haſt to ſee thy* Perina, *if ever thou think to ſee*

her again; and let her bear this one content to her grave, that ſhe may diſcloſe thee a ſecret, which but to thyſelf, ſhe will conceal from all the World.

Perina.

While *Sabia* is haſting to *Malta*, let us ſee what old *Caſtlenovo* doth, he ſees his daughter in law fled, and his own diſgrace thereby approaching, for he is ſure, ſhe will diſcover his villany, and he is as ſure that his ſon will be enraged hereat, ſo that here he begins to look on his errour, but is ignorant how to amend it, in which perplexity paſs we him, to go after *Sabia*, who by this time is gotten to *Malta*, where he delivers young *Caſtlenovo* his wives letter, the reading whereof ſtings him to the heart, for he cannot imagine, who in his Fathers houſe ſhould be ſo impudently laſcivious, to ſeek to blemiſh his honour, in that of his Ladies: Wherefore, with all expedition he provides for his departure from *Malta*, but yet ſends *Sabia* away before him, to proclaim his coming, and accordingly, in two dayes after he followes, and in ſhort time arrives at St. *John De Mauriene*, where at meeting, the joys of both parties are unexpreſſible: but when he knew, that it was his own Father that ſought to undermine his honour, he was beyond all meaſure amazed, as conſidering the horrour of the thought, much more of the deed, in a ſtranger: but a Father to deviate ſo far from grace, as by inceſt to ſeek the diſhonour of his own Son, was a crime hardly imaginable, and ſo he agrees to reſide at St. *John De Mauriene*, with *Arconeto* his wives Father. But old *Caſtlenovo*, now hearing of his Sons return from *Malta*, and knowing what a ſcandall the divulging of his luſt, and his

Sons

Sons absence would procure and ingender him, he resolves to confess his crime, and so by the mediation of a perswasive Letter, to endeavour to reclaim them home to *Nice*, when calling for pen and paper, he writes these few ensuing lines, and sends them to his Son by a Gentlewoman of his.

Castlenovo *to his Son* Castlenovo.

I Am as glad of thy arrivall from Malta, as sorrowfull for thy absence from Nice, *and sith to deny, is to redouble our errours, I will not go further than my self to find the cause thereof, since I know that my lascivious and graceless attempt against the honour of thy chast Lady, hath drawn thee to this resolution, because now I write it to my future comfort, as much as I conceived it to my former shame, that grace hath vanquished nature, and religion lust in me: So as I am at present, not only sorrowfull, but repentant for that crime of mine, which I no more remember, but with horrour, nor think of but with detestation: My soul hath made my peace with God, and my heart desires to recontract it, both with thy self and her; and, as I hope he will forget it, so I beseech you both to forgive it me, being ready to confirm this my reconciliation, as well with my tongue as pen: Wherefore, sith thou art the sole prop of my age, and comfort of my life, make me not so unfortunate, to be taxed with the scandall of my shame, and thy absence; but bring back thy Lady with thee: for here I profess before Heaven and Earth, that I will henceforth as much honour her for her chastity, as heretofore I lasciviously sought to betray and violate it.*

Castlenovo.

This Letter works both upon the Son and Daughter in law, so as their discretions hush up this business in silence, and within eight dayes they return to *Nice*, where by old *Castlenovo* they are courteously welcomed, and he to make good his promise, with tears in his eyes, acknowledges his former misdemeanour, and so they are reconciled. But alas! This Sun-shine will quickly be clouded, for the old dotard no sooner sees, and reviewes the Ladie *Perina's* beauty, but with the dog to his vomit, he returnes to his lust, and because he knowes he cannot attain his hopes as long as his Son lives, he sets down as a positive resolve, that he will poyson him, and send him after his Mother. And makes use of the same hellish agent *Jerantha*, who for five hundred duckats, and to become a Lady, undertakes it, and within less than six dayes performes it.

At the sight of this sudden death of young *Castlenovo*, *Perina* is ready to dye for grief, she tares her hair, and betrayes all the deplorable demonstrations of sorrow that can be imagined, the old man doth the same, but hypocritically, which cannot so blind the young Lady *Perina*, but she vehemently suspecteth he hath a hand in his sons death, and that *Jerantha* is likewise accessary, and so concludes, that if he were guilty of her husbands death, he would renew his suite to her; which (acording to her suspition) within a moneth or two after the son was laid in his untimely grave, this old lustful wretch doth again begin his beastly sollicitations; whereto she seems not to be so averse as before (that she might thereby the better act her intended revenge upon him) and at last, after many importunate and impudent temptations, she at last very feignedly seems

seems to yield to him, and so between them they agree the match, and appoint the time, place and hour, which being come, and *Castlenovo* in his bed, waiting with impatience for *Perina's* coming, who softly enters his chamber in her day attire, with a Pisa ponyard close in her sleeve, when bolting the door after her, and approaching his bed, and seeing his breast open, she draws out her ponyard, and stabbing him at the heart with many blows, kills him stark dead, without giving him leave to speak a word, only he gave a shreek or two: which being overheard by the servants, they ascend to the chamber, and find *Perina* coming forth with the bloody ponyard in her hand, for which fact she is presently taken and imprisoned, and two dayes after arraigned, where she freely confessed it, alledging for reason her suspition, that he and *Jerantha* had murthered both her mother in law and husband, but this being nothing to her fact, she is condemned to be hanged, from which sentence she appeals to the Senate at *Chambry*, and thereupon she is conveyed thither, where the former sentence is moderated: so she is to have her right hand cut off, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment in *Nice*, where, in a short time she (having been very penitent) dyeth of a consumption.

Come we lastly to *Jerantha*, who being great with child by her old Master *Castlenovo*, with the fear and apprehension of her danger flyes, and secretly gets to a friends house, where she falls into the sharp and bitter pangs of travel for child, which are so grievous, that her self, her Midwife, and all the women near her, judge it impossible for her to escape death; whereupon thinking on nothing less than life, she begins to repent and so

confesseth both her adultery and the two murthers, after which she is safely delivered of a son.

For these her beastly and bloody crimes, she is the second day after, committed to prison, and the third, hanged and burnt at *Nice*, and her ashes thrown into the air.

Thus we see Gods justice still meets with Murther. O that we may read this History with fear, and profit thereby in reformation, that dying to sin, and living to righteousnesse, we may peaceably die in this world, and gloriously live and reign in that to come.

HIST. X.

STURIO and *PAULINA.*

The Contents.

Bertolini *seeks* Paulina *in marriage, but she loves* Sturio, Brellati *sollicites her in* Bertolini's *behalf, but cannot prevail. Whereupon* Bertolini *rails against both, for which* Brellati *challengeth him, but is killed in the Duell.* Sturio *seeks her in marriage, but his father will not consent, and so conveyes him away, whereat* Paulina *dies for sorrow.* Sturio *finds* Bertolini, *challengeth, fights, and gives him his life, for which kindnesse he afterwards shoots him out at a window, for which mur-*

murther he is taken, his hands cut, and he beheaded, &c.

IN the City of *Rome* were two noble young Gentlemen, the one named *Seignieur John Battista Bertolini*, the other *Seignieur Leonardo Brellati*, *Brellati* had a sister fair and young, named *Paulina*, of the age of eighteen years, and her *Bertolini* hath chosen for his mistress. And, as his wealth made him confident, so he in amorous and honourable terms, by himself, promises, and presents, as also by his parents, seeks her in marriage, but he is not so full of hopes as she of disdain, for her affection being otherwise setled, she resolves with her self never to match him.

But he not willing to give off at the first repulse, relates his affection to *Paulina* to *Brellati* her brother, as also with his attempt and her repulse, and therefore intreats him by all their friendship, to become his Oratour, and advocate in his behalf, which *Brellati* promiseth, and so like a true friend, begins to deal effectually with her, whereto in down right terms, she prayes her brother to inform *Bertolini*, that she had otherwise engaged her affection, and therefore desired him to seek another mistress; he craves the name of her Servant, she swears him to secrecy, and tells him *Seignieur Paulus Sturio*, wherewith satisfie he leaves his sister; and delivers his friend *Bertolini* her definitive answer, whereat he is so enraged, that he abruptly departs from him, and the next day walking in Cardinal *Farnesi* his Galleries, in presence of four or five Gentlemen who asked for his consort *Brellati*, he chollerickly answered, that he was a base and beggarly Gentleman, and that his sister *Paulina* was a lascivious and dissembling strumpet.

Theſe words were not loſt, but are carried the ſame night to *Brellati*, by ſome of the company; which he takes very paſſionately, but chiefly becauſe his ſiſters honour was ſo nearly concerned. And ſo neither of them intend to bear or digeſt it, in which reſolution the next day he goes to *Bertolonis* fathers houſe, and inquires for his ſon, the Father directs *Brellati* to him into the Garden, where he enters, and meets *Bertolini* with his hat in his hand, and prayes him to exempt the garden of his ſervants, becauſe he hath a ſecret to impart to him. *Bertolini* commands them away, when ſtraight *Brellati* chargeth him with the former words, whereat *Bertolini* enraged ſaith, that the words were his, and that, what his tongue had affirmed, his ſword ſhould be ready to make good and juſtify, whereon they cover, and ſo abruptly part. *Paulina* having heard of her brothers going, waited careſully his return to know the iſſue, which he told her in general terms, ſhould ſhortly prove to her honour and his content, and praying her not to be troubled, he goes to his chamber, and there writes this challenge.

Brellati to Bertolini.

THy ſcandalous reports, like thy ſelf are ſo baſe, and I and my ſiſter ſo honourably deſcended and bred, as I doubt not but the diſgrace and diſparagement which thou haſt unjuſtly offered us, will as juſtly fall and retort on thy ſelf. And to the end thou mayſt find, that my ſword is purpoſely reſerved to correct and chaſtiſe thy tongue, as thou art a Roman and a Gentleman, meet me ſingle to morrow at five in the morne, without Port populi, *in the next field behind Cardinal* Borromeo's *Palace, and there I will give thee the choice*

choice of two ſingle rapiers and ponyards, and gladly accept of the refuſal, to draw reaſon of the for thoſe wrongs wherewith thou haſt injuriouſly and maliciouſly traduced us, and to write thee the truth, as I deſire, ſo I can receive no other, ſatisfaction but this, whereunto thy malice invites, and my honour obligeth me.

Brellati

This being delivered, and received by *Bertolini*, he returns this anſwer, *Tell* Seignieur Brellati *that I will not fail to meet him according to his deſire and appointment.* According to this reſult the morning now come, they are both come into the field only with their Chirurgions, when preſently throwing off their doublets, they draw, and at the third encounter *Brellati's* foot ſlipping, *Bertolini* took the advantage thereof, & ran him through the body, whereof he preſently dyed; Thus *Bertolini* with his Chyrurgion, by a contrary way comes into the City, and he privately huſheth himſelf up in a Friends houſe near to his Fathers.

The news of the Duel and the event thereof is quickly ſpread abroad, whereat *Paulina* and her father both grieve, and macerate themſelves; to the mitigation whereof, and as well to right her honour, as to revenge *Brellati's* death, *Paulus Sturio* proffereth both his ſervice and life, but all will not ſerve to wipe away *Paulina's* tears; whom, notwithſtanding all the former diſadvantages, he is become ſo fooliſhly ſottiſh as to ſeek anew for his Wife. But the noiſe of a ſudden ſearch to be made for him, makes him in a Capuchins habit, ſteal out of the city, get poſt horſes and ſo away to go to *Palermo*.

Now

Now *Sturio* begins to make his private affection publick, and ſo ſeeks to her friends, to marry her, but his father hearing thereof, privately, and of a ſudden, ſends him out of *Rome* to *Naples*, and thence ſhippeth him to the Iſland of *Caprea*, to the guard & keeping of *Alphonſus Driſsa* Captain of the ſame, with charge not to permit him to returne for a whole year without expreſſe order.

Theſe afflictions (to looſe her brother, and her Lover, and to ſuffer in her honour) coming to *Paulina* one in the neck of another, ſo overwhelme her, that ſhe begins to be extreme ſick, weak, and faint, at which time ſhe receives a Letter from *Sturio*, and ſending him another in anſwer, within twenty dayes after, as a female Love-Martyr, dies at *Rome*.

Old *Sturio* rejoyceth hereat, and with all expedition diſpatcheth a ſervant to *Caprea* with a letter, to ſignifie this news to his ſon, and withall to recall him. But he at the reading the news of her death torments himſelf beyond meaſure, yea is ſo immoderate in his ſorrow, that he thinks of nothing but *Bertolini*'s killing her brother *Brellati*, and his fathers unkind baniſhing him from *Rome* to *Caprea*, till at length he revives himſelf with this vow, namely, to revenge both. And the better to effect the one, he will not go home, but poſt to *Sicily*, there to find out *Bertolini* and to fight with him. And finding a *Neopolitan* Galley bound from *Caprea* to *Sicily*, he ſecretly imbarks him therein, and lands at *Palermo*, where the firſt night lying private in his Inn, and by inquiry hearing that *Bertolini* was in the City, the next morning by his Lackey he ſends him this challenge,

Sturio

STURIO to BERTOLINI.

HAving killed my dear Paulina *in the scandal of her honour, and the death of her brother* Brellati, *my afflictions and sorrows to survive her, make me contemn my own life, to seek thine, to which purpose I have left* Caprea *to find* Sicily, *and in it thy self. Wherefore, as thou art* Bertolini, *fail not to meet me this Evening betwixt five and six a clock, in the next medow behind the* Carthusians *Monastery; where my self assisted only with a Chirurgion and the choice of two single rapiers, will expect and attend thee. Thy Generosity invites thee, and my affection and honour obligeth me, to be the only guests of this bloody banquet.*

Sturio.

Bertolini receives this challenge, but not very willingly, yet he bad the Lackey tell his Master from him, that he would not fail to meet him, to give him his welcome to *Palermo*. The hour is now come, and both our young Gentlemen are in the field, where giving their horses to their Chirurgions, they draw. And at three several passes, *Sturio* gives *Bertolini* three deep wounds, without receiving the least scar or touch from him, whereat *Bertolini's* heart failing, he throws away his Rapier, confesseth the scandal of *Paulina*, and begs pardon and remission. *Sturio's* revenge is not satisfied herewith, yet, his noble spirit disdaining a base act, gives *Bertolini* his life, so they sheath up their swords and come together to the City. The news of this Duel is gotten to *Rome* before either of them, (though *Sturio* makes hast thither) and

Ber-

Bertolini, (having his pardon for killing *Brellati*) comes not long after, whereof the Nobility and Gentry there ſpeak variouſly, but generally all applaud *Sturio*'s affection and humanity, but taunt at *Bertolini* for his cowardly begging and receiving his life, which dishonour, as he cannot reliſh or digeſt, ſo he knowes not how to repair it, for he dares not fight with him again in the field, kill in his bed he cannot, becauſe he can have no admittance to him, and to piſtol him in the ſtreet is dangerous, becauſe of his many followers, therefore he reſolves to ſhoot him from a window, with a petronell as he paſſeth the ſtreet, and underſtanding that *Sturio* uſed to go to his morning Maſs at the Engliſh Colledg, he provides both himſelf and his petronell charged with a brace of bullets, and ſo on a *Munday* Morning, putting himſelf into an unknown houſe, betwixt the ſaid Colledg and the Palace of *Farneſi*, having his cock bent, and ſeeing *Sturio* coming in the ſtreet, upon his prancing barbary horſe and foot cloth, he lets fly at him, and hit ſo right, as both the bullets pierce the trunk of his breſt, with which wounds he tumbles off from his horſe dead to the ground, only uttering two or three lamentable groans.

The report of the piece, and the ſmoak at the window diſcovers the houſe, whither going in, in a chamber they find the gun, but the ſhooter fled upon a ſwift Spaniſh gennet, by the backdoor, the people of the houſe affirming they neither knew the Gentleman, nor durſt ſtop him. Thus is he eſcaped with full hopes to go clear away: as he galloped through *Campo del Fuogo*, at the farther end thereof, behold two Bricklayrs, building of a houſe,

upon

upon a Scaffold two ſtories high, both the ſcaffold and bricklayers fell down on him and his horſe, as they paſſed, and beat him to the ground, but the newes of the murther was not yet come thus far; ſo his fear haſtening him, he gets up, calls for his horſe and ſpurs away, but he is not ridden far, ere his gennet fell and put his ſhoulder out of joynt, ſo that he could not riſe with his Maſter, who grieved hereat, takes him to his own heels and flies toward *Nero's* Tower, and there in the ruines of diverſe ſtupendious buildings he hides himſelf, but within half an hour he is found out, known, taken, and inſtantly impriſoned. And the ſecond morning after, is brought before his judges, to whom he freely confeſſeth the fact, and craves mercy, but they for expiation of his crime, firſt adjudge his two hands to be cut off, before the houſe where he ſhot at *Sturio*, and afterwards to be beheaded at the common place of Execution, his head to be ſet upon a pole over St. *John De Laterans* gate, and his body to be thrown into *Tyber*, which the next day was accordingly executed, in the preſence of many thouſand people.

May this example of *Bertolini's* crime, and the juſtneſs of his puniſhment, make us leſs bloody and more compaſſionate to our Chriſtian brethren, and more pious toward God, of whom we all bear the living image and true and lively Character.

HIST.

HIST. XI.

DE SALEZ and *LA HAY.*

The Contents.

De Salez *killeth* Vaumartin *in a Duell,* La Hay *cauſeth* Michael *to poyſon* La Frange, De Salez *loves* La Hay, *and becauſe his Father* Argentier *will not conſent that he marry her, he ſtifles him in his bed, then marries her. She turnes Strumpet, and cuts his throat, as he dyes he accuſeth her of his murther, and himſelf of his Fathers, ſo his dead body is hanged to the Gallowes and burnt,* La Hay *confeſſeth that, & the poyſoning of* La Frange *by her means, ſhe hath her right hand cut off, and then is burnt, and* Michael *broken on the wheel, and his body thrown into the river.*

IN *Tholouſe* a Parliament City of *France,* lived a Councellour, tearmed Mounſieur *De Argentier,* a widower, having one onely Son, called *De Salez,* two and twenty years old, and wholy addicted to the wars, which Martiall Humour being unpleaſing to his Fathers quiet diſpoſition, he endeavours to divert him therefrom by the choice of many noble, fair, rich and virtuous Ladies, out of whom to ſelect one for his wife, but recommended one

one to him chiefly, *Viz. La Frange*, the only child of Mounſieur *De Clugny*, very young, but by nature of a miſshapen body, yet moſt compleat in the perfections of her mind, *De Salez* will not hearken hereto, notwithſtanding *Argentier* finding opportunity with *De Clugny*, breaks the matter to him, who willingly hears him, and after this, many conſultations are had between the parents, and at laſt, agreeing on all conditions, they appointed a ſolemn meeting for their Children, which produces ſeverall effects, namely, *La Frange* falls in love with *De Salez*, but he on the contrary no way likes her.

Now we muſt know there was a Nobleman, called the Baron of *Vaumartin*, who, to repair the debaucheries of his youth, ſought the ſame *La Frange* earneſtly in marriage, but more in regard of her wealth, then out of pure affection, which *De Clugny* the Father underſtanding, with many verball complements puts him off, and ſo likewiſe doth *La Frange* her ſelf, of whoſe affection to *De Salez*, he by this time hath full notice, yet will not he deſiſt, but with all coſt, care and curioſity courts her. So leaving him to his vain ſuit, let us carry our obſervation to *de Salez*, who hath in *Tholouſe* found one *Mounſieur de Soulange*, who hath only three daughters all marriageable, known by the names of *De Marſy*, *La Preverte* and *La Hay*, and famed for their beauties through the whole City, and yet the youngeſt, *La Hay* the Phenix of all.

To this *De Soulanges* houſe the beauties of his three daughters, but eſpecially that of *La Hay*, invites many young Gentlemen, and moſt eminent Citizens, who there in courting, and other amorous dalliances ſpend their time; inſomuch that

La

La Hay finding the greateſt griſt come to her mill, layes hold on the opportunity, and (laying aſide all modeſty grace and goodneſſe) to ſome few for love, but unto moſt for money, ſhe proſtituted her body, not caring to whom, ſo that her purſe might be thereby filled, yet ſo cautious was ſhe therein, that though ſhe were a profeſſed Courtezan, yet ſhe will in publick ſeem an unſpotted Virgin; and to that end ſwears all to conceal her favours, who ever they were on whom ſhe beſtowed them.

Now amongſt the reſt of theſe laſcivious Gallants and enamorato's, in comes *De Salez*, who is ſo ſurfeited with her delicate complection, that he is alwaies waiting on her, and with his beſt art and policy layes cloſe ſeige to her chaſtity, but ſuch is her ſubtlity, that knowing he loved her, and was the only ſon of one of the richeſt Concellours in the City, ſhe reſolves to get him for her husband, and ſo bears herſelf wonderful modeſt and coy, yea as a Saint to him, and all his coſts, pains and oratory are vain, for ſhe will not by any means be won to conſent to his luſtful deſires: Thus in diſcourſes, entertainments and ſollicitations, ſpending a great deal of time, and finding her all that while to bear her ſelf infinitely chaſt and modeſt, he is ſo extremly beſotted with her love, that on a Sunday finding her in her chamber alone, rich apparelled to add a luſtre to her beauty. and the more eaſily to entice him, having now wholly loſt his judgment, he tells her that he is ready to accept her for his wife: proteſting that he is deſirous to be husband to none but her ſelf, with which words *La Hay* making him a reſpectful courteſie, vowes that ſhe loves no man in the world but himſelf, and that ſhe will not only be his faithful wife, but his obſervant handmaid. And ſo they greet each other

other with thanks and kisses. But knowing the great difference between his parents and hers; and intending to make sure work, she draws him to give her a diamond in token of marriage, and in exchange returns him a smal gold bracelet, and yet not thinking this enough, she takes pen and paper, and writes him a fair promise (in nature of a contract) and to make it more firme, sets her name to it, and delivers it him, at which wholly blinded with his passion and love, and attributing it to the fervency of her affection, not cunning policy, he rashly writes another to the same effect, and cutting his finger, sets his name thereto with his own blood, and giving it to her, prays her only to be secret herein for a while, because of his father, which she grants, and so for that time they part.

But this folly of *De Salez*, and subtilty of *La Hay*, is not managed with such privacy, but that *Argentier* his father hath notice thereof, who considering the difference between *Soulanges* mean extraction and poverty, and his own nobility and wealth, he hastily sends for his son, tells him the same, and acquaints him that *La Hay* was a strumpet, swearing that, if he will not leave her, and marry *La Frange*, he will wholy disinherit him, and never repute him for his son.

But *De Salez* is so resolute in his folly, that he contemns his fathers counsel, whereof his father hath perfect intelligence, and so also now hath *La Frange*, who is infinitely mournful and afflicted thereat, and will not be comforted, although the Baron of *Vaumartin* by all means endeavours it: And still perceiving that his labour was vain, and his debts and creditours grown clamorous, and fixing his mind by some means or other to gain her, which he saw, was not likely as

long as *De Salez* lived, to whom she had wholly devoted her self, he concludes within his own heart to make him away, and pondering that they were both noble, he therefore will kill him nobly, and so by his Lackey *La Rose* he sends him this challenge.

Vaumartin *to* De Salez.

IF thou seek the cause of my malice, thou mayst find it in the Lady La Franges *affection to thee, and hatred to my self: Wherefore hold it not strange that I now command my pen, to invite thee and thy sword to meet me to morrow on horseback, without seconds, betwixt five and six in the morning, behind the* Jacobins *Garden; love and valour thou knowest are never capable of much expostulation: as desirous rather to be tryed in action than seen in words: Could that sweet Lady have affected me more, or thee less, we might have proved as true friends, as now our reputations conjure us either to live or die Honourable enemies.*

Vaumartin.

De Salez having received and read this challenge, wonders at it, and considering that he neither regarded *La Frange*, nor her affection, and thinking it a folly to fight without cause, he sends him this answer by his own Lackey.

De Salez *to* Vaumartin.

I Have seen many challenges, but none of the nature of thine now sent me, for the grounds thereof are unjust, false, or both, for bring but the eyes of thy judgment and not of thy passion, to be the Judge between us, and thou shalt both

see

see and find, that I not only disdain the Lady La Franges *love, but her self, sith I appertain to another, and she shall never to me. In this truth I shew thee my heart; which if it will not satisfy thy malice, then know that my weak valour is neither capable, nor desirous, of further expostulation; for either single, or with seconds; either on foot or horseback, I will still be ready to give reason to those who will not receive any, but their own, and in this resolution of mine, I know I shall either live with reputation, or dye with Honour.*

De Salez.

The receit of this makes him the more insolent, fore he thinks it proceeds from cowardise, therefor with all speed he resends his Lackey with this reply,

Vaumartin *to* De Salez.

THy answer gives me no satisfaction, since I know that to denie thy affection to the Lady La Frange, *is to deny the light of the Sun; neither are the grounds of my challenge, either unjust or false, as You would make me believe: for being ignorant who is thy Mistress, I know thou resolvest to make no Lady of the World thy wife but* La Frange; *so as I cannot rightly define, whether thy proceeding with me be more subtile or malicious. Wherefore, since thy friendship is false to me, I must, nay I will see if thy valour will prove true to thy self, and whether the effects of thy sword be as great in substance, as thy pen depaints them in shew and ostentation, so my challenge is still my resolution, and the performance thereof*

must be mine, except thou resolve to live with as much infamy, as the conclusion of thy letter doth promise thou art ready to die with reputation and honour.

Vaumartin.

Upon the receipt and reading hereof, he calleth the Lackey that brought it, and saith to him, *Tell thy Master that if I live, I will not fail to break-fast with him timely in the morning, according to his expectation.* And so sends him away.

The morning now approaching, our two resolute Champions bravely mounted, with each his Chyrurgion, are at the assigned place of Rendezvouz. Where they no sooner see each other, but they put spurs to their horses and meet furiously, and at the third or fourth close, *De Salez* runs *Vaumartin* through the body, of which wound, first dropping his sword, then his body falls from his horse to the ground stark dead. So away *De Salez* gallops to the next Village to dresse his wounds, and thence provides by flight for his safety.

All rejoyce at the good successe of *De Salez*, whose father, and other friends all seek to procure his pardon, which at last with very great difficulty is obtained, and he returns home, where he is no sooner arrived, but he wholly spends his time with *La Hay*, whereat his father *Argentier* renews his choler and threats. But here he is prevented, for the Lords of the Councel, having received informations against the body of the Court of Parliament at *Tholouse*, commands them to send Deputies to answer the said charge. Whereupon they elect two President, and four Councellours, for that purpose, among whom *Argentier* is one, and no excuse will or can exempt him, but he must

go

go to *Paris*. And after some discourses between *De Clugny* and *Argentier*, and *Argentier* and his son, they take leave each of other. And so away goeth old *Argentier* to *Paris*: But in the midway writes to his son this Letter, and sends it to him.

Argentier to De Salez.

IT is out of a Fatherly, and religious care of thy good, that I now send thee these lines: For thy youth cannot see that which my age knows, how many miseries attend Vice, and how many blessings wait on virtue. If La Frange *be not fair, yet she is not contemptible; if therefore thou wilt leave a St. to marry a strumpet, then take* La Hay, *and forsake* La Frange; *but if thou wilt forsake a strumpet to marry a Saint, then take* La Frange, *and leave* La Hay, *for, look what difference there is between their births, thou shalt find ten times more between the chastity of the one, and the levity of the other, if thou espouse the first, thou shalt find content and honour, if the second, shame and repentance. This letter shall serve as a witness, betwixt God, my self, and thee, that, if thou perform me not thy promise and oath, I will deny thee my blessing, and deprive thee of my lands.*

Argentier.

De Salez is infinitely grieved at this Letter, because it disgraceth his Mistress, and is so little able to hide it, that *La Hay* perceives it, and is very desirous to know the reason thereof, but cannot, when, behold *De Salez* one day slumbring, and *La Hay* diving into his pockets, She finds his Fathers (aforesaid) Letter, which she knew

by the direction, which she retires to another Chamber to read, and having perused the contents with Choler, she comes to *De Salez* with the Letter in her hand, and shewing it him, calls Heaven and Earth to witness her innocency, and the wrong done her by his Father, with many passionate speeches, which he hearing, seeks to appease her with fair words, but she will not be satisfied, unless he tell her what his oath and promise was to his Father, mentioned in the said Letter, which he vainly and foolishly reveals to her, adding withall, that a little time shall cancel the same: and before two moneths he will marry her, wherewith she seems to be contented. But nothing less, for being doubtfull of the worst, that the Father may so with reason prevail with the Son, as to win him to leave her self for *La Frange*. She therefore like an impious wretch, resolves to remove her out of the way, and to that purpose finds out by enquiry an Italian Emperick, called *Bernardo Michael*, for whom she sends, and in the Church meets with him, where she proposeth him the poysoning of *La Frange*, Daughter to President *Cluny*, and promiseth him three hundred Crownes of the Sun to perform it, one in hand, and the other when the business is done, whereto *Michael* consents, takes the money, and in ten dayes promiseth performance, and thus they part.

Michael thus hired, goes to *De Clugnies* house, insinuates into his acquaintance & offers his skill to reform the body of the young Lady his Daughter, who was very crooked, and renders many plausible reasons to induce him to believe it. And after consultation had with diverse other Physitians and Chirurgeons, he resolves to employ him, and gives

gives him an hundred double piſtols in hand to attempt it, with promiſe of as much more when he had performed it.

Michael thus employed, betakes himſelf to his buſineſs, and outwardly applies plaſters and ſear-cloths, and inwardly pills and potions, wherein he infuſeth deadly poyſon, which he aſſuredly knowes will within ten dayes ſend her into another World, and thereupon he ſecretly repairs to *La Hay*, and bids her provide the reſt of his money. And herein this Devill was not deceived, for juſt as the tenth day was expired, the young Lady dyes, to the unſpeakable grief of her good old Father, but *Michael* fearing no colours, ſends for *La Hay*, and demands his money, which ſhe willingly gives him with many thanks, when again ſwearing ſecrecie, they take leave and part.

Michael is hardly at home, ere apprehended upon ſuſpicion for poyſoning *La Frange*, whereof *La Hay* hearing, to prevent diſcovery or blabbing, by a friend of his, ſhe ſends him an hundred crownes more, and promiſeth him a rich Diamond, which ſo wrought upon him, that being put to the rack, he even out-braves his torments, and ſo is acquitted.

De Salez now reſolves to go to *Paris* to get his Fathers good will to marry *La Hay*, but the old Man to prevent the ſame, buyes a Captains place for him, and likewiſe deals with one Mounſieur *De Brianſon* for his Daughter *De Pleſſes*, to marry his ſon *De Salez*, which the parents agree upon, and upon this, *Argentier* ſends for his ſon to *Tholouſe*, who was ready to go thither before he had received the Letter, and he immediately taking his leave of *La Hay*, poſteth thither, where he is no ſooner arrived, but he

boords his father for his consent, that he may marry *La Hay*, but he is exceedingly incensed, and vowes he had rather see him buried, bidding him withall utterly to forsake *La Hay*, because he had not only procured him a Captains place, but also a fair Gentlewoman for his wife, whereto *De Salez* obstinately gives denyall, either to accept of the one, or see the other, whereat the Father enraged, threatens to dis-inherit him, and so goes his way. *De Salez* is as mad on the other side, and swears rather to dispatch his Father, than leave his *La Hay*, and henceforth watcheth an opportunity to effect his wicked purpose, which shortly after happened thus: One night after supper he hears his Father complain he is not well, and commanding his Clerk early the next morning to carry his water to Doctour *Salepin* a famous man, whose chamber was far off. This *De Salez* thinks a fit time to dispatch his Father. Now the morning come, and the Clerk gone with the water, *De Salez* steals in to his Fathers chamber, and finding him sleeping, drawes near to the bed, and stifles his Father betwixt two pillowes, so shutting the door, down he goes, and so speedily hasts to Saint *Honories* gate, and thence to Saint *Clow*.

Now the Clerk returning from the Physitian, enters his Masters Chamber, and finds him dead, and almost cold in his bed, at which sight he cryes out, and the noyse brings up the Master of the house, who vowes, that he saw none in the house or chamber, & that his son departed as soon as himself. They search the body, and finde it no way wounded, so that they believe some ague carried him away. And of the same minde, upon examination of all circumstances, is the Lieutenant Crim-

Criminal. Thus, without further enquiry or doubt, the dead body is very nobly and decently interred by his son *De Salez*, with exteriour shew of extreme grief and sorrow.

De Salez, having done and performed the Funeral, within eight dayes leaves *Paris*, and returns to *Thelouse*, where the old man is very much wanted and bewailed, only *La Hay* triumphs thereat, and *De Salez* himself is so senseless, that within six weeks he leaves off his blacks, and in gaudy apparel solemnly marries *La Hay*, which the whole Citie wonders at.

Three moneths are hardly past since their marriage, ere he finds, that his wives adulteries had made him a Knight of the Forked Order, to prevent, or at least hide which, he requests, and perswades her, then complains to her Father; but nothing prevails: yea now she is grown so impudent, that she scorns her Husband, and playes the whore before his face, with open doors. Whereupon he resolves to divorce himself from her, and asks advice how to do the same; which coming to her knowledge, she vows, not to lose her share in his estate, which was very great; and therefore, like a right whore as she was, will prevent him that would prevent her, and send him to his death that would divorce her. To which end, watching a time when most of her servants were gone abroad to the Vintage, she steals into her husbands chamber, and finding him soundly sleeping, goes to his bed, and drawing forth a Razour from her sleeve, steps to him, and cuts his throat; where throwing the knife, and her outward Taffata gown into the house of office, she secretly gets to the Church: but she had not so fully cut his throat-bole, but that he could both cry and groan which

which overheard by two of his Servants, they haſtily run up, and hear him (to the beſt of his power) utter theſe fearful ſpeeches. *That Strumpet my Wife hath killed me. O that ſhe-Devil my wife hath murthered me.* The ſervants cry out at the window, which brings in the neighbours, who ſend for his Confeſſour, and the Lieutenant Criminal, to both whom he ſaith the ſame words. And then raiſing himſelf up in his bed, confeſſeth the ſtifling of his Father, and inſtantly dyes. Search is preſently made for *La Hay*, whom at laſt they finde in the Dominican Fryers Church at a Sermon, whence they drag her to priſon, and charge her with her Husbands murther, which, being put to the rack, ſhe ſtraight confeſſeth. Whereupon they condemn *De Salez* his dead body to be hang'd at the common Gallows by the heels, and then to be burnt, *La Hay* to be hanged, then burnt. So ſhe is remanded to priſon, and Divines ſent to her, who ſo work upon her conſcience, that ſhe confeſſeth ſhe had hired *Michael* for three hundred crowns to poyſon *La Frange*; of which the Judges being advertiſed, they alter her ſentence, and judge her to have her right hand cut off, then to be burned alive: both which ſentences the next day were executed accordingly.

Michael, aſſoon as he heard of *La Hay*'s impriſonment, fled diſguiſed in a Fryers Habit, but by the care of the Parliament is found out, and brought back to *Tholouſe*, where, for poyſoning *La Frange*, he is adjudged to be broken on the wheel, there to remain till he be dead, and then his body to be thrown into the River *Garrone*; which the ſame day was executed on him: who, as he lived an Atheiſt, ſo he dyed impenitently; ſaying onely this, Becauſe the world had ſo much to ſay to him, he

he would say nothing to the world, but had the Executioner dispatch him.

Let this History be a lesson for all people not only to detest these foul sins in themselves, but abhorr and hate them in others.

HIST. XII

ALBEMARE and *CLARA*.

The Contents.

Albemare *causeth* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther* Baretano, *and he after marrieth* Clara. *He causeth his man* Valerio *to poyson* Pedro *in prison, and by a letter which* Leonardo *sent him*, Clara *perceiveth that he was the cause of* Baretano's *murther, for which both he*, Valerio, *and* Leonardo *are all hanged.*

IN the rich and populous City of *Millain* sometime was resident an antient Nobleman termed *Seignieur Leonardo Capello*, who had intermarried with a Spanish Lady named *Dona Maria de Castiana*, whose happy nuptials and marriage bed was blest with only one child a daughter called *Dona Clara*, a Lady so compleatly beautiful and perfectly virtuous, that to give her her due, and no more, she could not be parallel'd by any young Lady of *Lombardy* or *Italy*, nor equalized by any but herself.

The

The fame of these noble, both interiour and exteriour indowments, draw diverse of the best and chiefest Gallants both of the City and the Country, to court, and seek her in marriage, but neither her parents or self, are so much importun'd by any, as by *Seignieur Giovanni Albemare* a Gentleman well descended, rich, and of twenty five years of age, and so in all outward appearance a fit and correspondent match, but her affection is transported from him, because setled on another Gentleman, younger than he, named *Seignieur Alphonsus Baretano*, whose lately deceased father had left him sole heir to many rich lands and possessions, but they were so intangled with debts and mortgages, that they prove a hindrance to his fortunes. Thus we see *Albemare* and *Baretano* are become rivals in their affection to *Clara*, whom both of them affect, but they differ in the means, and progress of their resolutions, how to obtain her, for *Baretano* courts the daughter before the Parents, but *Albemare* sues to the parents before the daughter, which makes them approve of *Albemare*, but sleight *Baretano*, which they signifie to their daughter, by an undervaluing both himself and his estate. *Clara* prepared to receive such speeches, very modestly answers, that, as she is confident of *Baretano's* affection to her, so that she equally tenders him, that if her will be not contradicted by theirs, it will be her only joy to have him for her husband. *Capello* and *Castiana* seeing their daughter tyed so to her own will, think it more requisite to revert her reasons by fair means, than refel them by force, they as then leave her to her thoughts, but advise *Albemare* to proceed, and make on his suit to her. To which end, armed both by their authority and his own affection

affection, he follows and solicites her in all places with all care, cost, art and industry. But she looks haggard and averse on him, giving him either such general answers, or cold entertainment, that he hath more reason to despair, than hope to obtain her. Whereof he informs her parents, they add threats to their perswasions, but all to little or no purpose.

For, whiles *Albemare* thus in publick seeks *Clara*, *Baretano* doth no less in private, and though with lesse shew, yet with greater hopes, for he finds, that, as she hath given him heart, so she likewise intends to bestow on him her person: And this is the sole desire of both, and this only is their chief delight. This their familiarity is again reported to her Father and mother, which inwardly grieves them, and the more, because, now our two young Lovers *Baretano* and *Clara* resolve, that he shall publickly motion her parents for her in marriage, which he in a very orderly decorum performeth, but they give him so cold entertainment, that they not only deny him their daughter, but also forbid him their house: Yet doth not this prove a sufficient cooling carde, to make them retire, but rather makes them advance in the progresse of their chast affections, for, in despight of her parents malice and jealousie, when they are sleeping in their beds, *Clara* is many times waking and walking with *Baretano* in the Garden, neither can they long keep this so close, but some spying pickthanks give intelligence thereof, which makes them suddenly and privately send away their daughter, from *Millain* to *Modena* by Coach, there to be meued up with the Lady *Emilia* her Aunt, attended only by her waiting Gentlewoman *Adriana*, and accompanied by *Albemare*.

Clara

Clara seeing herself thus banished from her *Baretano*, mournes and laments wonderfully, and no lesse doth he, yet knowing there was some comfort left if he might but hear from her, he, though the accesse were difficult to her, yet by subtle and secret messengers doth convey diverse Letters to her, wherewith I shall not here trouble the reader, because every lover hath his singular passion; yet let me say thus much, they were certainly as full of affection as words, and manifested the full and dear Love between them. Now, while *Baretano* thus entertains *Clara* with letters, *Albemare* sues to her with words, whereto her averseness makes him jealous of some correspondency that was privately held by her with him, but she endeavours by all means possible to conceal, which makes him the more diligent in his enquiries, when lo an unexpected accident discovers the whole matter. For we must know that *Clara*, to avoid *Albemare's* company, she most an end past away the irksomness of her time in walking in her Aunts Garden and little park, whose walls were the limits wherein her liberty was confined, in which park was a very curious walk, ranked on each side with *Sycamours*, and at the end thereof a close o're-shadowed bower, hither she repaired one fair day, with a book in her hand, a book wherein to read and delude the time; but that which she most delighted her self in, was to read her *Baretano's* Letters, with the perusal whereof she is wrapt into a passionate extasy of joy; in the midst whereof hearing a voice, she looked out and perceived *Albemare* coming to the same place, and not far off, whereat starting up, she hastily folds up her Letters, and clapping them (as she thought) into the pocket of her gown, calls her maid, and goes away pur-

purposely to avoyd him. However he means to go to the bower, when coming to the foot of the stairs, he finds two Letters of *Baretano*'s to *Clara*, (which it seems slipt out of her handkerchief, as she was putting it in her pocket.) These he takes up, and reads, which makes him like one lunatick, but at last recalling his wits, he goes home and shews them to the Lady *Emilia* her Aunt, who promises to give notice thereof the next day to her father and mother at *Millain*. And by this time *Clara* misseth her letters, sends her maid to seek them, but they are not, whereupon she concludes that *Albemare* hath them, at which for meer grief and anger she feigns her self sick, and so presently betakes her self to her bed, the like doth *Albemare*, but sleeps not, only fumes with revenge against *Baretano*, whom he vows to fight with, to which end in the morning he acquaints *Emilia* with his intended journey, and the same he doth to *Clara*, demanding if she would command him any service, which she denying, away he goes to horse having one only servant with him.

Albemare being now come to St. *Remy*, a little Town fifteen miles from *Millain*, he means to dine there, and afterwards during the heat of the day to repose and rest himself: which he doth, and some hours after bids his horse be made ready, and asks his Host, if any Gentlemen were in the house that were riding for *Millain*? Who tells him, that there was one *Seignieur Baretano*, who about two hours after would ride thither. *Albemare* enquires what kinde of man he is, the Host describes, and shews him out of a window, walking in the garden. *Albemare* sees and knows him, asks what attendance he had; the Host replyes, Now he hath none, but usually three or four: when, having learned

learned thus much, he basely resolves in a disguise to set upon him in the High-way: and because he will have no witnesse of his baseness, he sends his man to *Millain* before him, then goes into the Town, and gets a Vizor, presently takes horse, and lurks on the rode behinde a Grove (some three miles from the Town) to attend *Baretano*'s coming, who not long after, arrives to the place where *Albemare* lurked, who rushing forth with his Rapier drawn, runs *Baretano* into the right Arm, who felt the wound ere he saw his enemy. At first he startles: but thinking by his Vizor that he was a Thief, he proffered him all his money, but withall told him, he did it not out of cowardise, but because he was lately affianced to a young Lady, whose affection was such to him, as either the losse or preservation of his life would be that of hers. *Albemare* galled to the heart with this answer, is so enraged, that he cryes, No villain, it is not thy Gold, but thy Life which *I* seek; and straining himself at these words to run *Baretano* thorow, the string of the Vizor brake, and he appeared to be (as he was) *Albemare*: whereupon *Baretano* draws, and defends himself with much courage and gallantry; when the Count of *Martingue* passing that way in his Coach, and seeing them fighting, causeth to drive to them, and so parts them; but takes them into his Coach, and bringing them within the gates of *Millain*, leaves them: They both conceal themselves till their wounds are secured, at which time *Albemare* visits *Capello* and *Castiana*, and reports to them their daughters health, as also her averseness to him, and withal shews them *Baretano*'s Letters which he had found: which at first troubles them; but at last they bid him not despair, for he only shall be their Son in Law.

But

But this is no satisfaction to him, who considering that *Clara* was only *Baretano's*, he resolves to dispatch him into another world, that he might gain her in this; whereon still pondring, he one day sees *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, two *Braves* of the Castle of *Pavia*, whom he deems to be instruments fit for his purpose, he sends his man *Valerio* to call them to him, they come, he acquaints them with his desire; about ten dayes after to murther *Baretano* in the street by night, and to give it out that it was done by some of the *Spanyards* of the *Viceroyes* guard: for which service, he will give an hundred Duckatoons in hand, and leave one hundred more in *Valerio's* hand for them, the greedines after which makes them (first swearing secrecie) to promise in all respects to perform his desire, thus having agreed, within four or five dayes he returnes to *Modena*, (but not so soon as the newes of his fight with *Baretano*, the particulars whereof she hath intelligence off,) and presently upon his arrivall he first salutes the Aunt *Emilia*, than her Neece *Clara*, and delivers her her parents Letters, which having read, she gives him this sharp answer. *My Father and Mother command me to love thee: but how can I, since upon the high-way, thou basely and treacherously attemptedst to kill my dear* Baretano, *whom I love a thousand times dearer than the whole World*? and so in choler flings away from him, whereat he stormes and rages, thus they severally pass their times in dis-content, till now the fatall newes of *Baretano's* death arrives. For *Pedro* and *Leonardo* according to their promise, cruelly assault and murther innocent *Baretano* in the streets of *Millain* by night, with no less than seven several wounds, and so give out,

as was formerly concluded, the same night going to *Valerio*, who gives them the rest of their money, *Baretano*'s untimely end is much bewailed, only *Capello* and *Castiana* rejoyce, assuring themselves that *Albemare* shall now quickly be their Son in law. And about four dayes after, they advertize their Daughter *Clara*, their sister *Emilia*, and *Albemare* thereof by a Gentleman, who they purposely send to bring *Clara* and *Albemare* to *Millain*, but this newes so astonisheth *Clara*, that she throwes off her attire, tares her hair, and falls into a swooning, even to the hazard of her life, and no sooner is she a little come to her senses, but she would have stabbed her self too with a knife, had she not been prevented by her Aunt; when again falling into passion, she vowes, that if she knew his murtherers, she would tare out their hearts, and in this passion she continued, refusing comfort, above ten dayes, when at last being overperswaded by some Divines, she permits her self to be conveyed home to *Millain*, where she solitarily remains a mourner; but time begets neglect, and that makes her begin to forget the memory of *Baretano*, and to look more pleasingly on *Albemare*, who still had hitherto continued his suit with great constancy and affection. And the twelve moneths (*Clara*'s vowed time of mourning) are scarce past, but vanquished with *Albemare*'s sighes, Letters, and presents, and her parents powerfull perswasions, she consents, and with great joy, pomp, and bravery, is in *Millain* married to *Albemare*.

A year and a quarter is hardly past since their marriage, but *Albemare*'s hot love begins to grow cold, and his lustfull eyes and thoughts carries him abroad to courtezans, which makes her so inward-

ly

ly diſcontented, that her beauty decayes, and ſhe wiſheth her ſelf dead a thouſand times; in which condition we muſt leave her, and come to *Pedro*, who having ſpent *Albemare's* money prodigally and lewdly, and his wants thereby increaſing, he to his former murder adds theft, by robbing a Jewellers ſhop of diverſe uncut ſaphirs and emraulds, and other rich commodities, but being taken in the fact, he is ſent to priſon: And now remembring *Albemare*, early in the morning he ſends for *Valerio*, and bids him tell his maſter, that if he will not procure his pardon, he on the Ladder will reveal *Baretano's* murther; *Albemare* is alarum'd at this report, and to ſecure himſelf will heap ſin upon ſin, and ſo reſolves to poyſon *Pedro* in priſon, but to prevent his blabbing in the mean while, he ſends his man *Valerio* back to the priſon to him, to aſſure him that his pardon ſhall be procured, whereat *Pedro* exults, notwithſtanding which fair promiſe, in the afternoon he is arraigned for the ſame theft, and being apparently convicted, he is adjudged to be hanged the next morning. But yet his hopes are not quite dead, becauſe of *Albemare's* promiſe, who hearing of his ſudden condemnation and execution, that night ſends *Valerio* to the priſon to him with two bottles of wine, and he tells him the pardon is granted, and wants nothing but the Viceroyes ſign to it, which his Maſter is promiſed alſo. But the wine in one of the bottles is mixed with ſtrong and deadly poyſon, whereof *Valerio* having made *Pedro* to drink twice or thrice, he takes leave of him for that night; Now the next morning early the Jailer came to his chamber, to bid him prepare for his execution, he finds him dead and

cold in his bed, yet for examples ſake, he is hanged by the heels in his ſhirt at the appointed place of execution.

And now *Albemare* thinks himſelf ſecure, when immediately he is ſet upon by the other aſſaſinate *Leonardo*, who being thrown into priſon by his creditours, and having no hopes of freedom but his purſe, he ſends to him either to lend or give him fifty Duckatoons, but *Albemare* not minding it, burnes the letter.

Leonardo having waited fifteen dayes for an anſwer, and receiving none, he is enraged to ſee himſelf thus ſlighted, wherefore having uſed intreaties, he now reſolves to touch him to the quick, which he doth in theſe lines.

Leonardo *to* Albemare.

IF my firſt Letter prevailed not with thee for the loan or gift of fifty Duckatoons, to free me from this my miſerable impriſonment, I make no doubt, but this my ſecond will, for, being a Souldier I give thee to underſtand, that I hold it far more generous to hang than ſtarve, ſith a halter is only the beginning of my friends ſorrowes, ſo likewiſe it will be the end of my own miſeries, yea, if thou ſpeedily furniſh and accompliſh not my requeſt, altbough it coſt me my life, I will no longer conceal how thou diddeſt hire Pedro *and my ſelf for two hundred Duckatoons, to kill* Seignieur Baretano, *which at thy requeſt we performed. Think then how near my ſecrecie concernes thy life ſith when I ſuffer death, I know thou haſt but a ſhort time to ſurvive me, therefore thank thy ſelf if thy ingratitude turn my affection into contempt, and that into revenge and malice.*

Leonardo.

This

This letter he ſends by a ſelect meſſenger, who not finding *Albemare* at home, after tedious waiting, gives it to *Valerio*, and prayes him ſafely to deliver it to his Maſter, whoſe ill husbandry and bad company keeping him out all night, and *Valerio* called forth about earneſt buſineſs, he placeth the Letter upon a cup-boord neer his maſters ſtudy, and ſo departs. Now *Albemare* kept a man-fool, who indeed was ſo naturally peeviſh, as not *Millain*, hardly *Italy* could match him for ſimplicity. This fool ſaw *Valerio* put the Letter on the cup-boord, and *Valerio*'s back is no ſooner turned, but the fool climbs up and reaches the Letter, which both in the hall and yard he toſſes and dandles in his hand. *Clara* coming from *Veſpers*, ſees it, and asks how he came by it? He continuing to play with it, anſwers: That it was his Letter, and that God had ſent it him, which words *Clara* weighing, and conſidering the perſon from whom they came, ſhe imagined there was ſomething in it more than ordinary, when ſnatching it from him, and ſeeing it directed to her husband, She opened it, and finding in the concluſion thereof, that *Albemare* had cauſed *Baretano* to be murthered, ſhe could not contain her ſelf for ſorrow, but burſt into extremity of paſſions, afflicting her ſelf in an extraordinary manner, and not knowing what courſe to take, at length ſhe calls for her Coach, and goes directly to *Baretano*'s Uncle, and with ſighes and tears, ſhewes him the letter, he reads it, and then admiring at *Clara*'s Chriſtian zeal, he ſends for the Preſident Criminal, to whom he delivers the letter and prayes him to examine *Clara* thereon, which he gravely doth, then goes

goes with her to her house, and questions the fool, where he had the Letter, who simply taking the Judge by the hand, and bringing him to the cup-boord, tells him. Here God sent the Letter, and here I found him, *Valerio* is examined, who saith he took the letter from a stranger, and left it there for his master. Presently *Albemare* is sought, and apprehended in bed with a courtezan. He is charged with *Baretano's* murther, but denies it, yet when *Leonardo's* letter is read to him, he confesseth the whole circumstance, and for the same is condemned to be hanged the next morning, at the common place of execution. *Albemare* understanding how the discovery was wrought, vowes to cry quittance with him, and to some Divines that were sent to him, reveals, how he had caused his man *Valerio* to poyson *Pedro* in prison, the night before he was to be executed, the like he also affirmed upon the ladder to the people, and so he was hanged, and his body cut down, is burnt, and the ashes thrown into the air.

Now are *Leonardo* and *Valerio* arraigned, and condemned to be hanged for their severall murthers; which was executed on them accordingly. After all which varieties of fortune *Clara* retires her self into the *Nunnery* of the *Annunciation*, where she long lived a pensive and sorrowfull sister.

HIST. XIII.

DE MERSON and *LA VASSELAY.*

The Contents.

La Vaſſelay *poyſoneth her wayting maid* Gratiana, *becauſe ſhe is jealous that her husband* de Merſon *loves her. Whereupon he lives from her. In revenge whereof, ſhe cauſeth his man* La Vallete *to murther him in a Wood, and then marries him in requital.* La Villete *a Year after riding through the ſame Wood, his horſe falls with him, and almoſt kills him, when he confeſſeth the murther of* de Merſon, *and accuſeth his wife* La Vaſſelay *to be the cauſe thereof. So for theſe murthers he is hanged, and ſhe burnt alive.*

IN the City of *Mans* in the Reign of *Lewis* the XIII. K. of *France*, there dwelt a Gentlewoman aged threeſcore and three years, termed *La Vaſſelay*, well deſcended, and a rich Widow, who had buried her firſt husband twenty five years before, and her ſecond within ſix moneths, and was now ready for a third: And her birth and wealth invite many old Widowers to ſeek her in marriage, but ſhe will have none of them, but caſting off her blacks, ſhe decks her ſelf in gay ap-

parel, powders her hair, and paints her face, and all to get ſome young Gallant to her Husband.

Now during the time that this old Woman ſo vainly behaved her ſelf, home comes a young Gentleman named *Mounſieur de Merſon* from his travels in *Italy*, where he ſo little profited, that forgetting all generous exerciſes, he delighted in nothing ſo much as to paſs his time with Courtezans, and ſo returned loaden only with vices and debts. When immediately upon his arrival, to make himſelf be taken notice of, he flaunts it in brave apparel, and frequents all ſolemn feaſts and meetings. His Father obſerving his vanity, and being ſenſible of his prodigality, checks him, & bids him look to the payment of his own debts, for that he will not meddle with them; which taking ill at his fathers hands, he raſhly packs up his baggage, leaves his houſe, rides to *Mans*, and there reſolves to paſs his time that Winter, hoping there to find ſome or other rich wife, who ſhould redeem his credit and repayr his deſperate fortunes. Which happened according to his deſires, for he wears rich clothes, whereby and the comlineſſe of his perſon, he is ſoon known and taken notice of, but eſpecially by our old Widdow *La Vaſſelay*, who falls ſo deeply in love with him, that ſhe could willingly part with half her wealth to get him for her husband. Yea ſuch is her vanity and immodeſty, that ſhe will ſeek him for her husband, and neither mind his youth, prodigality, ſmalneſs of means and hopes, vice or debts, nor the ſcandal ſhe expoſeth her ſelf to for matching with ſo young a Gentleman, to whom for age ſhe might be grandmother, but layes all theſe and other conſiderations aſide, and employes one *Monnſieur de Pruneau*

to be her Agent to *de Merſon* for that purpoſe, whoſe wiſdome ſeeing the great diſparity between them, and conſidering the many miſeries that uſually attend ſuch prepoſterous marriages, he like a true friend and an honeſt man, uſeth many reaſons to divert her ill-grounded affection from *de Merſon*, to ſome elder perſon whoſe years might better agree and ſympathize with hers. But when he ſees he ſpends his time and breath in vain, he gives way to her, and promiſeth his beſt endeavours in her behalf. To which end he finds *de Merſon*, acquaints him with *La Vaſſelay's* affection, layes before him the nobleneſs of her deſcent, the greatneſs of her eſtate, and the excellency of her vertues, & withal that ſhe is not ſo old as ſuppoſed, loving him above all men, and deſiring the honour of his company to her houſe.

De Merſon, knowing the very truth both of her age and eſtate before; thanks *de Pruneau* for his pains, and *La Vaſſelay* for her love, and prayes him to tell her, that he will ſup with her the night following at her houſe, and thus they part.

De Pruneau returns with this pleaſing anſwer to *La Vaſſelay*, to whom he alſo extols and praiſeth *De Merſon*, and ſo bids her prepare her ſupper, and her ſelf to entertain him the next night, which was ſo pleaſing to her, that ſhe leaves no coſt unſpared to make him welcome.

De Merſon having conſulted with himſelf, according to his promiſe, comes the next night both to viſit and ſup with *La Vaſſelay*, who having purpoſely deckt herſelf in youthful apparel, receives him with all demonſtrations of joy and affection: At his firſt arrival he gives her two or three kiſſes, where ſupper being ſerved in, her af-

affection was again diſcovered in the curioſity and bounty thereof. Supper ended and the cloth taken away, they fall to diſcourſe: *De Merſon* kindly and familiarly taking his new old Miſtreſs in his armes, which makes her beyond herſelf, both merry and joyful, and having thus paſſed ſome houres, they very lovingly part, he having firſt deſired three dayes reſpite to reſolve. Two of which he ſpends in ſurveying and peruſing, the writings of her Dowry, Leaſes of her Lands and Houſes, bonds and bills of debts due to her, and finds her eſtate to be really worth 6000 *Franks* Yearly, and her moveables worth at leaſt eighteen thouſand more, whereupon the third day he publickly contracts himſelf to her; and within eight dayes after privately marries her. But two moneths are ſcarce paſt, ere *De Merſon* begins to repent his match, and grows quite out of love with his old wife, ſo that he bears himſelf ſtrangly to her, and is ſeldom, or never at home with her, but always ranging abroad, which makes her wiſh ſhe had been dead, when ſhe ſo unfortunately married.

Now to find out the particular object of *La Vaſſelay's* jealouſie, we muſt know, that ſhe hath a proper young Gentlewoman to attend her, about eighteen years of age, named *Gratiana*, who was very lovely and fair, and with this maiden ſhe fears her husband is more familiar than either modeſty or vertue will permit, and hath no reaſon to induce her to this thought beſides her own jealouſie, which makes her become confident that her husband lies oftener with *Gratiana* than with her ſelf, which ſhe vows ſhe will not tollerate; to which end and to colour her treachery, one day looking ſtedfaſtly in her face, ſhe tells her, ſhe had

had need to be let blood to prevent a fever, whereto *Gratiana* innocently conſents, ſo one *Rennee* an Apothecary is ſent for, whom ſhe bids to draw from her at leaſt ſixteen ounces of blood, he ſaith that to take ſo much may endanger her life, ſhe anſwers, 'twas ſo ordered by a Doctour, whereupon he opens a vein, and when he had near taken ſo much, poor heartleſs *Gratiana*, faints twice in a chair, they being hardly able either to refetch or keep life in her.

Gratiana doth not once dream of this her Miſtreſſes treacherous letting her blood, but rather thanks her for her care of her health. But the very next day *De Merſon* dining at home, and ſeeing *Gratiana* look ſo pale, he asks his wife what ailes her Gentlewoman to look ſo ill, which ſhe puts off with a feigned excuſe, but here confirming her jealouſie, ſhe now concludes her husbands diſhoneſty with her, which ſhe vowes ſharply to revenge, and puts in practice in this manner.

Her husband riding one day abroad with other Gentlemen to hunt Wolves, ſhe under pretence of buſineſs, calls *Gratiana* into her inner chamber, and bolting the door, charges her of diſhoneſty with her Maſter *De Merſon*: *Gratiana* vows and ſwears with tears, that it is a falſe accuſation, and that ſhe never had ſo much as an unchaſt thought toward her Maſter. But this ſatisfies not *La Vaſſelay*, for preſently calling in her chambermaid and cookmaid, ſhe makes them ſtrip poor *Gratiana* to the waſt, and bind her hand and foot to the bedpoſt, then having turned them forth of the chamber, ſhe with a great burchen rod fetches off the ſkin both from her armes, back, and ſhoulders, and is not ſatisfyed till ſhe have ſpent three rods &

quite

quite tired her ſelf, where calling in her two maids, ſhe bids them unbind her, and help on her clothes.

Gratiana, the better to get a remedy for theſe wrongs, diſſembles them, and ſo providing her ſelf ſecretly of a horſe & a man, ſhe ſteals away and comes home to her father. *La Vaſſelay* vexes at her departure, as fearing it would produce a ſtorm from *Mounſieur de Bremay*, *Gratiana's* father, and *De Merſon* her own husband, which prove both according to her thoughts, for her husband underſtanding thereof, is juſtly enraged, calling her devil, and telling her that if ſhe ſought not means to recal her, that he would forthwith leave her: when ſeeing her ſelf in this ſtreight, ſhe feigns her ſelf repentant, and by *La Villete* a Gentleman of her husbands, ſends her wrought black Taffata for a Gown, and Crimſon damask for a petticoat, and a bracelet of pearl, and accompanieth all with a letter to *De Bremay*, which conteined theſe words,

La Vaſſelay *to* De Bremay.

HAving vindicated truth from errour, and converted jealouſie into judgment, I find that I have wronged thy Gratiana, *whereat I grieve with contrition & ſorrow with repentance. ſith my husbands vowes and oaths have fully cleared her honour and chaſtity, which my fooliſh incredulity and fear raſhly attempted both to ecclipſe and diſparage; in which regard praying her to forgive, and thy ſelf to forget that wrong, I earneſtly deſire her ſpeedy return by this bearer, and ye both ſhall ſee that I never formerly hated her ſo much as henceforth I will both*

love

love and honour her. I have now ſent her ſome ſmall tokens of my love, and ere long ſhe ſhall find greater effects and teſtimonies thereof, for knowing her to be as chaſt as fair; in this De Bremay *I requeſt her to reſt confident that as ſhe is now thy daughter by nature, ſo ſhe ſhall be henceforth mine by adoption.*

La Vaſſelay.

De Bremay having received this letter, and her daughter *Gratiana* theſe kind tokens from her Miſtreſs; his choler and her grief is ſoon defaced and blown away, ſo he well ſatisfyed and ſhe content, he ſends her back by *La Villete* to *La Vaſſelay*, who in all outward ſhew, receives and welcomes her with many expreſſions of love, and demonſtrations of joy, thereby to pleaſe her husband, who is indeed ſatisfyed therewith, ſo as now all three parties ſeem to be reconciled, but alas! There is nothing leſs, for within three moneths after *Gratiana's* return, *La Vaſſelay's* old jealouſie breaks forth with more violence and impetuoſity, for now if *De Merſon* do but look on her, ſhe ſwears them guilty of adultery, which paſſion ſo overclouds her judgment, that ſhe vows vengeance for the ſame. To which end providing her ſelf of ſtrong poyſon, and catching at the very firſt opportunity, as ſoon as ever *Gratiana* found herſelf not well, under colour of much care, makes her ſome white-broath, into which infuſing the ſaid poyſon, ſhe gives it her, which within ſix dayes cauſeth her with much languiſhing to die.

De Merſon hearing of *Gratiana's* death, doubts that his wifes jealouſy hath occaſioned her death, which he ſo confidently believes, that he fears his own ſafety, and therefore reſolves to leave her, and

and the better to curb and vex her, he packs up all her bonds, billſ, leaſes and conveyances, as alſo, all her money, plate, jewels, and richeſt houſeholdſtuff, and bidding the tenants not to dare to pay her any rent, he allowing her only a bare maintenance, on a ſudden he takes horſe, and rides home to his Fathers, from whence all his wives prayers and tears are not able to reclaim him.

La Vaſſelay ſeeing her husbands unkindneſſe, is almoſt ready to die for meer grief and ſorrow, but how to remedy it ſhe knows not, ſhe ſees her ſelf left by all her friends, & the laughter of her enemies, ſo that ſhe hath no hope left to comfort her in theſe calamities, but to ſeek a reconciliation with her husband, which ſhe endeavours to effect by letters, and ſo about a moneth after his departure ſends him theſe lines,

La Vaſſelay *to* De Merſon.

SInce at thy requeſt I both recanted my jealouſie to thy ſelf, and repented my cruelty to my maid Gratiana, *what have I committed or done, that ſhould deſerve this thy ingrateful departure: for having made a moſt exact ſcrutiny in my thoughts and ſoul, either of them aſſure me, that the freeneſs and fervency of my affection to thee deſerved a farr more courteous requital. If any have given thee any ſiniſter or falſe impreſſions either of my ſelf or actions, if thy affection to me will not deface them, at leaſt let thy pity. Return then my ſweet and dear husband, & what errours or faults ſoever, thou ſayſt I have committed, I will not only redeem them with kiſſes but tears.*

La Vaſſelay.

De

De Merson having received this letter, rather rejoyceth at, than commiserates his wives estate and sorrows, yea it works such poor effects in his affection, that he so sleights her and her memory, that once he thought to have answered her letter with silence, but then doubting he should again be troubled with the like, to save her that labour, he returnes her this sharp and bitter answer,

De Merson to *La Vasselay.*

IT is thy errour, not my absence, which hath changed thy joyes into sorrows, and my sight will be a poor content for thee to bear to thy grave, sith as a Christian thou shouldest delight to see none but thy Saviour, nor be ambitious to live in any armes but his. That I am thy husband I grant, but yet I fear thy heart knows I have farr more reason for my departure, than thou to desire my return. And if thou wilt yet know more, pray God thou didst not bedew Gratiana's *grave both with her tears and blood, for hadst thou not been cruel, yea inhumane to her, I would never have been unkind to thee. And to conclude, live as happy, as I fear her death will make the die miserable.*

De Merson.

This letter nips her to the heart, for therin finding his suspicion of her for *Gratiana's* death, she begins to fear him, and therefore to take off that danger, and secure her own life, she changeth her love to him into hatred, and resolves to cause him to be murthered. And among all persons she picks out *La Vellete* his own servant, as the fittest instrument

ſtrument, ſo ſending for him, ſwears him to ſecrecie, and then making a long invective againſt her husband, proffers him a thouſand crownes if he will undertake to murther him, which at this firſt time he poſitively denies; but upon a ſecond meeting ſhe renewes her propoſition to him, and tells him, that if he will murther his maſter, ſhe within ſix moneths will marry him, which ſo draws him to the lure, that he ſwears to her to effect it.

Now it happened that ſhortly after *De Merſon* went to a generall hunting, from whence coming home, in the midſt of a great wood *La Villete* riding behind his maſter, ſhoots him through the reynes with a brace of piſtoll bullets, which makes him inſtantly fall dead from his horſe to the ground, and minding to give it out that he was killed by theeves, he ſhoots through his own hat, cuts himſelf o're the hand, breaks his rapier, takes his Maſters purſe and watch out of his pocket, and then tying his feet with one cord, and with a ſlight binding himſelf with his armes behind him to a tree, he cryes out upon theeves that had killed his maſter, when ſoon after three Gentlemen travelling that way, find him out by his cryes, to whom he relates the robbery and murther of his Maſter, as he had afore deſigned; which the Gentlemen ſeeing cut his cord, and help to convey the dead corps to the next Village, from whence *Villete* ſorrowfully carries him home, where his mournfull Father with infinite grief buries him.

La Vaſſelay receives the newes from *Villete* with a ſhew of great grief outwardly, but with inward joy, and according to agreement, within ſhort time makes good her promiſe to him, by marrying with him, which by all is much wondred at,

at, and breeds a ſuſpition that there was ſomething more in it than was yet known, which in due time God will both detect and puniſh. The manner thus.

Theſe two bloody wretches, *La Villete* and *La Vaſſelay* having been now married about eight moneths, and he deeply in law with *De Merſon* his Father for ſome lands and writings, which he deteined from him, he one day takes an occaſion to ride over to *Manfrelles* houſe to talk of the differences, and lighting into ſome Merchants company by the way, his horſe on a Sunday, firſt begins to run backward, then ſideling in deſpight of ſwitch and ſpur, and at laſt ſtands on end on his hinder legs, and falls quite back with him, and almoſt breaks the trunk of his body in pieces, which fall and bruiſe hardly affording him ability to ſpeak, and he finding death approach, he then and there doth confeſs, that his wife *La Vaſſelay* had cauſed him to murther his Maſter *De Merſon*, which he indeed had performed at her deſire.

The Merchants which were in his company convey him to an Inn in St. *Georges*, and fearing he would dye under their hands, they ſend poſt to the *Preſidial* Court of *Mans*, who ſpeedily command *La Villete* to be brought thither alive or dead; he is brought thither alive, where he again confeſſeth the murther, in manner and form aforeſaid, and accuſeth *La Vaſſelay* to be the ſole inſtigatour thereof. Whereupon ſhe is apprehended and impriſoned, whereof *De Bremay* having notice, comes to *Mans* and accuſeth her for the death of his Daughter *Gratiana*. Her judges upon this double accuſation adjudge her to the rack, where at the firſt torment ſhe confeſſeth herſelf ſole actour in the firſt, and Authour in the ſecond mur-

ther, for which heynous crimes they condemn *La Villete* to be hanged, and *La Vaſſelay* to be burned alive the next day, which at the common place of execution is executed in the preſence, and to the content of all the people of that City, who rejoyce and glorifie God for ſuch their deſerved puniſhments.

HIST. XIIII.

Benev. and his two bloody *Daughters.*

The Contents.

Fidelia *and* Cæleſtina *cauſe* Carpi *and* Monteleon *with their two Lackeyes* Lorenzo *and* Anſelmo *to murther their Father Captain* Benevente: Monteleon *and his Lackey* Anſelmo *are drowned,* Fidelia *hangs her ſelf,* Lorenzo *is hanged for a robbery, and on the Gallows confeſſeth* Benevente's *murther,* Carpi *hath his right hand cut off; then is beheaded,* Cæleſtina *is beheaded, and her body burnt.*

IN *Otranto* a City of *Apulia* in *Italy*, there dwelt an antient rich and valiant Gentleman termed Captain *Benevente*, who by his deceaſed Lady had left him two Daughters and a Son, he named *Seignieur Ricardo Alcaſero*, they two, the Ladies

Ladies, *Fidelia* & *Cæleſtina*, *Alcaſero* lives altogether at *Naples* with the ſpaniſh Viceroy. *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina* are at home with their Father, that his care might provide them good husbands. This Captain *Benevente* was beloved and honoured by all the Nobility of *Apulia*, ſo that his houſe was held as an Academy for all Martiall exerciſes, ſo as the beauty of his two Daughters could not in ſuch reſort be long either unſeen or uncourted, whereby in ſhort time they are both of them ſought in marriage by many Barons and Gentlemen as well at home as abroad. But the Father will not hear of any ſuch motion, whereat they grieve and repine. And conſidering with themſelves the ſeverity of their Father to them, in croſſing their deſires of marriage, they think though themſelves cannot, yet their Brother perchance may prevail with their Father, to which end they conſult together, and ſo by a confident friend of theirs, ſend to him to *Naples* this letter.

Fidelia *and* Cæleſtina *to* Alcaſero.

DEſpairing of our Fathers reſolution to marry us, we have no other refuge but to thy ſelf and thy love, in requeſting thee powerfully to ſolicite him therein, that he may not prefer his gold before our content, neither could our thoughts perſwade us either to employ or acquaint any other but thy ſelf with theſe our deſires; for his ſeverity is ſuch toward us, that although we are ſought in marriage by divers Cavaliers our ſuperiours, yet he will not permit us to be ſeen, much leſs to be wedded of any. Joyn then thy power to our prayers, and we doubt not to be as happy in a Brother as we fear we ſhall ſee our ſelves miſerable

in a Father, and as thou canst not forget our descent and blood, so we zealously pray thee to remember, if not our beauty, our youth.

Fidelia Cælestina.

Upon receipt of this Letter *Alcasero* comes to *Oranto* and deals effectually with his Father, who answers, that he hath provided the Baron of *Carpi* for *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Monteleon* for *Cælestina*, and that in fifteen dayes they are to come to see them, whereat all three rejoyce; within the time appointed these two Noblemen come, and are assoon misliked, *Carpi* being crook-backed, and *Monteleon* lame of one leg. *Benevente* receives and entertains them nobly, and tells his Daughters plainly that they shall marry these and none others. They are pressed by their Father, and importuned by the two Noblemen to finish and confirm the contracts, which they both in particular and general termes deny; and apply themselves anew to their Brother for help, who endeavours and labours for them with zeal, but so ineffectually, that he can get no other answer, but that they must and shall marry them, and only them. They seeing him thus resolvedly bent, do begin to hate him, and at length *Fidelia* breaks it to her Sister, that she had rather than be married to one she cannot affect, and that since he is so resolute, she had rather see him laid in his grave, than her self in *Carpi*'s bed, *Cælestina* agrees in the same opinion, adding withall that the sooner their Father is dispatched the better, and thus they conclude he shall dye. But as to the manner, after many consultations, they think it most safe to engage *Carpi* and *Monteleon* to effect it, to which end they now change the scene, and so pretend to love, where before they hated; which

so

so pleaseth the two Noblemen, that they with much urgency importune them to marriage, but they tell them it is impossible as long as their Father liveth; for though he seem to make a fair shew to make them their husbands, yet that he intends nothing less, having given them expres's command not to love them. The Noblemen are taken in the trap, and never consider the treachery of these deceitfull and bloody-minded Ladies, but joyntly engage themselves in a short time to free them from their Father. Captain *Benevente* is many times accustomed after dinner to ride to his Vineyard, and now and then to a neighbouring Village: *Carpi* and *Monteleon* take their two Lackeys *Lorenzo* and *Anselmo* with them, assoon as they know the Captain to be abroad only accompanyed with one *Fiamento*. They disguise themselves and watch for him at the corner of a wood, where, upon his approach they all rush out upon him, and with their swords and pistolls kill them both dead to the ground, then take up the dead bodies, carry them to an adjacent hill, and so throw them into a deep quarry full of thick bushes and brambles. Then consulting of their flight, *Carpi* takes post for *Naples*, & *Monteleon* with his Lackey hye to *Brundusium*, for which purpose having gotten two Gennets and ridden about twelve miles, *Monteleons* horse falls under him dead, which doth somewhat amaze him, but making a vertue of necessity, he rides his boyes horse, and makes him follow on foot through narrow lanes and by-wayes, whither his fear directed him, and at length near the Village *Blanquettelle* he meets with a swift Ford passable only with horses, which constrains him to take up his Lackey *Anselmo* behind him, but being in the midst of the water, the horse stumbles

ſo ſuddenly, that not having time to help themſelves, they are both drowned.

By this time *Benevente* and his man *Fiamento* are wanting and not to be heard of. The daughters lay all the Country to purchaſe news of their father, and advertiſe *Alcaſero* at *Naples* of his being miſſing. And after five daies ſearch, and no tidings, they ſuſpect he is murthered and by *Fiamento*, becauſe he alone was with him, and alſo not to be found, but they are all miſtaken; for as ſome near neighbour Gentlemen are hunting a ſtagg near *Alpiata*, which being with a long purſute tyred, runs for ſhelter into the (before mentioned) Quarry, where the dead bodies of *Benevente* and his man were thrown; the Gentlemen hunters follow to kill their prey the ſtagg, where caſting aſide their heads, they ſee two dead bodies which the Crows had pitifully mangled, when approaching to diſcern them, by their cloths they know them to be *Benevente* and *Fiamento*; they ſend to *Otranto* to *Alcaſero* the news, he comes, ſees and knows the dead bodies, the whole company grieves, and helping to convey the dead bodies to *Otranto* in a Coach, they are buried the ſame night with as much decency as the ſhort time would allow, and the diſcovery left to God to detect the murtherers. Now the morrow after the burial, *Alcaſero* and his ſiſters have information that *Montelion* and his Lackey *Anſelmo* are drowned, whereat the ſiſters triumph. But *Alcaſero* thinks it ſtrange that *Carpi* comes not to condole with him for his father, and to renew his ſute to his ſiſter, which makes him begin to be ſuſpicious, but *Carpi* in two moneths having heard nothing of the premiſſes, ſends a Lackey to *Otranto* to *Fidelia*, with a Letter in theſe words,

Carpi

Carpi to *Fidelia.*

THere are ſome reaſons that ſtay me for not coming to Otranto, *which what they are none can better imagine than thy ſelf: When thy ſorrows are overblown, I will come to thee; having given thee ſo true and real a proof of my affection, as thou ſhouldeſt offer me palpable injuſtice to doubt thereof: for what greater teſtimony canſt thou futurely expect, than to believe I will ever prefer thy love before mine own life. I pray ſignifie me how thy brother ſtands affected, thy anſwer ſhall have many kiſſes, and I will ever both honour and bleſſe that hand that writ it.*

Carpi.

The *Lackey* comes to *Otranto*, & finds out *Fidelia*, to whom he delivers his Maſters letter, and requeſteth an anſwer. *Fidelia* receives the one and promiſeth the other; but the reading thereof breeds a great alteration, for now ſhe begins to deſpair, and hate all company, ſhe is afraid of her own ſhadow, and thinks every houſe will fall upon her, this makes her forſake devotion, to look fearful and gaſtly, in which condition at the importunity of *Carpi*'s Lackey, ſhe writes aud returns this anſwer,

Eidelia *to* Carpi.

MY Fathers death hath altered my diſpoſition, for I am wholly addicted to mourning, not to marryage: I pray trouble not thy ſelf to come to Otranto, *for the beſt comfort I can receive is, that it is impoſſible for me to receive any: I never doubted of thy affection, neither will give thee juſt*

cauſe to fear mine: if this will not ſuffice, reſt aſſured that I have reſolved either to marry thee or my grave. How my brother ſtands affected is a thing difficult for me to underſtand or know, ſith I am only his ſiſter not his ſecretary, but in all outward appearance, I think he neither loves thee for my ſake, nor my ſelf for thine. Live thou as happie as I fear I ſhall die miſerable.

Fidelia.

Having ſent away this letter, ſhe is now again diſtracted in her thoughts, which her brother kinsfolk and friends perceive, and endeavour to comfort her by good counſel, but ſhe can neither take nor follow any: In a word ſhe grows weary both of the world and her life, and now would kiſſe any hand that would kill her, having her fathers murther alwaies in her mind, which made her fix her heart to diſpatch her ſelf, in what manner and at what rate ſoever; ſhe takes poyſon but that works not, ſhe ſeeks her knife and penknife, but finds neither, only ſhe takes her ſilk garter, goes to her chamber, bolts the door after her, and faſtening it to the teſter of the bed, there hangs herſelf.

Dinner being now to be ſerved in and all things ready, *Alcaſero* and *Cœleſtina* calls for their ſiſter *Fidelia*, but cannot hear of her; ſhe goes to her chamber and brings word that the key is on the outſide, and the door bolted within, yet ſhe anſwers not. The door is broken open, where *Alcaſero* entring, ſees his ſiſter *Fidelia* hanging to the bedſtead dead, and her body coal black and infinitely ſtinking, at which ſight they are affrighted, but at laſt take her down and bury her.

But

But now to speak something of *Carpi*, he no sooner receives *Fidelia's* letter, but though he wonders at the contents, yet he means once more to try, and so seconds his first with this ensuing letter,

Carpi *to* Fidelia.

WEre thy request not my law, I would see Fidelia *to comfort her, but since I am forbidden, what other remedie have I than patience: If thou weigh matters aright, I have more occasion of sorrow than thy self, and yet I am far from despairing. Endeavour to love thy self, and not to hate me: So shalt thou draw felicitie out of affliction, and I securitie out of danger. I hope thy Brother will not follow thy Fathers steps, his affection to thee shall be mine to himself. Let thy second letter give me half so much joy as thy first did grief, then shall I triumph more than I now lament.*

Carpi.

This is sent by *Fiesco* to *Otranto*, who coming thither, and to *Benevente's* house, as he walks in the second Court, *Alcasero* spies him and sends to know whose Lackey he was, but he will not tell. He is brought to the Cellar to tast the Wine, thence is brought to *Alcasero*, but he will not discover himself either for entreaties or threats; he is invited to stay dinner, which he doth, and after dinner is brought again to *Alcasero*, he tells him, he saw him there fifteen dayes since. *Fiesco* is silent, *Alcasero* offers him twenty Ducats to discover himself and his business; this takes, and the Lackey tells he belongs to *Carpi* and hath a letter from

from him to *Fidelia*, which he delivers to *Alcaſero*, and thereby his ſuſpicion of *Carpi* for his fathers death revives, but knowing ſilence is one main point to make out ſuch a diſcovery, he bids the Lackey ſtay that night, and to ſpeak with him in the morning ere he depart; the Fellow comes and hath this anſwer, *Tell the Baron of* Carpi, *thy Maſter, that my ſiſter* Fidelia *is in another World, and that I ſhortly reſolve to ſee him at* Naples, *and in the interim will keep his Letter.*

Fieſco knowing his fault, never returns to his Maſter. And *Alcaſero* minding his promiſe, ſpeeds to *Naples* and to the criminal Judges; there accuſeth *Carpi* for *Benevente's* murther, for which he is apprehended, whom he deſires to be arraigned, but the Judges rather think fit to put him to the rack, whoſe torments he endureth, and ſtill denies all, ſo the Court by ſentence acquit and clear him. But *Alcaſero* will not, for after ſix weeks time, when *Carpi* is now found in his limbs, by *Plantinus* he ſends him this Ticket of Defiance.

Alcaſero *to* Carpi.

ALthough the law have cleared thee for my fathers murther, yet my conſcience cannot, I ſhould be a monſter of nature not to ſeek revenge for his death; could I give peace to my thoughts, I would not ſeek to bereave thee of thy life with the hazard of mine own: but finding it impoſſible, pardon me if I requeſt thee to meet me ſingle at eight of the clock after ſupper, at the Weſt end of the common Vineyard, where I will attend thee with a couple of Rapiers, the choice whereof ſhall be thine. And if thou wilt make uſe of a ſecond he ſhall not depart

depart without meeting one to exchange a thrust or two with him.

Alcaſera.

Upon receipt hereof he is in a quandary what to do, yet at laſt, he bids *Plantinus* tell him, *That though he had not deſerved his malice, yet he accepted his challenge, only he muſt fight ſingle, becauſe he was unprovided of a Second.*

The time of meeting now come, *Carpi* and *Alcaſero* both come into the field, where it was *Carpi's* fortune to have the day though immediatly, by leaving *Alcaſero* ſpeechleſs, and as he imagined dead in the field, but God will have his wounds cured, and *Carpi* brought in his ſight to a ſhameful end.

Aſſoon as *Alcaſero's* wounds are cured, he leaves *Naples* and comes home to *Otranto*, where *Cæleſtina* did now more triumph for *Carpi's* freedom than before ſhe trembled at his impriſonment, ſo that now being out of fear *Cæleſtina* marries a noble young Gentleman, but here *Lorenzo Carpi's* page comes in to ſpoil the ſport, for being upheld by his Maſter to keep him ſecret in *Benevent's* murther, he grows debauched, lewd and diſſolute, and being one day ſent by his Maſter on an errand, in a crowd he cuts a Gentlewomans purſe from her ſide, wherein were five and twenty Ducatoons in gold, and is taken with the maner, and for the ſame next day is convict, and adjudged to be hanged. *Carpi* is amazed when he hears the news, goes to the priſon, and promiſeth if he will not reveal the buſineſs he wots off, he will enrich his mother and brothers. *Lorenzo* promiſeth ſecrecy, but being brought to the gallows, he confeſſeth that he and the Baron of *Carpi* his Maſter, together with

with *Monteleon* and *Anſelmo*, had murthered *Benevente* and his man *Fiamenti* & threw them into the Quarry: the which he takes to his death is true, and ſo is hanged.

Lorenzo turned over, *Carpi* is apprehended, when put to the rack, he reveals the murther in every point, as *Lorenzo* had done. Adding moreover, that *Celeſtina* and her dead ſiſter *Fidelia* drew them to that murther, proteſting they had never done it but at their requeſts; ſo having firſt his right hand, then his head is ſmitten off. Which done Poſt is ſent to *Otranto* to ſeize on *Celeſtina*, who is apprehended at a Wedding, and ſo impriſoned, where underſtanding the former confeſſions and executions, ſhe freely acknowledgeth the whole, and ſo is judged to have her head cut off, her body burnt, and her aſhes thrown into the air: Which according to the ſentence was the next day performed.

Thus we ſee how ſeverely this murther was by Gods juſt revenge puniſhed, not only in his two daughters, but alſo in the two Noblemen and their Lackeys. And indeed as ſuch crimes deſerve ſuch ends: So generally the Actours infallibly find them

HIST. XV.

Christina and her Son *Maurice.*

The Contents.

Maurice *like a bloody villain throws his Mother* Christina *in a well and drowns her. The hand and arm wherewith he did it rots, and being discrased of his wits in prison, he confesseth his said murther for the which he is hanged.*

UPon the Northeast side of the *Lake of Geneva*, is a little Town called *Morges*, wherein there lately dwelt an honest and rich Burger, named *Martin Halsenolf*, who by his wife *Christina* had one only Child, a Son tearmed *Maurice Halsenolf*, whose Father though a Souldier, made it his chief care to breed his son a scholar, and therefore first bringing him up in their own Grammer school at *Morges*, his proficiency in short time was such, and his vertue and meekness so remarkable, that he was ready by the one for the University, and for the other was reputed the Phœnix of all the Youth in *Morges*, and his parents thought themselves very happy in him, but this temporary contentment is ended by one sad disaster, for as *Martin* the father was sitting jocund and merry with his Wife and Son at dinner

dinner, he suddenly falls down from his stool dead, to the amazement of them both.

The sorrowful Widow having thus lost her husband, who had left her a competent estate to live on, yet sees herself left by all his friends, who had quickly forgotten him. So that her whole comfort and consolation now only rested in her son *Maurice*, whom she now intends to send to the University of *Losanna* some three leagues off; where being arrived, he is committed to the care of one *Varesius* an expert scholar and an excellent Christian, who receives this his pupil courteously and kindly. But hardly hath he been three moneths there but his Vertues are eclipsed, and drowned in that swinish vice of Drunkennesse, which he makes his whole delight and study; so that the Tavern is become his study, and Ebriety the art he professeth: And the longer our student lives at *Losanna*, the worse he groweth, and spends in one Quarter what was his allowance for three, and then to furnish and maintain his lewd and vicious courses, sends to his mother insinuating letters for divers sums of money, which he getteth, but the frequency of them makes her begin to fear that he is become debauched & vicious, whereof being in fine advertis'd by the students and others, she commands him home to *Morges*, where she chides him for his prodigality and drunkennesse, which he dissemblingly takes in good part, but assures her withall, that he is falsely accused, and she mis-informed, wherewith at present satisfied, to put the better glosse on his apology, he restrains his vice, and gives a law to his irregular desires in such sort, that he seems to be even Vertue it self, yea and spends his time in hearing Sermons and Praying, which so pleaseth her, that she re-

repents of her unkindness, & acquits him of his faults; And the better to root this opinion of temperance in his mothers mind, he makes many pretences, and gets leave to go to several places adjacent, where he falls to his cups, and night and day doth nothing but drink; but at his return to his Mother, he seems so temperate, as if he could not drink more than would quench his thirst. Thus after some time, with his Mothers love and money in his purse, he returnes to *Lausanna*, and consequently to his bestial vices, wasting both his time and money in such sort, that he is compelled to re-visit his Mother with letters to draw more moneyes from her, but he is deceived, for she having received certain intelligence of his dissolute life, neglect of his learning, following drunkenness, sale of his clothes, Bed and books, and mispending his time, peremptorily refuseth his requests, exclaims against his drunkenness, which she saith, threatneth his ruine. *Maurice* now seeing himself thus abandoned by his Mother, knowes not how to live, which cruelty (as he termed it) so madded him, that he swears her death if she will not relieve his wants, and maintain him as her Son, and henceforward he is continually meditating how to effect his tragical intent, and as a spur to egge him on, for his lewd behaviour he is also expelled both out of his own Colledge and the University. Thus seeing he must either beg or starve, he leaves *Lausanna*, and goes home on foot to *Morges* to his Mother, where he hath hardly been three dayes before he makes two requests to her, one for new clothes, the other for money, the first she grants, but denies the second, which more discontents than the other pleaseth him, so that he is all in choller and re-

resumes his damnable thoughts of murthering his Mother, and consults with himself how to effect it, when after many plots, he considers there is a deep well in the outer yard near the garden, and thereinto he means to throw and drown her. And finding her one day, when her people were abroad together in the Vintage, walking in the garden with her prayer book in her hand, and seeing the well open, he counterfeyting the madman, runs to her into the garden, crying out that a neighbours child was fallen into the well, which he saw from his chamber window, which his harmless Mother believing, runs to the well, and as she looks in stooping, he tips her in, and she is drowned, and without more ado claps on the cover. This is no sooner done but he ascends her chamber, breaks open her cup-boords, trunkes and chests, takes away most of her money and Silver plate, which he privately hides for his own use, and so scattering some small matter of money, and a few clothes about the house, (to intimate as if theeves had been there) he slips out at the back door, and taking a horse out of the stable, rides to the Vineyard to his mothers people, where he sayes he hath been abroad all the morning, and was now come to pass the rest of the day with them in mirth, and with them at night returnes home: There they find the doors open, and their mistress wanting, they call her every where, but find her no where, at length the maids rush into her chamber, and finds her cup-boords, boxes, and trunks broken open, and some money and apparell strawed on the floor, whereat amazed, they cry out at the windowes that theeves had been there, and robbed the house, *Maurice* and the men-servants hearing this, come in and find as

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aforesaid, which makes all of them doubt *Christina's* absence, whereupon late at night, *Maurice* goes to the Bayliffe and other criminall Officers of *Morges*; who make a secret search in the town, and round about it, but all in vain, for now the next day is come, and nothing heard of *Christina*; they search all places again, but to no purpose, when behold one of the Servant maids, having that morning taken a nap in the chair, starts suddenly out of her sleep, and sayes that she dreamed her Mistress was cast into the well and drowned, *Maurice* like a cunning Villain desires the well may be searched; adding that it was not impossible that the theeves that robbed her, might throw her into the well, at whose requeſt the well is searched, and the hooks taking hold of her clothes, bring up the dead body, whose brains were dashed out with the fall: All are amazed, but having no other circumstances whereby to collect any thing, they conclude the theeves that robbed her threw her in there, so leave is given to *Maurice* to bury his mother, which he doth with great decency and many tears.

Assoon as *Maurice* hath buried his Mother, he returnes a fresh to his old drunkennesse, and to that swinish excess, which doth within three moneths make him sell away all his Lands, Plate and Householdstuffe, yea and after that runs into debts, which in a short time bring his creditours upon him, and they cast him into prison, where having spent all that he had, he is clapt into the Dungeon, where his misery is so extreme, that he hath hardly to sustain life. *Whitsunday* being come, he prayeth his Jailour to have the freedom of the yard, which was granted, when at night descending the stairs, his foot slips, and he falls down

and breaks the bone of his right arm in two pieces, which in fifteen dayes, for want of a Chirurgeon so putrifies, that he is enforced to have it cut off a little below the shoulder. (And this was the same hand that threw his Mother into the well) the pain whereof drove him into a phrenzy and madness, so prodigious, that his speeches were all fearfull outcries, and uncouth raving, and in this plight he remained ten dayes and nights, of which the Jailour acquaints the Common Councel, and sollicites them to remove his distracted prisoner, which they grant, and in meer pity command him from a Dungeon to a Chamber, and all conveniences thereto, yea, and send Divines to him, but his outragious cries affright and terrifie them; then they think to remove him from the prison to the Hospital, hoping thereby to recover his senses, when the under Jailour taking him by the hand to conduct him thither, he imagining that he was leading to Execution, cries out, I have drowned my Mother in the well, and God will have me to confess before he suffers you to hang me, I speak it on Earth, and by my part of Heaven it is true, and so returnes again to his mad phrenzy.

His Jailours yet lead him to the Hospital, and having left him there, report his words to the Magistrates, as also, that he was no sooner come thither, but that miraculously, he recovered his perfect memory, judgment and senses; whereupon with wonder and horrour, they accuse and arraign him upon his own words, but then he denies it with oaths and imprecations, but the Magistrates will not be so answered, but remanding him back to the prison, they adjudge him to the rack, at the sight whereof he falls to the ground

on

on his knees, and acknowledgeth that he had drowned his mother in the well, for which inhumane *Paricide*, they in the morning, condemn him to be hanged in the afternoon, where brought to the place of Execution, at his ascending the Ladder, he confesseth his crime, then praying God to forgive, and the World to pray for, him, he is by the Executioner turned over.

Let all be warned by this sad example to avoid drunkenness, which for the most part hath many crimes attending it. Let us strive to hate it in others, so shall we the better know to detest it in our selves, which that we may all know to our comforts, pray we heartily to God, and he will direct us.

The Fourth Book.

HIST. XVI.

DON JUAN and *MARSILLIA.*

The Contents.

Idiaques *causeth his Son* Don Juan *to marry* Marsillia, *and then commits Adultery and Incest with her. By her means, and for her sake, he poysoneth his own old wife* Honoria, *and makes her Brother* De Perez *to kill her chambermaid* Mathurina. Don Juan *afterwards kills* De Perez *in a Duel.* Marsillia's *brains are dasht out by a horse, and after her body is condemned to be burned,* Ideaques *is beheaded, his body burnt, and the ashes thrown into the air.*

IN the City of *Santarem* in *Portugal* there dwelt an antient Gentleman, named *Don Sebastian Ideaques*, whose wife and Lady now grown aged was called *Honoria.* Who in the time of thirty years being married, had had two sons and

and four daughters, all which, together with one of their sons, dyed in their immature youth, so as there remained one only son tearmed *Don Juan*, who for all regards of breeding and courtship, was held to be a compleat Gallant, and one of the prime Cavaliers of *Portugal*.

Some six leagues from *Santarem* dwelt a young Gentlewoman, very fair and a Widow, named *Dona Marsillia*; to this Lady old *Idiaques* (having now left the vertues of his youth to grow vicious in his age) makes his addresse by visitations and courtships; but she puts him off with peremptory refusals, and checks him for his lascivious suite: But he is as constant in his sollicitations as she in disdain; yet perceiving that he loved her tenderly, she tells him plainly and privately, that if he ever think to enjoy her love and her self, he must first cause her to be marryed to his son *Don Juan*, which effected she swears to deny him nothing. *Idiaques* wondering with admiration at this her strange propolition, knows not what to do or say therein. He goes home and consults with himself, fain he would preserve his sons honour and bed immaculate, but *Marsillia's* beauty beats down all considerations. He returns and visits her again, but she will not recede a title from her first resolve. The old Lecher, rather than loose his obscene lust, promiseth to use all means possible to procure his son to marry her: And to that end one day takes him aside, and motions the match to him. *Don Juan* liketh of it, and takes a short time to consider; which past, he rides over to St. *Etienne* to visit her, at first sight he approves and courts her, she seems wondrous coy, which makes him come on with more earnestness.

Whiles thus the father underhand, and the Son

openly ſeeks *Marſillia*. *Honoria Don Juan's* Mother, by many ſtrong reaſons ſeeks to divert him from her, yea and peremptorily forbids him to marry her upon her bleſſing, adding, that if he marry her, there will infallibly more miſeries attend their Nuptials, than as yet is poſſible for him either to know or conceive. *Don Juan* ruminates on theſe ſpeeches, and forbears for a moneth or two to viſit *Marſillia*, which makes her look askew on *Ideaques*, who inquires of his ſon whence that ſtrangeneſſe proceeds, he makes a modeſt excuſe, but totally conceals his mothers adviſe. *Marſillia* wonders, and is mad to ſee her hopes of *Don Juan* almoſt fruſtrate, ſhe asks *Ideaques* whence his ſons averſeneſs doth ariſe: He tells her he is confident that it is his old Mother who hath turned him from her, whereat enraged, ſhe ſooths him up, ſaying, *The old Beldam his wife muſt firſt be ſent to heaven, before he can hope to enjoy her, or ſhe his ſon on earth.* When ſhe profers him to viſit her, and to poyſon her, which he contradicted, and promiſeth her ſpeedily to perform it himſelf. So he provides ſtrong poyſon, and adminiſtred it to her in preſerved Barbaries, which he obſerved her to love and eat, whereof in three dayes after ſhe dies; whereat her Son *Don Juan* weeps exceedingly, but never ſuſpects, or hath the leaſt thought that ſhe is poyſoned.

Marſillia underſtanding of *Honoria's* death, is marvelouſly pleaſed, and within two moneths after her burial, *Ideaques* and ſhe deals ſo politicly, that *Don Juan* marries her, and brings her home to his lewd fathers houſe, who very often commits adultery and inceſt with her, but ſo cloſely, that for two years *Don Juan* hath no inkling thereof. But her waiting maid *Mathurina* takes exact notice

of

of this unlawful familiarity of hers with *Ideaques*. Which her mistresse understanding, extremely beats her for the same, and twice whips her naked in her Chamber, and drags her about by the hair, which cruel usage *Mathurina* taking in very ill part; to be revenged on her, she goes to *Don Juan* her young Master, and tells him of this foul businesse between his young wife and old father. *Don Juan* is grieved and amazed at this report, and scorning to be an eye witness of this his shame, and considering they had by their grievous crimes, made themselves for ever unworthy of his sight and company, very suddenly takes horse, and rids away to *Lisbone*, whence he takes post for *Spain*, and builds up his residence at the Court at *Madrid*.

Ideaques and *Marsillia* seeing this his sudden departure, which they were conscious would make apparent both their fault and shame, and knowing it could be none but *Mathurina* who had discovered this roguery to her husband, she provides herself of rods, and intends the next morne early to wreak her fierce anger and indignation upon her. *Mathurina* having notice of this the night before, takes horse, and rids home to her Fathers, and there, from point to point relates all the former passages, and publishes her Mistresses adulteries.

Marsillia advertis'd hereof, sends for her brother *De Perez*, and acquaints him of her maids treachery against her honour, protesting both her own and *Ideaques* innocency, which he believing, bids her be of good cheer, and that he will speedily take such order that her maids tongue shal not long blemish her reputation. Thus to make good his promise to his sister, *De Perez* rides over to St.

Saviours, and there by night waiting at the door, as *Mathurina* came forth in a dark night, runs her thorow the body two ſeveral times, whereof ſhe falls down dead without the ſpeaking of a word; which done, he preſently takes horſe, and poſts to *Santarem* being neither ſeen nor diſcovered.

Aſſoon as he comes thither, he informes his ſiſter what he hath done, who is infinitely glad therof, and gives him many thanks, now wholly bending her malice and revenge againſt *Don Juan* her husband, and cunningly provoaking her ſaid Brother to accompliſh it; by her policy ſhe ſo exaſperates him, that he vowes, that if he knew where he were, he would ride and fight with him, when behold (as it were to bind him to his promiſe) news of his reſidence in *Madrid* is accidentally brought him by a Servant purpoſely ſent to *Santarem* with theſe two enſuing letters, the one to his father, the other to his wife.

That to his Father ſpake thus.

Don Juan to *Ideaques*

WAs there no other woman in the whole World for you to abuſe but my Wife: If nature would not informe you that I am your ſon, yet you are my Father, and it ſhould have taught You to have been more natural to me, more honourable to the World, more reſpectful to your ſelf, and more religious to God, and not to have made your ſelf guilty of the foul crimes of adultery and inceſt with her, the leaſt whereof is ſo odious to God, and ſo deteſtable to men, that I want terms to expreſſe it. The ſhame and infamy where-

whereof hath made me leave Portugal *for* Spain, *and forſake* Santarem *to live and die in* Madrid; *and when God ſhall be ſo merciful to let You ſee, that the Winter of your age makes you fitter for your grave, than my bed, and for thy winding ſheet than my wife, You will hold my reſolution towards you to be as honourable, as this your crime to me is unnatural, which if you henceforth redeem not with repentance and tears, I fear that the divine Majeſtie of God will make you as miſerable as you have made me unfortunate.*

Don Juan.

His Letter to his Wife ſpake this Language.

Don Juan *to* Marfillia.

WHat devil poſſeſſed thy heart with luſt, and thy ſoul with impiety, to make thee break thy vow given to me in marriage, by committing thoſe damnable ſins of adulterie and inceſt with my natural father. And if the conſideration that I was thy husband, could not in grace deter thee from it, yet the remembrance that he was my Father, ſhould in nature have made both to abhor and deteſt it. The unnaturalneſs of thoſe Your crimes hath caſt ſuch a ſcandal on mine honour, that I have abandoned Portugal *and* Santarem *for thy ſake, and betaken my ſelf to live and die in* Madrid *in* Spain. *Think to what miſeries thy inordinate luſts have alreadie deſervedly expoſed thee, ſith henceforth I will no more eſteem thee my wife, and know, that God will aſſuredly look on thee with an eye of indignation, and the world of contempt.*

Don Juan.

Idia-

Ideaques and *Marſillia* having ſeverally received and read theſe letters, are ſtung in their conſciences, and curſe *Mathurina* and her memory: yet they reſolve to bear up their reputations in the World, and by the juſtification of their innocency to ſollicite his returne, and to that purpoſe write to him in the moſt plauſible manner that deviliſh hipocrites could invent, guilding over their impious adulteries with pious words; and having ſent them away, *Marſillia* ſhews the two former letters from *Don Juan* to her brother *de Perez*, who vows revenge: But *Don Juan* would not be deluded with their fair words; and that they might know his reſolution, he neglecting his Father, ſends *Marſillia* this letter.

Don Juan *to* Marſillia

THy letter hath not diminiſhed, but rather confirmed, my confidence of your beſtial crimes of adultery and inceſt, ſo that I am fully reſolved for ever to forſake my fathers houſe, and thy company, and to live and die here in Madrid: *for I prize the apology of thy innocency at ſo low a rate, that I diſdain it for thy ſake, and thy ſelf for thine own. I grieve at thy maid* Mathurina's *death, fearing that my father and thy ſelf have been the cauſe thereof, whereof if You are guiltie, You have then all the reaſons of the World to believe, that God will in the end revenge it to his glory, and puniſh it to Your confuſion.*

Don Juan.

This letter enflames his wife with malice and envy; who now again repairs to her Brother De

Perez

Perez, as to her Champion: She shewes him this last Letter, and requests his advice and help to regain her honour, either by bringing home her husband, or else removing him out of the World, that her wrongs might dye with him, and be raked up in the dust of his grave. *De Perez* prayes her to refer this business to his care, and gives her the good night.

The next morning, he takes one *Seignieur Gaspar Lopez* a valiant and intimate friend of his with him, and rides to *Madrid*, where arrived, he writes a challenge, and sealing it up, prayes De *Lopez* to deliver it, who finding *Don Juan* in his chamber gives it him, wherein contrary to his expectation he finds these lines.

De Perez *to* Don Juan.

I Have seen thy inveterate malice to thy wife, my Sister, in thy false and scandalous Letters to her; wherefore considering what she is to thee, and I to her, I hold my self bound to make her wrongs mine: To which end I have left Santarem *to find thee in* Madrid, *purposely to pray thee to meet me to morrow betwixt six and seven in the morning, at the furthest West-end of the* Prado, *with thy rapier, a confident Gentleman of thy friends, and thy Chirurgeon, without a Second, where thou shalt find me to attend thy coming, when and where I doubt not to teach* Don Juan, *what it is to cast a base aspersion, upon the lustre of his wife, my Sister, the Lady* Marsillia's *honour, whose extraction is as good as thine, and her education and vertues far more sublime & excellent. Thy generosity obligeth thee to the honourable performance hereof, and mine honour reciprocaly*

ciprocally to perform this Obligation.

De Perez.

Having received this challenge and peruſed it, with a cheerfull countenance, by *Lopez* he returnes this anſwer. *Tell* De Perez, *that God lending me life, I will to morrow break faſt with him at his own time and place appointed, and in manner deſired.*

The morning no ſooner appears, but *De Perez* with his friend *De Lopez* comes to the *Prado* on horſeback, the like doth *Don Juan* with a Gentleman named *Don Richardo De Valdona* in his Coach, who no ſooner ſee each other, but throwing off their doublets, without any complement they approach and draw, variouſly fighting, and exchanging thruſts, till at the fifth bout, *Don Juan* runs *De Perez* clean through the body, wherewith falling, he redoubles his thruſt, and nails him ſtark dead to the ground; ſo binding up his wounds, by a private way he goes home to his lodging, and the next day after cauſes the ſaid *De Perez* to be decently buried. After which *Lopez* returnes home, and from point to point relates the iſſue of the combate to *Idiaques* and *Marſillia*, adding withall that he was ſo reſerved and ſtrange, that he refuſed to write to either of them, which though they ſeemed to be grieved and troubled at, yet they ſtill continue their beaſtly ſins, as if there were no God either to ſee or puniſh them. But we ſhall ſoon ſee the contrary.

For as *Marſillia* was riding to *Coimbra* to viſit a ſick kinſwoman, as ſhe comes within a ſmall league of that town, there ſuddenly ſtarts up a hare between her horſe legs, which ſo amazed him, as coming off with all four, he throwes her to the ground, and kicking her with his hind feet

at

at her fall, strikes her in the forehead, and dasheth out her brains. Now as her foot boy wept and cryed at the death of his mistress, there fortuned to pass by two Corrigadors (or Officers of justice) of *Coimbra* in their Coach, who seeing the mournfull spectacle, they alight, and enquire who she was, whereof being informed by the foot boy, they take up the body and convey it to *Coimbra*, from whence they send to *Idiaques*, desiring him to come thither and take order for her buriall. In the mean while they secure her rings, jewells and other apparell, and search her pockets likewise for gold, in one whereof they find the last Letter which her husband *Don Juan* had written and sent her from *Madrid*, and for the reading thereof withdraw themselves to a private Chamber, whereby understanding the obscene incest and adultery of *Idiaques* with his Daughter in Law, they wonder, but when they read the clause wherein he taxeth them for *Matburina*'s death, they say little, but agree to seize on and imprison *Idiaques* assoon as he came thither. In the interim they ask the foot boy if his Lady had not a maid named *Matburina*, he tells yes, and that she was lately murthered but by whom unknown, that her Father lived at St. *Saviours*, and was called *Seignieur Pedro De Castello*: They secure the foot boy, and presently send for *Castello*; this done, *Idiaques* the same night arrives, and is seized on when he least thought thereof, and committed close prisoner. The next morning comes *Castello*, who hearing all the former passages, and *Don Juans* Letter, he believes them guilty, and craves justice on *Idiaques* for the same, so after dinner, they send for him to appear, where *Castello* accuseth him, but *Idiaques* stoutly denies it, then he

is

is put to the rack, the torments whereof he bears with a fortitude beyond his age or ſtrenth; *Caſtello* prayes eight dayes time to make good his accuſation, which is freely granted, and in two dayes time brings in a new indictment againſt him for poyſoning his Lady *Honoria*; upon this he is ſent for to appear a ſecond time, but as before, ſo now he perſeveres in his denial: He is brought to the rack, but before his torments, the Judges ſend ſome Divines to him to work upon his conſcience, which they did with ſuch effect, that he confeſſed himſelf guilty of poyſoning his own Lady *Honoria*, but altogether innocent of *Mathurina's* death, then being asked if *Marſillia* were guilty, he ſaid, true it was himſelf adminiſtred the poyſon, but *Marſillia* bought it for him, for which her dead body was that afternoon burnt at the common place of Execution, and *Idiaques* was condemned to have his head cut off, from which ſentence he appealed to *Santarem*, whither being brought, the firſt ſentence is confirmed, and an addition thereto, his body to be burnt, and his aſhes thrown into the air. Thus the next morning a Scaffold is erected at his own door, whereon he loſt his head; the reſt of the ſentence being executed, to the ſatisfaction of juſtice, and content of all the Spectatours.

HIST.

HIST. XVII.

Harcourt and Maſſerina.

The Contents.

Harcourt *ſteals away his Brother* Vimory's *wife* Maſſerina, *and keeps her in Adultery. She hires an* Italian *Mountebank to poyſon* La Precovert, *who was* Harcourts *wife.* Harcourt *kills* Vimory, *and then marries his widow.* Tivoly *hanged for a robbery, accuſeth* Maſſerina *for* Precoverts *death, for which ſhe is hanged;* Noel *accuſeth* Harcourt *for killing his Brother* Vimory, *whereof being convict, he is broken alive on a wheell.*

IN the Pariſh of St. *Simplician*, a mile from the City of *Sens* in the Dutchy of *Burgundy*, there lived an aged Gentleman, termed *Monſieur de Vimory*, who left onely two Sons behind him, the eldeſt called after his Fathers name *De Vimory*, and the youngeſt named *Harcourt*, Gentlemen both well bred and qualified.

De Vimory, within a year and a halfe after his Fathers death, being covetous of wealth, and hearing of a rich widow at *Dijon* named *Madamoyſele Maſſerina*, he earneſtly ſeeks her in marriage, from which by many ſtrong reaſons his brother *Harcourt* ſeeks to divert him: but *Vimory* deaf to his

his advice and requests, marries her, though upon these hard termes, *viz.* that he shall receive all her rents, she to put her ready money to use to whom she pleaseth, he to have one half of the interest, but the principal still to remain in her own Right, and at her own disposing.

Not long after *Harcourt* being at a great wedding, he there espies a beautiful young gentlewoman, whom he instantly affects for his wife: He enquires what she is, and finds her to be *Madamoyselle la Precoverte*, the daughter of Mounsieur *de Vaquery*. He courts the Daughter, sues to the Father, and sees both willing, when the old man tells him plainly, that his daughters vertues are her portion, that he hath no money; but hopes for some by two great suits, a good part whereof upon the recovery, he will impart to him if he will marry his daughter. *Harcourt* acquaints his brother *Vimory* herewith, and desires his advice, he assures him that *de Vaquery* of *Troyes* is but poor, and that his law-suits have as much of uncertainty as hopes. *Harcourt* extolls *La Precoverte's* beauty. *Vimory* answers, that is fading, but *Harcourt* too deeply ingaged to go back, slights his Brothers Counsell, and so marries her.

And now wholly neglecting his brother, he turns prodigal, and becomes a most lewd and debauched husband, and within the compasse of one year often quarrels with his fair and vertuous wife, to her matchless grief and calamity: She leaves no sweet advice nor courteous respects to reclaim him. But nothing will prevail, for he goes on in his vicious courses, neither caring for his health or estate, whereat she wonderfully grieves. She desires *Vimory* his brother, and

Va-

Vaquery her Father to perswade and divert him, for neither can they prevail, for he sells his lands away by peacemeal, which he hearing, storms at, and his wife weeps and laments. But he neither cares for the one, nor regards the other: yea he threatens to send his wife home to her Father, calling her beggars brat. She still grievs, but can have no redress or help, yea rather as an addition to make her miseries complete, seeing want approaching by his ill husbandry, and considering with himself how to repair his decayed fortunes, he layes aside conscience, honesty, and all fear of God, and knowing *Vimery's* wife *Masserina* to be rich and wanton, he will attempt to gain her affection from her husband, and to draw her to his own lewd and prophane lust; and so taking time at advantage, when her husband was abroad, and she in a very pleasant humour, he takes his said sister in Law *Masserina* aside, and there makes her acquainted with his lascivious suite to her. Neither doth he fail of his hopes, for she is so dishonestly prepared, as at this his very first motion she saith, she hath not the power to deny him any thing, and protests her self and her heart to be his.

Thus *Harcourt* and *Masserina* turn adulterous wretches, and delight in that their own shame and infamy, by which courses his pockets are again full, and from thence he recruits himself into new apparel, which so elevates him, that now he will not permit his virtuous wife *La Precoverte* any longer to live with him; But only with a poor little nag and a ragged footboy, he turns her out of her brother *Vimery's* house at St. *Simplician*, and thereby doth enforce her to ride home to the poor Gentleman her father, at *Troyes*, where for the present we will leave her.

Now doth *Harcourt* at his pleaſure frolick it out at *St. Simplician* with his laſcivious ſiſter in law, who are grown ſo impudently graceleſſe, that theſe their obſcene dalliances are taken notice of by *Vimory's* Servants, only himſelf thinks nothing of ſuch matters, but wonders to ſee his brothers fortunes ſo changed, and cannot imagine whence this his new mine ſhould ariſe. But long he ſhall not be to ſeek, for *Harcourt* knowing that a little would not do his buſineſſe, he reſolves at once to ſet all at ſtake, and by flying away with her to make himſelf maſter of her whole eſtate: Wherefore with much ſuperficial affection; and artificial flattery, he no ſooner breaks this motion to her, but ſhe freely gives her conſent, and to that end ſhe very ſecretly draws in all her moneys and gold, together with all her plate, rings, and jewels, and privately packing them up, they fly away together, in a morning when her Husband and Servants, are gon forth a Hawking and Hunting for all the day, without making any one acquainted therewith. The firſt place of refuge they betake themſelves to is *Geneva*, where they take two chambers and live together: Pretending as an excuſe for their ſtay, that he is heir to ſome Lands lately devolved to him near *Millain*, which he is going to ſell away, in regard himſelf and the Gentlewoman are both Proteſtants; this was a blind for ſome time, but growing ſtale, and perceiving their actions to be narrowly pryed into, he acquaints the Miniſters, and Ancients of the Church, that he intends to marry the Gentlewoman there ere he went away; they deſire a certificate, from the Church of which they ſay they are Members, that they were Proteſtants, and their marriage no way clandeſtine: Which not able to do, they agree ſuddenly

to

to remove; and that is haſtned on by an unlooked for accident. For *Noel Harcourt's* man grieved to ſee his maſter guilty of ſtealing his brothers wife, and then uſing her as his own, and knowing it could not be but diſpleaſing to God; he as a good Chriſtian; gives his Miſtreſſe *La Precoverte* notice of their abode and living, who is extremly afflicted at the news, and thinks fit to uſe means to reclaim them both to their duties: And becauſe ſhe cannot for ſeveral reaſons go to *Geneva* herſelf, with the greateſt ſecrecy ſhe can deviſe, ſhe writes to them with a religious anger, in theſe terms.

Her Letter to her Husband intimated to this effect.

La Precoverte *to* Harcourt

YOur flight, and adultery with that graceleſſe ſtrumpet Maſſerina, *is ſo diſpleaſing to God, that I wonder his divine Juſtice will permit* Geneva *to contein you without puniſhing you for it. I have examined my thoughts and actions, and cannot conceive that I have any way deſerved this ingratitude; or your brother this treacherie. And therefore fail not to certifie me, why You have undertaken this vitious courſe of life, which in the end will aſſuredly produce thy miſery, as already it hath done your infamy. And in regard that you are my Husband, and that I believe it to be the firſt fault of this nature that ever you committed: I therefore hold you more worthie of my prayers and pity, than my hatred and curſes. So if You will abandon Your debauched Siſter, and come home and live with me, I will forget, and forgive what is paſt and hence-*

forth no more remember that You have neglected and hated me.

La Precoverte.

Her Letter to *Maſſerina* was to the ſame ſence and purpoſe, though not in like words; which ſhe delivered to a truſty meſſenger, who coming to *Geneva*, firſt finds out *Noel*, and after delivers his Letters according to direction: they break up the ſeals and read them, which cutsthem to their hearts, and ſeeing themſelves diſcovered, they conclude preſently to remove, and forſake *Geneva*; but before they go, they wri e back to *La Precoverte* in theſe following terms,

Harcourt *to* Precoverte.

DO not raſhly and unjuſtly torment thy ſelf with jealouſie for my abſence, for thou ſhalt find as much joy thereof at my return, as thou now feareſt the contrary: I have vowed to accompanie my ſiter in law Maſſerina *to our Lady of* Loretto, *to which holy Lady and bleſſed Saint, her Oraſions for her husband, and mine for thee are and ſhall be as replete of pure affection and piety, as thou imagineſt they are of iniquity and prophanneſſe: True it is I committed an errour in not acquainting thee with my departure, but when I ſhall ſhortly returne to thy preſence and company, then my juſt reaſons will make thee acknowledge thy raſhneſſe in condemning me. And if thou be yet further inquiſitive, then know, that it was her devotion and my affection which gave birth to our proceedings. Therefore though I ſuppoſe that I am not bound to ask thee forgiveneſſe for the*

ſame

same, yet I allow of thy piety and prayers, and rejoyce at thy affection to welcome me home, which shall be assoon as reputation and good speed shall permit.

Harcourt.

Masserina's answer was the same, only dressed in a differing garb of phrase, which they send by *Precoverte's* own messenger, and the very day after they trusse up their baggage, and with much secrecie leave *Geneva* and go to the City of Lyons, a frontier town of *France*. At their arrival there they take chamber near the *Arsenal*, where they have not lyen fifteen dayes, but a strange accident befell them. A Gentleman of *Tholouse* called Mounsieur *De Blayes*, had five dayes before killed his elder brother *de Barry* upon a quarrel for having stollen away his brothers wife. There was a privy search made in *Lyons* for them, and *Harcourt* and *Masserina* were upon suspition taken for them, but the next day, being known not to be the parties, they were cleered, but however hotly allarumed, which so hath terrified them, that they seldom go abroad, and when they do, it is as it were disguised, masked and muffled. And here their fear still encreasing, they now begin to take evill thoughts both against *de Vimory* and *La Precoverte*: Thus *Masserina* resolves speedily to cause *Precoverte* to be poysoned: To which end, she finds out two Apothecaries, and deals with them severally to effect it, but conceals the name of both place and party; they both refuse to meddle in any such business, whereat she enquires anew, and finds one *Tivoly* an *Italian* Mountebank, who then was at the *Bathes* at *Pougges*, a mile from *Nevers*. Thither she goes,

pretending an ache in her right arm, and leaves *Harcourt* at *Lyons* till her return, only taking *Noel* with her; thus attended thither she comes, and finds *Tivoly*, breaks the matter to him, and finds him for mony tractable, so they *bargain* thus; she is to give him a hundred crownes in hand, a hundred and fifty more when the business is done, & fifty more to bear his charge in the journey; thus agreed she names to him the place, and party designed to destruction, and swearing secrecie each to other, he rides away to *Troyes*, where he proclaims his profession, and skrews himself cunningly into *De Vaquery's* acquaintance; and to shew his ability, all his language is made up of physicall termes, which makes *De Vaquery* think him learned, and by his learning fit to cure his Daughter *La Precoverte's* consumption, (which her daily grieving had brought her to) so he mentioneth it to *Tivoly*, who promiseth his best skill and art for her recovery, and the next day goes home to visit her, he feels her pulse, looks at her water, and receives thirty crownes of her Father to cure her, the next day he begins, and gives her two pills, whereof within three dayes after she suddenly dyes in her bed by night: *Tivoly* affirms it could not be helped, because her disease had turned all her blood into water and the like, with which perswasions *De Vaquery's* understanding deluded, he buries his Daughter.

Three dayes after, *Tivoly* leaves *Troyes* and goes to *Nevers*, tells *Masserina* what he had done, receives the rest of his money, and swearing secrecie again, they part.

Precoverte thus gone, she aims next to remove *Vimory* her husband out of the way, so sending for

for *Harcourt* to come to her to *Nevers*, ſhe minds to ſtay there, and within three weeks receives the newes of *Precoverte's* death, themſelves having been at leaſt a year together in travel ſince their flight. And *Vimory* by order of juſtice, ſeizeth upon *Harcourts* lands that were left, and gathers the rents to his own uſe, which ſo vexeth our two adulterous Devils, that they poſitively vow his death: After ſeveral conſultations held between them concerning the manner, *Harcourt* thinks none ſo fit to be employed as his own man *Noel*, and offers him two hundred crownes in money, and fourty more of yearly penſion during his life, if he will piſtol his Brother *Vimory* to death, as he is walking in the fields; but *Noel* is too honeſt a man for ſuch works, neither will purchaſe gold at ſo dear a rate, which makes *Harcourt* angry, but ſwearing him not to ſpake of this propoſition, for the preſent all is huſht. Hereupon to approach nearer *Sens*, He and *Maſſerina* leave *Nevers*, and by ſmall journeyes by night, come to *Maſcon*; and there he reſolves to ride over to *Sens*, and with his own hand to piſtol his brother *Vimory*, and if his bullets fail, his ſword ſhall perform the reſt. To which purpoſe, with a diſguiſed beard and a poor ſuit of apparel, he comes to St. *Simplician*; and waiting at the end of a wood, where he knew his Brother uſed to come to walk, he perſonating a begging Souldier, (eſpying him) with his hat in his hand goes to him, and requeſteth an almes: Which *Vimory* taking out his purſe to beſtow on him, he drawes back, and taking his piſtol out of his ſleeve, he lets fly at him, and with two bullets ſhoots him to the heart, that he preſently fell dead to the ground; ſo going to his horſe, which he had tyed hard by (out of ſight) he gallops

away with all ſpeed to *Maſcon*, where at the relation *Maſſerina* and himſelf both rejoyce at their acted villanies.

About to hours after this murther is known at St. *Simplician*, and in a little diſperſed all over *Burgundy*, and the murtherers narrowly ſought after, but in vain, for they keep private yet a while, but about two moneths after, *Harcourt* arrives at *Sens*, and goes to St. *Simplician*, which with his Brothers whole Eſtate was devolved to him by his death without iſſue, and here his hypocritical ſorrow for his Brother, makes him ſeem to be innocent, for himſelf and ſervants are all in blacks. A moneth after he ſends for *Maſſerina*, (who carry themſelves ſo ſtrangely each to other, as if they had never been together, during their abſence) and ſhe likewiſe mourns for the death of her husband but finding themſelves ſlighted by their neighbours, to take off their ſcandal, they agree to marry, but no Prieſt will perform it without a diſpenſation, which with money and ſtrong friends, within three moneths they procure from *Rome*, and ſo are ſpeedily married, where to their pleaſures for a while we muſt leave them, and ſpeak of *Tivoly*.

This helliſh Mountebank, repairing to the great fair of *Sens*, and there profeſſing his Empery to a rich Goldſmiths wife named *De Boys*, the third day he ſtole a caſket of jewels and rings from him out of a cup-boord, valued at four thouſand crownes, and upon the robbery fled, hoping to eſcape, but *De Boys* makes a ſpeedy and curious ſearch for the thief, whom he could not yet diſcover, when hearing of this Empericks flight, he preſenty ſuſpects, in perſon perſues, and within four leagues of *Maſcon* apprehends him, and finds

ma-

many but not all his jewels, ſo he is brought to *Sens* and impriſoned, and upon examination freely confeſſeth the robbery, for which his Judges condemn him to be hanged the very next day. And ſo the next morning is (according to the ſentence) brought to execution, where on the ladder he doth (ſorrowful) confeſs, that he had formerly poyſoned *La Precoverte*, *De Vaqueries* Daughter of *Troyes*, hired thereto by the Lady *Maſſerina*, as in the ſtory is before ſet out; and having thus done, he is hanged for the robbery, and his body afterwards burnt for murthering *La Precoverte*.

Now before his body was fully burnt, *Maſſerina* and *Harcourt* are apprehended and taken priſoners in their own houſe, without any fear of danger, but *Maſſerina* underſtanding her accuſation to proceed from *Tivoly*, who at his excution had confeſſed it, ſhe ſees her ſelf to be a dead woman, yet reſolves to try the uttermoſt for her juſtification. *Harcourt* is grievouſly perplexed for his wife *Maſſerina*, and promiſeth to give all he hath to ſave her life, and ſhe returnes, that nothing ſhall extort a word from her to the prejudice of his life or ſafety, ſo are they ſeparated, and put in priſon. *Maſſerina* is firſt arraigned by the Judges, where ſhe ſtands upon her innocency, they condemn her to the rack, at the ſight whereof ſhe confeſſeth her ſelf to be the authour of poyſoning *La Precoverte* as *Tivoly* was the actour thereof, when being asked whether her husband *Harcourt* were not acceſſary, ſhe with much conſtancy cleers him of that, and conceals the murthering of his Brother: So for this fact of hers ſhe is condemned to be hanged the next morning, where ſhe is brought to the place of her execution very early, that few were preſent at her death, and again

cleering

cleering her Husband *Harcourt*, ſhe is turned over.

Harcourt hereupon is diſcharged, and acquitted by his Judges, and ſo returnes home to St. *Simplician*, where within two or three moneths he caſts off his mourning, and flaunts it in brave apparel, which is taken notice of, and now begins to ſeek a third wife, but he ſhall be deceived; for honeſt *Noel* being ſuddenly taken extreme ſick of a peſtilent fever, in his own Fathers houſe, who dwelt at a place called St. *Lazare*, where his ſickneſs increaſing without hope of recovery, he prayes his Father to ride over to *Sens*, and pray ſome of the Judges to come over to him, for that he hath a great ſecret to reveal to them on his death bed. The Father rides thither, and brings two Judges to his ſons bedſide, to whome he relates, that his Maſter *Harcourt* would (heretofore) have hired him to piſtol his brother *Vimory* to death, but he refuſed it, but knowing the ſaid *Mounſieur Vimory* to be ſince murthered, he believes that it is either his Maſter, or ſome for him that had done it.

Hereupon the Judges preſently ſend and apprehend *Harcourt* and bring him to *Sens*, where the next morning he is arraigned, and charged with piſtoling his brother *Vimory* to death: he ſtrongly denies it; they adjudge him to the fiery torment of the Scorpions, which he endures, and ſtill denies. His Judges ſtill continuing in their belief, put him to the rack, whoſe torments extort and draw him to confeſſe, that it was he that piſtoled his brother *Vimory* (as is before ſaid) for which unnatural fact he is condemned, the next afternoon to be broken alive on the wheel, at the publick place of execution: whither the next day being brought, and

and mounted on the Scaffold, he confesseth himself guilty of his brother *Vimory's* death, for which he asked God forgiveneſſe; and praying the ſpectatours to pray for him, he willingly ſuffers the Executioner to faſten his legs and armes upon the Wheel, and ſo with the iron bar is quickly broken.

May we read this Hiſtory to Gods glory, and as often meditate thereon, to our own particular reformation and inſtruction.

HIST. XVIII.

PLANEZE and *FELISANNA.*

The Contents.

Romeo (Borlary's *Lackey*) *kills* Radegonda, Feliſanna's *Chambermaid in the* Street, *and is hanged for the ſame.* Borlary *hireth* Caſtruchio *an Apothecarie to poyſon her Husband Planeze, for which* Caſtruchio *is hanged, and his body thrown into the River, and* Borlary *is beheaded, and then burnt.*

IN *Verona* a City of *Italy* ſometime dwelt an aged Gentleman a Widower named *Seignieur Fabritius Miniata,* who was rich in Lands, but far more wealthy in money, having one only child

child a daughter called *Dona Felisanna*, a most lovely and sweet creature, about eighteen years of age, whose excellent vertues and singular perfections added to her beauty, proves powerful lures to draw the affections of many noble Gentlemen, among whom *Seignieur Thomas Planeze* of *Mantua*, stood in best possibility to bear away her affection and her self, though *Seignieur Juan de Borlary* stood a strong competitour with him. *Felisanna* did soly approve of *Planeze*, but her Father likes *Borlary*; and to that end bids his daughter to concur in her affection with him, and withall assures *Borlary* that he shall have his daughter: who hereupon grows bold and courts her, she denies him, he attempts her chambermaid *Radegonda* to sollicite in his behalf, (but he shall find that labour lost;) and to that end bribes her with gold and gifts, and also by her sends to *Felisanna* divers curious rich presents, and two letters, which he prayes her to deliver them, which she faithfully promiseth, but intends nothing less, for she keeps them to her self, and gives the letters to his Rival *Planeze*. Which fallacy *Borlary* having notice of, takes so unkindly at *Radegonda's* hands, that one afternoon in his choler, he sends for her to a friends house of his, where ascending a chamber, and bolting the door on the inside to him, he chargeth her of her ingrateful treachery, and extorting the truth from her with threats, he in meer revenge to her self, and disdain to her Mistress, pulls off her head attire, and cuts away all her hair, and throws it into the fire: Poor *Radegonda* is all in tears at this disgraceful accident received of *Borlary*. But *Felisanna* is enraged much more, for this malicious and ignoble fact so exasperates her, as she makes her lover *Planeze* acquain-

quainted therewith. *Planeze* wonders at the indignity, and offers his perſon and ſword to revenge the quarrel, which *Feliſanna* thanks him for, but will by no means ſuffer him to engage, but prayes him wholly to leave the deſiding thereof to her own diſcretion.

Borlary hearing of this, and *Planezes* forwardneſs to fight with him, therefore becauſe he will not be outbraved, and to prevent his inſulting: He the next morning by his Lackey *Romeo* ſends him this challenge.

Borlary *to* Planeze.

IN regard thou couldeſt not content thy ſelf to bereave me of the Lady Feliſanna, *whoſe ſweet beauty & vertues are by far more dear to me than my life, but thou liewiſe makeſt it thy trophy and glory to offer her the ſacrifice of my death, only for the trivial reſpect of her chambermaids hair. Therefore, becauſe thou makeſt ſo ſmal an eſteem of my life, my reputation invites, and mine honour conjures me to ſee what care thou wilt have for the defence and preſervation of thine own. To which end I pray thee to meet me to morrow (betwixt five and ſix in the afternoon) with thy ſingle Rapier without Seconds, in the firſt meadow without the* Vinſenza *Gate of the City, where I will attend thy arrival with much zeal and impatiency. Thou art noble enough to be ſo generous, and I generous enough to try if thou wilt appear, and approve thy ſelf ſo noble.*

Borlary.

The Lady *Feliſanna* knowing *Romeo* to be *Borlary's* Lackey, and ſeeing him to deliver a Letter

to

to her Lover *Planeze*. Doubting it was a challenge, she asks what the Letter sayes, he tells her 'tis only a desire to meet him in the *Dome*, and so going to write his answer, *Felisanna* boyling with revenge against *Borlary*, slips into the Garden, and sends for *Borlary's* Lackey, when having three of her grooms ready, she causeth them there by violence to cut off his ear, saing to him, *Tell thy Master, that I have caused thine ear to be cut off, to requite the affront he offered in cutting off* Radegonda *my chambermaids hair.*

Planeze in the meanwhile having read *Borlary's* challenge, accepts it, and in his answer promiseth him to meet and perform it, but finding *Romeo* raging and weeping, when enquiring and being informed of the accident aforesaid, he tells the Lackey, and bids him informe his Master that he *is no way accessarie to this his disgrace, and vows he is innocent thereof, the which he would have signified in writing, but that his letter was sealed before*: So giving him some crowns to wash down his anger sends him away.

Romeo goes away, saies little, but he swears revenge, so coming to his Master, he delivers *Planeze's* answer, and tells him of his disgrace, wholly done by the Lady *Felisanna*, and as he believes *Planeze* wholly ignorant thereof.

The two Duellists are by this time come into the field, and fight both valiantly and nobly, when in the heat therof, the Earl of *Lucerne* by chance riding by, chanced to espy and see them, and very honourably runs to them and parts them, offering to mediate their differences, but finding it not feasible, he contents himself to see them safe in the City, and so leaves them; as we also must do to speak of *Romeo*

This

This Lackey enraged with malice for the loſſe of his ear, ſwears revenge againſt *Radegonda*, when waiting many nights for her, at laſt in a dark night he found her, and ſlew her with his rapier, giving her four ſeveral wounds, and thereupon fled through the ſtreets; where the people flocking together upon report of the murther, he took the River of *Addice*, either thinking to ſwim over, or hide himſelf in ſome of the Milboats, but being diſcovered, and ſuſpected by the ſentinel of the Caſtle, they ſend out a boat and take him, ſo he is for that night ſent to priſon, and the next morning accuſed for *Radegonda's* murder, which he freely confeſſeth, and for the ſame is preſently condemned to be hanged, and after dinner is diſpatched and executed, where leave we him to be buried, and come to ſpeak of his Maſter *Borlary*, who endeavoured by all means to prevent *Planeze* and *Feliſanna's* marriage, but to no purpoſe; for the daughter with importunity and tears, hath gained her fathers conſent, and they are ſolemnly maried in *Verona*, with great pomp and bra ery.

But *Borlary* ſtill continues his ſuite, and with letters tempts and ſollicites *Feliſanna* to folly, which having with indignation reproved, but finding him ſtill obſtinate, ſhe acquaints her huſband therewith, who is infinitely pleaſed with his wives managing of this buſineſſe, and extols her vertue and chaſtity highly, but withall is extremely incenſed againſt *Borlary*; thus reſolving to right both himſelf and his wife on *Borlary*, he will fight with him. To which end he ſends him this challenge,

Planeze

Planeze to Borlary.

THy crime is so foul and so apparent, in seeking to distain my honour, in that of my wives chastity, as nothing but thy life is capable to expiate it. Wherefore, if thou have as much courage as thou wantest grace, bring thy self, thy rapier, and thy Chirurgeon with thee to morrow at six a clock in the morning, in the City ditch, without the outer gate, which looks towards Brescia, *and there my self and Chirurgeon (the bearer hereof) will silently and honourably wait for thee: And if thy obscene heart yet retein any spark of generosity, thou wilt perform this my request, and excuse my resolution herein, sith it is wholly derived from thy lasciviousness, and receives life and birth from thy treachery.*

Planeze.

Borlary receives this challenge, and blames *Felisanna* for her folly, but at last, after a turn or two in his garden, he courteously returnes this answer. *Tell* Seignieur Planeze *from me, that I will not fail to meet him to morrow morning according to his request and expectation.*

The next morning *Planeze* is early up, (under pretence of other business) and goes to the City ditch, where shortly after *Borlary* likewise enters, so after a short complement they draw off from words to blowes, where, after several wounds given and taken on both sides, at last *Planeze* (warding a thrust which *Borlary* made at him) whips up his heels, and with the fall *Borlary* breaks his own rapier, which sight so daunted him that he begs his life of *Planeze*, which he nobly grants him: first, making him swear never thenceforth to attempt any

any thing againſt the honour of his wife, ſo muffling their faces in their cloaks, they houſe themſelves as ſecretly, and aſſoon as they can, dreſs their wounds, and at night return to their houſes.

Borlary having loſt ſo much blood for his affection to *Feliſanna*, and reaped nothing but diſdain, is not a little vexed; but when he hears, that he is made the laughter of *Verona* for his cowardly begging his life of *Planeze*, he is then pierced to the very heart, and therefore to refetch his loſt honour, he ingratefully reſolves to deprive *Planeze* of his life, which formerly (as ye heard) he had given to him, and ſo concludes either to murther him, or cauſe him to be murthered, and upon conſult within himſelf, thinks no agent ſo fit as *Caſtruchio*, *Planeze*'s own Apothecary, to effect it. Nor fails he in his thought, for no ſooner doth he proffer him three hundred Duckatoons, to poyſon *Planeze*, but he accepts and engageth to finiſh it. Now the ſpring approaching, when *Planeze* is accuſtomed to take phyſick, *Caſtruchio* is ſent for, who firſt purgeth, then bleedeth, and afterward artificially perſwades him to take a vomit, whereto he eaſily conſents; ſo he adminiſtreth it, having infuſed poyſon thereinto, whereof within ſix dayes he dyes: *Caſtruchio* demands his wages, which is paid faithfully to him.

But *Feliſanna*, (not dreaming either of poyſon or *Borlary*) is ready to weep her ſelf to death, neither can her Father, Kinsfolkes or friends poſſibly comfort her; yea her grief makes her ſo pale and wan, as ſhe is no longer *Feliſanna*, but only her Anatomy,

Return we now to *Caſtruchio*; whoſe vicious life in his riots had conſumed his Eſtate, *Borlary* his

money, which one would have thought might have redeemed him, rather makes him worse, so that now he is clapt into prison for debt, and his shop seized on. Whereby he in short time is reduced to extreme beggery, and all his friends utterly forsake him; only *Dorilla*, (a filthy old baud of his) sometimes her self comes, but oftener sends her son *Bernardo* to him, who goes of his errands to his friends for money, but returning empty handed, he at last thinks on *Borlary*, whom he thinks engaged to relieve him; to him he sends and he (though very covetous) yet affords him some relief, but short of *Castruchio*'s expectation: Which makes him send often, wherewith *Borlary* wearied, resolves neither to see or speak with *Bernardo*; who thereupon refuseth any more to go to him. Thus being destitute, and ready to starve, he sends for *Dorilla*, causing her to be told, that if she will but deliver a Letter from him to a friend, he shall have money enough; this brings the old baud, by whom (having written this angry Letter) he sends it to *Borlary*.

Castruchio *to* Borlary.

THou knowest that, for three hundred Duckatoons, which thou gavest me, I poysoned Seignieur Planeze *in a vomit, and wilt thou be so hard hearted to suffer me to dye in prison, for want of twenty Duckatoons. I am made of the same flesh and blood as thou art, and though my fortunes be so low, yet such is my heart, that I give thee to understand, I will rather chuse to be hanged than starved. Wherefore since my Tragedy will prove thine, if thou mean to prevent it, fail not speedily to send me the said twenty Duckatoons by this*

this bearer Dorilla; *in performing me this courteſie, thou ſhalt tye my heart and ſoul to ſilence, elſe not. Amidſt thy wealth remember my poverty, which if thou forget, God hath reſerved me to make thee know, thou doſt not uſe but abuſe it, and therein thy ſelf.*

Caſtruchio.

Dorilla takes this Letter and puts it in her purſe, with promiſe to deliver it ſafely; but meeting with ſome of her Goſſips in the ſtreet, they go to a Tavern, and drink away the day; but at laſt parting company, as ſhe goes reeling home, ſhe remembers *Caſtruchio*'s Letter, and her promiſe to deliver it, but to whom ſhe hath quite forgotten; yet remembring the Letter was in her purſe, ſhe takes it into her hand, and ſeeing a young Lady in mourning attire, ſtanding at a door and no body near her, ſhe reacheth the Letter, and deſires her to tell the Gentlemans name to whom it is directed, (which Lady was our *Feliſanna*) ſhe reading the ſuperſcription to be to *Borlary*, asked from whom it came, *Dorilla* tells her, from one *Caſtruchio* an Apothecary who lay in priſon: At which name, *Feliſanna's* heart panted, whereupon praying *Dorilla* to come in, under pretence to get it read, ſhe leaves her in the hall, and herſelf goes into the next room, where opening the Letter, at firſt ſight ſhe finds her husband poyſoned and by whom, which drives her into ſuch an agony, as makes her ready to fall down dead with grief; at which inſtant *Miniata* her Father coming in demands the cauſe of her grief: She ſhewes him the letter, which having peruſed, and asking who brought it, ſhe tells him a drunken woman, who was in the hall: They both go to her and

find her faſt aſleep, *Miniata* wakes her, and askes from whom ſhe had that letter, ſhe anſwers as before: Whereupon, leaving *Dorilla* in guard with his Daughter and others, he in his Coach drives to the State houſe, where finding the Magiſtrates, he ſhewes them the Letter; they return with him to his houſe, where they examine firſt *Feliſanna*, then *Dorilla*, who is conſtant to her firſt words; whereat the Magiſtrates ſend their Officers to take *Borlary*, go to their *Forum* and convent *Caſtruchio*, who at the firſt news of his accuſation curſeth *Dorilla*, and confeſſeth all as is aforeſaid. By this time *Borlary* is taken and brought, who likewiſe acknowledges all as before is related, where they are both condemned, *Borlary* to have his head cut off, and his body burnt, and *Caſtruchio* to be hanged, and his body to be thrown into the river *Addice*; the which the next morning was executed accordingly. Pray we that we may read this Hiſtory with fear, and as religious Chriſtians remember theſe lamentable murthers with horrour and deteſtation.

HIST.

HIST. XIX.

CHAMPIGNY & BLANCHEVILLE.

The Contents.

Beaumarays *and his brother* Montagne *kill* Champigny *and* Marin *(his ſecond) in a Duel.* Blancheville *(the widow of* Champigny*) in revenge thereof, hireth* Le Valley *(Servant to* Beaumarays, *to murther his ſaid maſter with a piſtol; which he doth, for the which* Le Valley *is broken on the wheel, and* Blancheville *hanged for the ſame.*

IN the fair City of *Chartres* of late years, there reſided two rich and brave Gentlemen, the one named *Mounſieur De Champigny*, and the other *Mounſieur De Beaumarays*: In the ſame place, alſo dwelt at the ſame time, a rich Counſellour termed *Mounſieur De Roſaire*, who had one only fair young Daughter called *Madamoyſelle De Blancheville*, to whom at one time both theſe Gentlemen *Champigny* and *Beaumarays* are importunate ſuters, and paſſionate Rivals to marry her, which cauſed great emulation between them.

But after a whole years progreſs, *Beaumarays* deſtined for the willow garland, *Champigny* to the general content of all parties, he marries her, whereat *Beaumarays* being mad with choler, ſhortly after being at ſupper with five or ſix Gentlemen, where mention was made of *Blancheville*; he forgot himſelf ſo far as to let fall theſe raſh words, that ſhe was more diſdainfull than chaſt. This undeſerved ſcandal falls not to the ground; for *Mounſieur Marin* tells theſe words to *Blancheville*, whereat ſhe is very highly exaſperated: And to heighten the difference, their happens a quarrel between her husband and *Beaumarays* about precedency of ſeats in the Church; which *Blancheville* brings no water to quench, but rather oyle to inflame it, though ſhe ſee them already entered into a deep proceſs of law, wherein for two years time they vehemently conteſt: At the end of which time the Preſidial Court of *Chartres*, pronounce ſentence in favour of *Beaumarays*, adjudging him the precedency, and condemning *Champigny* in five hundred crownes charge and damage to him. This ſentence vexeth *Champigny* and his wife to the heart, ſo that they cannot ſee him but with malice and envy; *Blancheville* precipitates her Husband to revenge, and the more ſtrongly to incite him thereto, ſhe tells him of *Beaumarays* ſcandalous ſpeeches againſt her honour, whereat *Champigny* is ſo incenſed, that caſting all reaſon aſide, he preſently finds out *Marin*, who confirmes as much to him; then praying him to be his ſecond, and *Marin* granting, the next morning by ſeven, by his footman he ſends this challenge,

Champigny.

Champigny to Beaumarays.

AS thy knowledge is judge, so Mounsieur Marin is witnesse, what base and ignoble speeches thou hast vomited forth against the honour and chastity of my Wife. And because crimes of this nature are odious to men, and no way to be tollerated by a friend, much lesse to be suffered by a husband: Therefore thank thy self, if thy follie cause my valour to invite thee and thy Second to meet me and mine, with your Swords on horseback, on Thursday next betwixt six and seven in the morning, without the North-hedge of the very first Vineyard beyond the river: Where you shall find me will attend you, and comparing the equity of my cause, to the injustice of thine, it makes me fully confident, that the issue of the Duel will prove glorious to me, and shameful and ruinous to thy self.

Champigny.

Perou delivers it to *Beaumarays*, when having read it, disdaining to be outbraved by any man in point of honour, he by his footman, returns him this answer,

Beaumarays to Champigny.

AS I will not make my self judge, so I desire not to be witnesse, either of thy wives chastitie or unchastity. Marin shall have time enough to repent his treachery to me, and thou to change thy folly into judgment: But because I see thy choler, now exceeds the bounds of reason, for that thou art so inconsiderately audacious, to

seek and preserve thy wives honour with the loss of mine: know therefore that, to cherish and maintain it equallie with my life, I cheerfullie accept thy challenge, & do hereby give thee to understand, that I with my Second, will at the time and place appointed, meet thee and thine on horseback; where we doubt not but to acquit our selves, as our selves, and to make thee and thine acknowledge, that our swords are composed of a good temper, and our hearts of a better, and consequentlie, that You may perchance meet with Your Superiours, as well in valour, as in bleod and extraction.

Beaumarays,

Having sent away these lines, he takes his younger brother *Mont.* for his second: So tuesday morning being come, our Champions come into the field, and casting off their doublets and drawing their swords, first encounter *Beaumarays* and *Champigny*, and at the third meeting *Champigny's* horse stumbling, *Beamauray's* runs him through the body to the heart, wherewithhe falls from his horse dead to the ground only uttering these words, Beaumarays, *I forgive thee my death, & God be merciful to my soul.* No sooner is this first fight over, but *Montagne* and *Marin* engage in a second, in which after several wounds given and taken, *Montague* runs *Marin* through the body a little below the Navel, of which wound he fell presently to the ground stark dead; when for the safety of their lives, they hast away to *Caen* through *Normandie*, and so cross the Seas into *England*, where they resolve to stay till their pardons are obteined; where we must leave them and come to *Chartres*, where Blanchevile receives the news of her husbands untimely death,

death, with infinite ſorrow and tears, and thinks of nothing but revenge againſt *Beaumarays*, yea ſo implacable in her malice towards him, that converting her corn and wine all into money, ſhe goes to *Paris* and there of the King and Parliament both, demands juſtice againſt him, and when ſhe cannot get her will, ſhe ſpends five hundred crowns to have him hanged in *effigie*. Thus having ſpent a great deal of time and more money, ſhe goes home and vows, that if ever he returne to *Chartres* ſhe will be ſharply revenged on him.

At length, by the conſtant ſollicitations of the Marqueſſe of *Bellary* and the Biſhop of *Chartres* (their noble friends) who take the King one day in a good humour, and dealing effectually with him, with many ſtrong and prevailing reaſons, the King freely gives them their pardon under his great ſeal, which they alſo get confirmed by the Court of Parliament: Whereupon the Marqueſſe and Biſhop ſpeedily write to them, and ſend over their pardons, which are delivered to them by the then French Kings ordinary Ambaſſadour at *London*; & they receive the ſame with honour, content and joy. So they ſpeedily pack up their baggage, and leaving *London*, poſt to *Paris*, where arrived, they give thanks to the Marqueſſe and Biſhop, for their great care and love in their abſence, and by them are preſented to the King, and kiſs his hand, and ſhortly after returne to *Chartres*, where they are joyfully welcomed by all the Gentry and Nobility of thoſe parts. Only *Blancheville* remains firm in her reſolution, that by one means or other ſhe will ſhortly murther him. And to help her forward in this deviliſh intent, ſhe underſtands that *Le Valley* (who is ſervant to *Beaumarays*) is in love with her maid *Martha*, which ſhe takes

to

to work her revenge by, ſo ſends for *Le Valley* and talkes with him about the ſame, and gives him hopes that he ſhall mary her maid, but tells him he muſt let his Maſter know nothing thereof, which he promiſeth: Thus when he is gone, ſhe calls *Martha*, and engages her never to mary *Le Valley* without her conſent; whereto ſhe agrees.

Le Valley ſhortly after comes to *Martha* to know if ſhe will mary him; ſhe tells him ſhe will, ſo he firſt get her Miſtreſſes conſent; hereupon he applies himſelf to *Blancheville*, who takes him into her cloſet, and there aſſures him that he ſhall never mary her maid unleſs he firſt ſwear to perform a ſecret buſineſs for her: He ſwears to performe it be what it will; then ſhe tells him, that if he will either by poyſon, ponyard or piſtol, murther his Maſter *Beaumarays*, he ſhall not only mary her maid, but ſhe will alſo give him three hundred crowns, one half in hand, and the other when he had performed it. *Le Valley* is amazed hereat, and denies poſitively to do it; but his Maſter having heard (that albeit he had forbidden him to go near *Blancheville's* houſe) he had been there the day before, calls him, and gives him five or ſix boxes on the ear for his diſobedience; which ſo incenſed our amorous youth, that it bred bad blood in him, for from that time *Le Valley* never ſaw his Maſter but with hatred and deteſtation. So without farther delay, the ſame night he goes to *Blancheville's* houſe; and telling her what had happened, aſſures her alſo that he will murther him within three or four dayes, if ſhe will make good her former promiſe: She ſtrikes while the Iron is hot, gives him a hundred and fifty crowns in hand; So conſulting on the manner, they agree

agree to do it by piſtol; and part for that time.

Le Valley the next day gets his Maſters pocket piſtol, and chargeth it with a brace of bullets, watching his oportunity; when the third day after *Montagne* going out to Hawk and Hunt, takes moſt of the ſervants with him, and leaves only *Le Valley* to attend on his Maſter; who being in his Chamber and *Le Valley* with him, *Beaumarays* bids him tie up his points behind, which he fingering with his left hand, draws the piſtol out of his pocket with his right, and ſhoots him into the back oppoſite to his heart, where he fell down preſently dead to the ground. Which done, he puts the piſtol into his dead Maſters hand, layes the chamber-door key upon the table, and ſhuts the door (having a ſtrong ſpring lock) after him, then taking a horſe to ride, a Hauk on his fiſt, & a Spaniel at his heels, he gallops to find out *Montagne*, to whom he relates that his maſter had ſent him to him with one of his beſt hauks.

They Hawk all day together, where *Le Valley* is very officious, and towards night they all return home to *Chartres*. *Montagne* asks for his Brother, the ſervants anſwer they have not ſeen him to day; he for the preſent reſts ſatisfied; but ſupper being ready and the cloth laid, he ſends *Le Valley* to his chamber, who returnes with this anſwer, *his Maſter is not there, for his chamber door is ſhut*. *Montagne* marveils at his abſence, ſo do the ſervants; he ſends up and down to ſeek him, but cannot hear of him: In the mean while *Le Valley* (under pretence of ſeeking him) goes to *Blancheville*, and tells her the whole paſſage; whereat ſhe rejoyceth, ſo giving *Martha* a kiſs or two, he diſpeeds himſelf home.

No

No notice being gotten all this while of *Beaumarays*, his brother *Montagne* begins to doubt the worſt. He again goes up to his chamber with Le *Valley* and others, who call and knok aloud at his door, but having no anſwer; the door is bid to be forced open but cannot; thereupon *Montagne* ſends one of his Lackeys with a torch to look in at the window by a ladder, the Lackey forceth open the caſement, and putting in the torch, paſſionately cryeth out, that his maſter hath murth ered himſelf with his piſtol, and lies there dead o n the floor. *Montague* at this news tares his hair for grief, and bids the boy tare down the caſement and go in and unlock the door: Which done, they all go up and enter the Chamber, where they ſee the mournful ſpectacle, at which ſight *Montagne* ſends for the Kings Atturny and the Fiſcal to ſee the body, and upon veiw of the ſame, they all agree that *Beaumarays* had kill'd himſelf with his little piſtol. So *Montagne* provides for his funeral, and he is buryed with the great lamentation of all the City. Which being paſt, *Le Valley* ſecretly goes to *Blancheville*, and receives the reſt of his money, together with a *Diamond* ring, and within a moneth after maries him to *Martha* her maid, according to her promiſe.

Montagne deſirous to find out his brothers murtherers; after many trialls, is as it were directed by the finger of God to ſuſpect Le *Valley*, and chiefly becauſe he had ſo ſoon maried *Blancheville's* maid, and then by obſerving Le *Valley's* diamond Ring, which he believed Le *Valley* had ſtollen from his dead Maſter; whereupon he challenged it by order of Law, when to clear himſelf, Le *Valley* was enforced to tell that the L. *Blancheville* had given it him in mariage with his wife, her

her maid. Which confeſſion made *Montagne* more jealous of ſome foul dealing, and that is again ſtrengthened by obſerving, that that day two moneths that *Beaumarays* was killed; *Le Valley's* right hand did Gangren, and to ſave his life, was by advice, cut off.

Montagne conſidering hereof, confidently believes it was that hand which piſtold his brother. Whereupon he goes to the Seneſhal, and Kings Arturney, and accuſeth *Le Valley* for murthering his brother. The Judges thereupon cauſe him to be apprehended, and impriſoned, and charge him with the ſaid murther; but he denies it with many fearful imprecations: *He* is put to the rack, the torments whereof extort from him this confeſſion, *that it was he that killed his Maſter* Beaumarays, *with a piſtol charged with a brace of bullets, and hired to effect it, by* Blancheville *for three hundred crowns in gold, and a diamond ring.* The Judges as alſo *Montagne* prayſe God for this his confeſſion, and ſpeedily ſend their Officers to apprehend *Blancheville*, who ſeize on her in her own houſe, in the midſt of her mirth and friends, and bring her into the Court, where ſhe is charged to be the Authour of *Beaumarays* death; ſhe conſtantly denies it, *Le Valley* is confronted, her ring and ſome of the gold produced, yet ſhe ſtill forſwears it; at which ſhe is judged to the rack, and at the firſt touch cries out, that ſhe was the authour of that murther, and in all points agrees to *Le Valley's* accuſation. They ask if *Martha* be not acceſſary, but ſhe is cleered by both; when the Judges immediately condemn *Le Valley*, the next day to be broken alive on the wheel, and *Blancheville* then likewiſe to be hanged, which two ſentences were the next morning at ten a cloack

at

at the Common place of Execution in *Chartres*, performed on them, to the praise and glory of Gods justice, who suffers not such crimes to go unpunished.

HIST. XX.

LORENZO and *FERMIA*.

The Contents.

Lorenzo *murthereth his wife* Fermia; *twentie Years after* (*unknown*) *robbeth his* (*and her*) *son* Thomaso, *who likewise* (*not knowing* Lorenzo *to be his Father*) *doth accuse him for that robberie, for which he is hanged.*

IN the City of *Genoua* in *Italie*, near the *Arsenal* upon the Key, of late Years there dwelt a proper young man named *Lorenzo*, by trade a Baker; and keeping both his Oven and Shop for himself, his industry was such, that he thrived exceedingly, and became one of the prime Bakers of the City.

This *Lorenzo* going one day to *Savona*, twenty miles distant from *Genoua*, he there saw and fell in love with a rich Vintners Daughter, her Father named *Juan Baptista Moron*, and she *Fermia Moron*, a lovely and beautiful maiden and withall ex-

exceedingly vertuous and religious, who was sought in mariage by many, but she can fancy none but *Lorenzo*. Who therefore seeks her in mariage, whereto she consents, so as he obtain's her fathers good wil.

Lorenzo having thus won the Daughter, now makes it his care to draw her Father to consent thereunto; but *Moron* is averse, and will not by any means hear thereof, or hearken thereto: Yet still *Lorenzo* persevers in his suit, and joyntly with *Fermia* requeſt his consent; but he proudly and disdainfully refuseth, & swears he will die, before he will permit him to mary his daughter. At which answer grieved, *Lorenzo* goes home to *Genoua*, and *Fermia* remaineth at *Savona* with her Father: Who now thinks to provide her another husband (to prevent her marying *Lorenzo*) and gives her choice of two, but she utterly refuseth both; whereat old *Moron* is mad, and threatens to disinherit her.

Three years are now past since our young couple first saw each other, and since *Lorenzo* first asked *Morons* consent, and still seeing it vain, he thinks it now high time to lay close seige to *Fermia*, that she would consent and yield to marry him (notwithstanding her Fathers refusall) telling her, that though he had not a Duckatoon in marriage with her, yet that God had given him Estate enough to maintain her in prosperous Estate: By which sweet words, she is at last drawn to forsake, and fly both from her Father and her house. Thus agreed, *Lorenzo* hires a boat, whereof having notice, at midnight she goes out at the garden door, and so to the boat; in which they safely arrive at *Genoua* early the next morning, where they are presently in secret married.

Mo-

Moron missing his Daughter rageth extremly, as doubting that *Lorenzo* had stollen her; whereof making secret inquiry at *Genoua*, and being ascertained thereof, he passionately swears that they shall never enjoy one penny of his Estate, neither will ever hereafter see them. Ten dayes after their mariage, *Lorenzo* thinks good to ride over to *Savona* to *Moron*, and with his best respects and duty to labour with him for a reconciliation; so thither he goes, with intent to visit *Moron*, but he will not be seen, nay bolts himself into his chamber, and chargeth his Servants to deny him to be within, for that he is resolved neither to see nor speak with him: *Lorenzo* goes away, and anon comes again, but still he is denyed by the Servants, he returnes to his Inn and goes to bed, and rising early in the morning hasts to *Morons* house, but receives the same answer as the day before; whereat very angry, he takes horse and rides to *Genoua*, where arrived he fully and truly relates to his wife what entertaiment he had at her Fathers; whereat she laments and grieves wondrously, but he comforts her with good words, and indeed is very kind to her. Thus they live very providently, and manage their trade to their best advantage, both of them being very diligent and saving. Thus six moneths are past, and they never hear one word from *Moron*, which makes *Lorenzo* pray his wife to go to her Father her self. *Fermia* accepts of the journey, and comes to *Savona*, but look what entertainment her husband found from her Father, the same in all respects doth she receive and no otherwise; nay he causeth his doors to be shut against her. *Fermia* extremely perplexed at this unkindness of her Father, weeps bitterly, and gets her Aunt and

and her Fathers own ghostly Father, to perswade him in her behalf. But finding all fruitless and to no effect, she returnes home to *Genoua* to her husband, where she punctually relates to him her Fathers unnaturall discourtesie towards her; which vexeth *Lorenzo* to the heart, but he dissembleth his discontent, which is aggravated by being known to his neighbours, because they flout at him and geer him in all companies. This makes him now begin to look askew on his wife, and he begins to turn ill husband and slight her, yea, and to neglect himself and his profession, and follow lewd and evil company, spending and consuming his estate with Whores and Strumpets, which at length reduce him to great poverty & want: For the relieving whereof she sends to *Moron* her Father, and acquaints him with her calamities, praying his assistance to relieve her poverty, but he is so hard hearted, as he will neither relieve her wants, nor pity her affliction; whereby her condition is grown so miserable, that she is ready even to despair; now in the midst of all her griefs and miseries, God sends her a fair young Son, whom causing to be christened in a very poor manner, he is named *Thomaso*, and is forced to beg all necessary things of her neighbours to keep him clean and sweet; whose charity to her proves far greater than her husbands, for he makes it his practice to revile and beat her, yea, and is so wretchedly vitious, that he will not think of being better, neither is there any hopes of amendment; for if she work (as she did at her needle very hard) and thereby get a little money to keep her self and little Son from starving, her wicked husband presently tares it from her; so that not knowing what to do, or which way to turn herself to keep and maintain her Son, she re-

reſolves to write to her Father to take him home to him to *Savona* and maintain him, which ſhe doth by this her enſuing letter.

Fermia *to* Moron.

MY Husbands vices do ſo increaſe my wants and miſeries, that I have not cloathes, nor food left to maintain my ſelf, or my poor little Son Thomaſo, *nor ſcarce to give us life; and conſidering that I am your Daughter, methinks both in nature and Chriſtianity, that my Father ſhould not ſee me driven to theſe bitter extremities without relieving me, eſpecially ſith my ſighes beg it of you with humility for charities ſake, and my tears with ſorrow for Gods ſake; and if your heart will not yet relent into compaſſion towards me, at leaſt let it towards my poor and pretty young child, whom with prayers and tears I now beſeech you to take from me and maintain: God will requite ſuch your charity to him, and thereby I ſhall the ſooner forget your unnatural cruelty to my ſelf, and ſo may you live in as much proſperity, as I fear I ſhall ſhortly dye in extreme want and miſery.*

Fermia.

Her Father receives this Letter, but is not moved any whit therewith to compaſſionate her, only he pities her poor child *Thomaſo*, and to let her know ſo much, ſends her this anſwer.

Moron *to* Fermia

I See thou art obſtinate in diſobeying my commands with thy letters, wherein I believe tho

thou takeſt more glory, than I conceive grief at the relation of thy wants, which I am ſo far from relieving, as I only pity it that I am thy Father; and yet becauſe thy young Son Thomaſo *is as innocent as thou art guilty of my diſpleaſure, therefore give him to this bearer, whom I have purpoſely ſent to receive him of thee, and I will ſee whether it be the pleaſure of God that I ſhall be as happy in him as I am unfortunate in thy ſelf, which if it prove ſo, then give God the only praiſe and glory, which is the beſt uſe and requital which thou canſt make: or I deſire,*

Moron.

Fermia having received and read this letter, though ſhe grieve at her Fathers obdurate heart to her ſelf, yet ſhe is joyfull of his kindneſs to her Son, whom ſhe gives to her Fathers meſſenger, to whoſe affection and education, next under Gods protection, ſhe religiouſly recommends him: But his Father *Lorenzo* will not ſo much as kiſs him at parting, which unkindneſs he will hereafter live to puniſh.

Fermia having thus ſent away her Son, the ſame night dreams in her bed ſhe ſhall never ſee him again; whereat being awaked, ſhe bitterly weeps, but the Father rejoyceth, for he ſtill growes worſe and worſe, ſo that her life is a meer burthen to her: five years hath ſhe lived in this miſery, having no conſolation, but in her prayers and patience, but inſteed of mending, *Lorenzo* growes more lewd, yea, he growes weary of his poor, yet virtuous, wife, thinking if ſhe were dead, he might get another which ſhould enrich him; therefore he reſolves to murther her, the which to perform, he on a great holy day takes her with him to

walk to a Vineyard out of the City, pretending to recreate themselves, which poor *Fermia* taking for a kindness, goes; he lyes down on the ground and feigns to sleep, she layes her self by him and sleeps soundly, which he observing, softly riseth up and cuts her throat, not suffering her to cry or speak one word, so leaving her, he goes home to *Genoua* by a contrary way, to take away all suspition.

The very same night her murthered body is found by some of the City, who by chance walked that way; they cause the body to be brought to *Genoua*, where it is known to be *Fermia*, *Lorenzo's* wife; he is sent for, and seems to be much troubled at her untimely death, and requests the Criminal Officers to search for the murtherers, which they do, but to no purpose; so *Lorenzo* gives her a poor and obscure burial, and so with few tears caused by her Father taking little notice, her Son not capable of sorrow in regard of his few years, and her husbands want of grace, she is laid into her grave.

Lorenzo now sells all his wives clothes to buy himself some, and seeks many maids and widows in mariage, but is refused and scorned by all; so that utterly despairing to raise himself at home, he enrolls himself a *Bandetti*, and for many years practiseth that thievish profession.

Old *Moron* trains up his Grandchild vertuously and industriously, so that he becomes excellent in limning, graving and imagery, and then chooses to be a Goldsmith, and proves a singular workman in his trade. His Grandfather tenders him dearly, & intends to make him his heir, but *Thomaso* desires to travel, and to see other Countreys and Cities, and particularly *Rome*, to which pur-

purpose finding a ship in *Savona* road, bound for *Civita Vestrin*, he secretly packs up his baggage, and embarques therein, where stering he goes to *Hostia*, and so to *Rome*, where he becomes a singular ingenious Goldsmith, and expert workman, thriving so well, that he resolves to set up his abode there.

Four and twenty years are now past since *Lorenzo* left *Genova* and turned *Baudetti*, of which profession weary at last, he goes to *Florence*, and there again sets up his trade of a Baker, intending there to settle and mary, but it happens otherwise For the Cardinal of *Medices*, going to *Rome* to receive his hat, and meaning to enter *Rome*, and continue there with great stare and magnificence; he takes into his house double Officers and Servants, to whom he gives rich and costly Liveries, and among others our *Lorenzo* is chosen for one of his Bakers in that Journey; where in *Rome* he flaunts it out gallantly, and is more debauched and prodigal than any other of the Cardinals servants. So that at last growing bare both of money and credit, he resolves (to recruit himself) to steal some pieces of plate out of a young Goldsmiths shop in *Rome*, with whom he was acquainted. From him he steals two fair rich guilded Chalices, and a curious small gold Crucifix set with a few saphyrs and emeralds, all amounting to the value of 450. Duckatoons.

The young Goldsmith amazed at his loss, knows not whom to suspect or accuse for this robbery, but *Lorenzo* the Cardinal of *Florence his* baker, whom he saw often to frequent his shop: Whereupon, well knowing that he lay not at the Cardinals Palace, but in a Taylours house adjoining; he with an Officer searched his Chamber and

Trunck, where he found one of his Chalices, but nothing else, but *Lorenzo* at this time being abroad, he looks for and finds him, where he is straight committed to prison, and accused to the Captain and Judges of *Rome*: who upon the evidence of the things partly found, and his own confession, condemn him to be Hanged the very next day.

The next morning he is brought to his death, at the common place of execution at the bridge foot, neer the Castle of St. *Angelo*; where upon the ladder he confesseth his robbery, and that his name was *Andrea Lorenzo*; and that about three or four and twenty years ago he had murthered his wife *Fermia Moron* in a Vineyard near *Genova*. The which the young Goldsmith, whose name was *Thomaso Lorenzi*, hearing burst into tears, and cryes, out that this man on the ladder is his own Father, and that *Fermia Moron* was his own mother, and therefore desired the Executioner to forbear for a while, which he does, when at his descent from the ladder, *Thomaso* throwes himself at his feet, & freely offers all his estate to save his Fathers life, but it is refused; so the next day he is hanged, having first freely forgiven his son, and asked forgiveness of him for his mother.

As for *Thomaso* the goldsmith, after this infamous death of his Father, would no longer live in *Rome*, but returned to *Savona* to his Grandfather *Moron*, who received him with many demonstrations of joy and affection, and after his death made him sole heir to all his estate and wealth.

The

The Fifth Book.

HIST. XXI.

STRENI and his three *Daughters.*

The Contents.

Baptiſtina *and* Amarantha *poyſon their eldeſt ſiſter* Jaquinta; *after which* Amarantha *cauſeth her ſervants* Bernardo *and* Pierya *to ſtifle* Baptiſtina *in her bed;* Bernardo *flying breaks his neck;* Pierya *is hanged, ſo is* Amarantha, *and her body burnt;* Bernardo's *buryed body is digged out of the grave, hanged to the gallows by thee feet, then burnt and the aſhes ſcattered in the air.*

IN the rich and fair City of *Florence*, near the Church of the *Dominican Friers*, there dwelt not long ſince, an antient vertuous and generous Cavalier, named *Seignieur Leonardo Streni*, who by his deceaſed Lady *Alcidina*, had three proper young Ladies to his daughters, known by their ſeveral names, *Jaquinta*, *Baptiſtina*, and *Ama-*

Amarantha, whoſe ages now having made them all mariageable, the Fathers care begins to look out and provide fit husbands for them, anſwerable to their rank and degree. Neither needs he to ſeek far, for his own wealth joyned with his daughters beauties, draw many noble Gentlemen to his houſe to ſee and ſerve them. Of whom, though *Jaquinta* be the eldeſt, yet *Baptiſtina* and *Amarantha* are more ſought and courted. But the father reſolving to mary the eldeſt daughter firſt, when any Gentlemen came to his houſe, ſhe only is to be ſeen, but the two other are mewd, and faſt locked up in a chamber.

They vex hereat, but to little purpoſe, for *Jaquinta* (thus armed with her Fathers love and authority) grows extremely proud and imperious, which makes her cauſe her ſiſters not only to be mewd up as aforeſaid, but alſo to be meer ſlaves and vaſſals to her will; for obſerving them to be beloved of all ſuiters, and her ſelf of none, ſecretly undermines them, and prevails with her father ſo far, as he ſuddenly ſends them away by Coach to his Country houſe of *Cardura*, near *Piſtoca*, there to be privately ſhut up from all converſe, under the charge of an old illfavoured beldam, named *Dona Malevola*.

Baptiſtina and *Amarantha* are infinitely grieved at this their reſtraint; they try all means for a redreſſe thereof, they get friends to mediate, themſelves by letters ſollicite their own cauſe, they leave no Saint unimplored, nor any invention untryed, but find all in vain, for their Governeſſe *Malevola* looks to them ſo ſtrictly, that they may neither ſee or be ſeen of any ſtranger whatſoever. Theſe diſcourteous uſages make them grow cholerick. They pity the weakneſſe of their fathers judg-

judgment in ſuffering himſelf to be ſo carried away by their Siſters politick malice, and begin to gather ill blood at her unkindneſſe; which they vow to requite with revenge. Thus weary of their ſiſters hard uſage, they at one time begin both to deſire and plot her death; In which wicked reſolution *Baptiſtina* is the more forward, and to draw on *Amarantha*, lets fall ſome words tending that way, whereto ſhe was ſoon drawn to conſent: And plotting the manner how, and in what manner to make *Jaquinta* away; at laſt they conclude on poyſon, and caſting lots who ſhould adminiſter it, it fell to *Baptiſtina* to do it: So becauſe they will perpetrate their murther in *Florence*, by their ſervant *Bernardo*, they ſecretly hire a Coach for four *Duckatoons*, the next night to carry them away privately from *Cardura*; and the more eaſily to perfect their eſcape, they corrupt the Gardiner to let them have the Key of the garden Poſtern gate; thus prepared, their Governeſſe is no ſooner in bed & aſleep, but *Bern.* knocks at her chamber door, at which token they deſcend the ſtairs to the garden, & thence through the Poſtern to the coach, wherein ſeating themſelves, they leave *Cardura*, and the next day between nine and ten a clock arrive at their fathers houſe at *Florence*, which makes the old man wonder, but their ſiſter inwardly vex; but after ſome chiding frownes, and ſharp reproofs, they remain at *Florence* for the preſent, and after a day or two paſt over, ſuch was the diſſimulation of all the Siſters each to other, as it ſeemed they could not be better friends, nor kinder Siſters than now they were, ſo cunningly could they conceal their different intentions.

But

But when *Jaquinta* again perceives the gallants of *Florence* afresh to repair to her Fathers house to court her sisters, and still to neglect her self, her malice then revives, so as she secretly tampers with her Father, either to return them again to *Cardura*, or else to espouse them to a Nunnery. This is not so secretly born between the Father and sister, but that *Baptistina* and *Amarantha* have notice thereof, and begin to countermine them: Wherefore resolving now to put into action what they had as yet but talked off, *Amarantha* buyes the poyson, and *Baptistina* administreth it to *Jaquinta* in a lemmon posset, (which they observed her often in the summer to drink) whereof within ten dayes she dyed; so as now they enjoy their own wishes at *Florence*, in their Fathers house, without controul.

Six weeks are scarce past since *Jaquinta*'s deplorable death, but a sudden languishing sickness o'retaketh and surpriseth *Baptistina*, which made her beauty fade, for now she hath gotten the Jaundise: This decay in her, makes *Amarantha* seem far more amiable, so as all the gallants of *Florence* which come to seek *Streni* his Daughters in marriage, prefer *Amarantha* before *Baptistina*; who sees it with grief and vexation, but strives to hide it, both from her Father and sister *Baptistina*, now in this wane of her beauty, being also the eldest Daughter, growes imperious, and will not suffer her younger to be her mate; and envies to see so many Gentlemen court her sister in the way of marriage, but none her self. Discontented hereat, she growes malicious, and could find in her heart to send her after *Jaquinta*: but the Devil was not powerfull enough to draw her to commit a second murther, yet she means to imitate the

the actions of her dead ſiſter *Jaquinta*, towards her living one *Amarantha*, and that way to wreak her malice and revenge on her; to which end ſhe cloſely and under hand deals with her Father, that ſhe be again ſent away to *Cardura* under the guard of *Malevola*, the which ſhe effectually and briefly obteineth of him, ſo thither ſhe is once again confined and baniſhed.

Amarantha is exceedingly incenſed againſt her ſiſter *Baptiſtina* for this her diſcourteous dealing with her, yea and makes the ſame apparent to her governeſs, both in her looks, ſpeeches and actions, and by all wayes and means poſſible endeavours to reverſe her confinement, but finds all experiments fruitleſs, becauſe her father is inexorable.

Now it is to be underſtood, that *Baptiſtina* hath a Chamber-maid named *Pierya*, who was rich in beauty, though not in Eſtate; this maid having heretofore ſometimes for ſome trifling reſpects incurred her Ladies anger, by chance at this time breaks a fair Looking-glaſs of hers, for which ſhe not only beats her, but drags her by the hair about her chamber, and there again and again, kicks her with her foot: *Pierya* too ſenſible of this diſgrace, privately packs up her apparel, leaves *Florence*, and flies to *Cardura*, and ſo reſolves to live and dye with *Amarantha*, drawn thereto chiefly, as was believed, by her affection to *Bernardo* who waited on her, for it was known that *Pierya* loved him paſſionately, and had employed many friends towards him, yet he was ſtill averſe. And theſe paſſages were not unknown to *Amarantha*, who welcomes *Pierya* and entertains her with much courteſie: *Baptiſtina* underſtanding hereof, makes ſtrong means to bring her back to her. But *Pierya*

is

is deaf to all these requests of her late Lady; which makes *Amarantha* very glad, for she thinks her a fit instrument to use in her revenge against her sister *Baptistina*, not doubting but to make *Bernardo* close with her; and her reason for this opinion was, that love and money may easily act wonders in the hearts of those who desire the one, and want the other, and knowing this inherent in them, she is resolute to propose it to them: So taking time at advantage, she first tells *Pierya* that her desire is to have her sister *Baptistina* stifled in her bed, and promiseth to gain *Bernardo* to be her husband, and to give them wherewith to maintain them when maried, if she will consent with him to undertake and perform her request. These promises, especially that of *Bernardo* so prevail, as she consents, so swearing her to secrecie, within a day or two after, she boords her servant *Bernardo* upon the same business, and promiseth him, if he will perform it, to give him an hundred and fifty Duckatoons, yearly Annuity during his life, that he shall mary *Pierya*, and that her self will be a continuall friend unto them; whereto without any rubs he also consents; so taking him to her closet and sending for *Pierya*, she contracts them together, and so swearing secrecie to each other, they part. But the next, our *Bernardo* and *Pierya* desire they may be maried before they accomplish the business, but *Amarantha* will not hear of that, so they agree to stay till the work be over, so as she will give him her promised Annuity written and signed with her own hand; which because she cannot well refuse, she then and there doth in these ensuing terms.

In

IN *consideration that my Servant* Bernardo *do espouse, and take to his wife my Chamber-maid* Pierya, *I do promise, that (after the consummation thereof) upon my fidelity and honour, I will yearly give and pay unto the said* Bernardo, *or his Assigns, during all the term of his life, the full and entire sum of one hundred and fifty Duckatoons of* Florence *money, and in witness and testimony of this truth, I hereunto subscribe my name.*

Amarantha.

And now things thus in a readiness, to facilitate the design, as it were on purpose, *Baptistina* sends to *Malevola* to deal effectually and secretly with *Pierya*, for her return to *Florence* to her service; whereto there needs not many reasons to draw her, for she agrees to the motion, goes to *Florence*, is re-entertained by her mistress with love and gifts.

Fifteen dayes after (according to appointment) *Bernardo* arrived by night at *Streni* his house in *Florence*, and at one of the clock after midnight, finds the little garden door open, and *Pierya* there waiting to receive him, she leads him to the outer door of her Lady *Baptistina's* chamber, and having two pillowes ready, gives one to *Bernardo*, and keeps the other to her self; so putting off their shoes, they softly enter the chamber, and with their pillowes stifle her soundly sleeping and snoring, and thrust a handkerchief into her mouth.

The Tragedy thus finished, away they go by the way as they came, where *Bernardo* taking his horse, with a multitude of kisses they part, he promising to return within a moneth and marry her.

Thus

Thus *Bernardo* galloping through the ſtreets, his horſe ſtumbles and fals with him to the ground, whereof he brake his neck, and preſently dyed: All that night *Bernardo's* dead body lay in the ſtreet, ,unеſpyed of any mortal eye, but the morning once appearing, it was found, and judged to be by the fall off a horſe, becauſe they found a Horſe ſtragling without his Rider near him.

The body is preſently expoſed to the Criminal Judges, who forthwith cauſe his pockets to be ſearched, where they find the before nominated promiſe of a yearly annuity, and thereupon they confidently believe this dead man to be *Bernardo Amarantha's* ſervant, and therefore think fit to acquaint *Streni* herewith But the news was before the Judges meſſengers, which ſo amazed *Pierya*, that ſhe preſently flyes out of doors, and betakes her ſelf to the leaſt frequented, and moſt remote ſtreet of the City. By this time the Officers are come to *Streni's* houſe, and ſhew him the paper, who ſaith it is his daughters own hand, whereupon they ask for *Aramantha* and her maid *Pierya*, he tells the firſt is at his Mannour of *Cardura*, but the ſecond now in the houſe ſerving his eldeſt daughter *Baptiſtina*; they demand to ſee her, but being ſought cannot be found no where; they go to *Baptiſtina's* Chamber, but finds the door ſhut, and no body to anſwer: Theſe circumſtances encreaſing their fear and ſuſpition, they cauſe the door to be forced open, where then they find the Lady *Baptiſtina* dead, and almoſt cold, in her bed, and upon view judge her to be ſtifled.

Hereupon the Judges ſuppoſing dead *Bernardo*, as alſo *Pierya* and *Amarantha* all to have a hand in *Baptiſtina's* death, confirmed alſo in that belief, by

by *Pierya's* flight, they cause a quick search to be made with such speed, that within three houres she is found at a poor Aunts House of hers, who was a Landresse, named *Eleanora Fracasa*.

The Judges advertised hereof, convent her before them, and by vertue of that paper of the annuity, charge both her and her lover *Bernardo* to be actours, and *Amarantha* at least accessary, if not authour of *Baptistina's* death. At first she stoutly denies all, but she is committed to prison, and so forthwith to the rack; at the sight whereof her courage so abated, that she confessed that she and *Bernardo* had stifled the Lady *Baptistina* in her bed; but constantly affirmed that *Amarantha* was innocent. So the Judges condemn her to be hanged for the same, but first they send her back to prison, and very early the next morning, secretly send away three of their Officers to fetch *Amarantha* to *Florence*, confident of her guilt in the death of her Sister.

Amarantha not dreaming of any of the aforesaid passages, was looking out of a window for *Bernardo's* coming, where about ten a clock before dinner, she sees three men enter the house, apparelled like *Florentines*, whereat she wonders, but by this time they are brought to her, to whom they report, that her Father had sent them to conduct her speedily to *Florence*; where the policy of the Sergeants is so prevalent, that they speedily pack up their trunks, so dine, and then take Coach and horse for *Florence*; where arrived, instead of carrying her to her fathers house, they clap her up close prisoner in the Common Goal of that City, and then send her Governesse to tell her father thereof.

Aramantha thus imprisonned is debarred to speak

ſpeak with any, or any with her, and the next morning is ſent for before her Judges to a private examination; where they ask her all the circumſtances concerning *Baptiſtina's* death, but ſhe denies all: They politickly tell *Aramantha*, that in regard of her youth & beauty, & of her fathers age and nobility, they deſire & intend to ſave her, and therefore pray her to confeſſe the truth, not that they want proofs ſufficient, for having cauſed *Pierya* to be executed for the ſame that morning, ſhe confeſſed it to them at her death, yea and dyed thereon. At which ſpeeches *Amarantha* wholly vanquiſhed, falls on her knees, and acknowledges her ſelf to be the prime authour of her Siſter *Baptiſtina's* murther, and ſo they adjudge her to be hanged the next day, at the common place of execution in company of *Pierya*.

The next morning about ten a clock they are brought to the deſtined place of execution, where *Pierya* firſt mounting the ladder, confeſſed again her crime, and ſo with ſome idle expreſſions of her love to *Bernardo*, was turned over. Next on the ſame ladder appears *Aramantha*, and there did confeſs, that ſhe had not only cauſed her ſiſter *Baptiſtina* to be ſtifled in her bed by *Benardo* and *Pierya*, but alſo, that her ſelf and her ſaid ſiſter had formerly poyſoned their Elder ſiſter *Jaquinta*, and ſo conjured the Executioner to do his office, which he did; which done, by a ſecond ſentence her body is after dinner burnt to aſhes for the firſt.

The ſame Judges cauſed alſo *Benardo's* body for two whole dayes to be hanged by his feet in his ſhirt on the ſame Gallows, and then to be caſt in the river *Arno*.

And thus was the deſerved ends and condigne puniſh-

puniſhments of theſe wretched and execrable murthers, and in this manner did the juſt revenge, and ſacred juſtice of God, meet and triumph over them and their bloody crimes.

HIST. XXII.

Monfredo and *Cecilliana.*

The Contents.

Martino *poyſoneth his brother* Pedro, *and murthereth* Monfredo *in the ſtreet: He afterwards growes mad, and in confeſſion reveals both theſe his murthers to Father* Thomas *his ghoſtly Father: Who afterwards dying, reveals it by his Letter to* Cecilliana, *widow to* Monfredo, *and ſiſter to* Pedro *and* Martino; *hath firſt his right hand cut off, and there is hanged for the ſame.*

IN the ancient City of *Burgos*, in the Province of old *Caſtile*, in *Spain*, there lately dwelt a noble and rich old Gentlewoman termed *Dona Catherina Antunez*, who had by her deceaſed Husband *Don Roderigo De Ricaldo*, two Sons

Don Pedro and *Don Martino*, and one Daughter called *Don Cecilliana*; to this young Lady a young gallant named *Don Balthazer De Monfredo* bears a ſingular affection, and both publickly and privately proclaims her to be his miſtreſs, and himſelf her ſervant; and if he affect and deſire *Cecilliana* for his wife, no leſs doth ſhe *Monfredo* for a husband.

Cecilliana (her mother being ſickly) takes frequent liberty in her Coach to viſit the fragrant fields; thither comes *Monfredo*, where leaping from his Coach into hers, they at firſt familiarly kiſs and confer, and in few of theſe meetings they agree to be man and wife: So he gives her a rich Diamond ring, and ſhe reciprocally returnes him a preſent of Gold bracelets in token of mariage, but conclude to bear it ſecretly from all the World for a time, and that a moneth after, and not before he ſhall ſeek her publickly in mariage.

So when the moneth is paſt, *Monfredo* very fairly ſeeks her of her mother in mariage, and likewiſe acquaints her two brothers with his affection to their ſiſter; and with his beſt art and eloquence endeavours to gain their conſents thereunto. As for her mother, ſhe abſolutely denies to beſtow her Daughter on him, nay, forbids him her company, and conjures him to forbear her houſe; telling him that ſhe hath already engaged her promiſe to *Don Alonſo Delrio*, that he ſhall mary her, yet he again and again ſollicites her conſent, but ſees it is loſt labour, for her anſwer is ſtill one and the ſame. As to her brother *Don Pedro*, he finds him well affected to their love, contemning *Delrio*, and promiſing *Monfredo* his beſt aſſiſtance towards his mo-

mother for the effecting of their desires. But her younger brother *Don Martino* is of a contrary humour, and tells him plainly, that *Delrio* must and shall mary his sister, and none but he. As for *Cecilliana* her self, she slights *Delrio*, and let her mother say what she will, *Delrio* what he can, and her brother *Martino* what he dare, yet they shall see, that she will be wife to none but *Monfredo*, and that either He or Her grave shall be her Husband.

The mother seeing her daughter persevere in her averness, relates it to her son *Don Martino*, who neither loving his brother, or sister; incenseth his mother against her, saying, *it would be furr better to mary her to a Nunnery than a beggar*; to which the mother inclines, and so resolves to give her daughter to God and the Church. But *Don Pedro* notwithstanding all their secrecy, hath perfect intelligence thereof, and means to prevent them; to which end, he sends for *Delrio*, to the *Cordeliers* Church, and there relates to him his friendship, which forceth him to inform him, that it is but lost labour to seek his sister *Cecilliana*, she (to his knowledg) being already firmly contracted to *Monfredo*: *Delrio* thanks *Don Pedro* for his love, and vowes to him, that he will henceforth no more desire or seek his sister in mariage. *Don Martino* understanding *Delrio's* falling off from his sister to proceed from *Don Pedro*, is extremely in choler; whereupon the two brothers fall at contention, and many bitter words pass between them; which tongue combat, redounding to *Don Pedro's* glory, and *Martino's* shame, is so mad that not daring publick, he vows a private revenge, and so resolves to murther him, but first goes to his Mother and informes her that it is his brother which hath beat-

off *Delrio* from ſeeking his ſiſter in mariage, and ſo again perſwades Her to put *Cecilliana* into a Nunnery, which the mother promiſeth to effect ſhortly.

Don Pedro in the meanwhile tells his ſiſter *Cecilliana* and her Lover *Monfredo* all theſe paſſages, which they hear with laughter as being reſolute to prevent them; ſo renewing their vowes each to other before *Don Pedro*, leaving the progreſſe of their affection to God, they for that time part.

In the interim *Dona Catherina* the mother, and *Martino* the younger brother endeavour by meſſages, letters and promiſes, to reclaim *Delrio* to proſecute his ſuit to *Cecilliana*; but his aſſurance to *Don Pedro* ſticks ſo cloſe to him, that all means prove ineffectual, yea underſtanding ſome clandeſtine deſign to be in hand againſt *Cecilliana* and her *Monfredo*, he thinks fit ro ſignifie firſt his intention of not further urging his ſuite, and then to give notice of that which might be attempted againſt their contents: Which he doth in this manner.

Delrio *to* Cecilliana.

BEing *heretofore informed by our brother* Don Pedro, *of your dear affection to* Monfredo, *and of your conſtant reſolution to make him your Husband, I held my ſelf bound to ſurceaſe my ſuite to you, and no more to ſtrive to make impoſſibilities poſſible, in perſevering to ſeek you in mariage whom I ſee another muſt obtain and injoy. And to the end you may perceive my former affection, ſhall ſtill ſhine to you in my future reſpect; I cannot conceal what may prejudice you: Know then*

that

that your mother and brother Martino *have ſome irregular deſign in contemplation, againſt your content and tranquility; which howſoever they ſeem to ſhadow with falſe colours, making Religion their pretext, yet you will (if you prevent it not) find in the end that their malice to your lover* Monfredo *is the true and only cauſe thereof. Be cautious and wary therefore, and then doubt not but that your affections and fortunes will at laſt ſucceed according to your merits and expectation.* Delrio.

This noble reſpect of *Delrio* in giving over his ſuite to her, and his honeſt courteſy expreſſed in his reſpectful Letter, they very highly applaud and approve, eſpecially *Cecilliana*, who knoweth not how to receive it with gratitude ſufficient, but at the preſent return him infinite thanks by his own meſſenger. Which done, *Monfredo* by her conſent and the advice of *Don Pedro*, thinks fit once again to try *Catherina's* reſolution, whether ſhe will give her conſent or no: To this effect *Don Monfredo* takes his Coach and goes directly to the houſe, ſends up his name and deſires to kiſſe her hand; but ſhe ſends him a peremptory denyal, and commands him to depart, and ever hereafter to forbear her houſe. *Don Martino* laughs at this humour of his mother, but *Monfredo* knowing *Don Pedro* and *Cecilliana* to be in their coach raking the air, drives thither towards them, and pleaſantly relates his entertainment, whereat they all laugh as expecting no other.

But the next morning, the Lady *Catharina* ſends for her daughter *Cecilliana* into the garden to her, where ſhe begins to rail at *Monfredo*, urging to her his poverty, which ſhe ſaith will ruine her;

but *Cecilliana* not able to digeſt it, anſwers, *That it is vain for her to diſparage* Monfredo, *or attempt to draw her affection from him*: and therefore prayes her to love him for her ſake. Her mother weeps to ſee her thus obſtinate, and reſolves to mew her up and betake her to a *Nunnery*; and therefore calming her looks, ſhe tells her, that in regard ſhe will not conſent to mary *Delrio*, and her ſelf reſolved againſt *Monfredo*, that therefore ſhe ſhall be wife to neither, but ſhe will eſpouſe her to God & his holy Church: But *Cecilliana* declares her diſlike to be made a Nun with many reaſons, vowing ſhe had rather beg with *Monfredo*; ſo making a low reverence ſhe departs, and leaves her mother alone in the Garden, who ſhortly after returning to her chamber, tells her ſon *Martino* the whole conference: *Cecilliana* doth the like to her brother *Don Pedro*, and *Monfredo*, who bid her be of good courage; and the better to prevent in time, what otherwiſe they may repent, they agree, that ſhe ſhall be ſtollen away by *Monfredo* by night, and that *Don Pedro* ſhall aſſiſt to make the eſcape, ſo they part. But *Cecilliana* is no ſooner in her chamber, but it is made her priſon, and *Martino* her Jailer, She weeps at this cruelty of her Mother and brother; *Don Pedro* and *Monfredo* conſult how to remedy this evill, and can find no better expedient, than that *Cecilliana* ſhall make her mother believe, that having changed her mind, ſhe is reſolved to leave *Monfredo*, and to live and die in a Nunnery. According herennto *Cecilliana* acts her part well; which makes her mother rejoyce at her converſion, ſo a ſet day is appointed for her entrance. Which day now drawing near, the Lady *Abbeſſe* is dealt with, her Cell provided, her Nuns apparel made, and all her chief friends and kindred

dred invited to a ſolemn feaſt, to celebrate our new holy ſiſters mariage to God and the Church: Whiles the mother and *Martino* are thus buſied, *Don Pedro* and *Monfredo* reſolve the very night before her entrance, to ſteal her away; whereof notice being given to her, ſhe packs up all her Jewels and bracelets in a ſmall casket, and with her ſaid brother *Don Pedro*, about midnight goes forth of her chamber, ſo through the garden to a poſterne, where *Monfredo* waited for her with his coach and ſix excellent horſes; whereinto entering they ſpeedily drive away to *Valdebelle*, a Mannour Houſe of his ſome eight Leaugs from *Burgos*.

Don Pedro lyes the next morning long a bed the better to colour out his ignorance of his ſiſters flight; but his mother is early up, & ſends her waiting woman to her daughter to apparel her, to ſee ſome ladies who were come to take their leave of her; *Felicia* the chambermaid returnes and ſaith, *that the chamber-door is ſhut, whereat ſhe hath knocked and called, but can get no anſwer.* *Martino* and his mother go thither, force open the door, and find the neſt, but the bird is flown; hereat they both rage and ſtorm, but chiefly *Martino*, who ſaith, *that he dare ingage his life that his brother is acceſſary to her flight, and gone with her*; So they run to his chamber, but find him in his bed faſt aſleep, or at leaſt ſeeming ſo; they awake him and tell him the news, whereat he appears to be very angry, & proffers his mother his beſt endeavours to recover his Siſter. But *Martino* ſayes, *all theſe ſpeeches are counterfeit.* Whereat *Don Pedro* gives him the lye, and ſeconds it with a box on the Ear; which angers the mother, but *Pedro* leaves her among her neighbours weeping, and calling for his horſe under colour to find out his Siſter, rides to *Valde-*

belle to her and *Monfredo*, ſtayes their eight daies; ſees them ſolemnly but ſecretly maried, and ſo returns to *Burgos*, pretending not to hear any newes of her.

Don Martino at his returne, ſwears revenge againſt him for the lye and box on the ear; wherefore he procureth a pair of poyſoned perfumed gloves, and inſinuates them into *Don Pedro's* hand and wearing, the invennomed ſent whereof in leſſe than two dayes poyſoneth him, ſo he is found dead in his bed, as it was given out, of an impoſthume which broke with in him, and ſo is privately, and whithout any ſolemnity buryed. But *Monfredo* and his wife *Cecilliana* infinitly grieve and lament for his ſudden death, as having loſt a conſtant and ſure friend, and ſuſpect *Martino* to have murthered him.

By this time *Catherina* perfectly knowing her daughter to be at *Valdebelle* with *Monfredo*, ſhe ſends *Martino* thither to demand her. At his arrival and admiſſion to ſpeak with her, he rebukes her for her diſobedience, and then checks *Don Monfredo* of diſhonour, for harbouring her; and therefore demands him to reſtore her. *Cecilliana* firſt weeping, anſwers; *that for her return to her mother, or her ſtay at* Valdebelle, *ſhe wholly refers it to* Don Monfredo, *in whoſe pleaſure therein ſhe will acquieſce;* and withall tells him, *She thought he had come to condole with her for* Don Pedro's *death.* But *Monfredo* galled with *Martino's* baſe ſpeeches ſaith, *if any other had uttered them, his ſword ſhould have made them recant their errour; and as to his ſiters ſtay at* Valbelle, *he is confident, ſhe is ſafer there with him, than his noble brother* Don Pedro *was in his mothers houſe.* And ſo with ſhort ceremonies and cold entertainment, he returnes to *Burgos*, and tells

his

his mother that he finds it impossible to divert his sisters resolution. So going to his chamber, he ruminates of *Monf.* words of *Peddro's* death; to silence which for the future, he intends to murther *Monfredo:* So hearing that he was one day in the City, he waiting for him, as he issued forth of his house at night, he with a small target and dark lanthorne, and his rapier drawn in his right hand, runs him twice through the body; of which wounds he presently fell down dead in the Street, which bloody massacre acted, he secretly gets home and goes to bed.

In the morning *Don Monfredo's* murthered body is found, and the news thereof after dinner arrives at *Valdebelle* to the knowledge of *Cecilliana*; who pitifully weeps and mourns thereat, vehemently suspecting *Martino* for his death: And to informe her self of the truth, goes to a wizard but to no purpose, for he can tell her nothing, so returning home; she continues her mourning inwardly and outwardly.

Martino guilty now of these two murthers, for two or three moneths is cheerful enough, but now his conscience begins to torment him, so that he is only accompanyed with horrour, terrour and despair, which much grieves his mother: Nay so increaseth his despair, that he grows absolutely frantick, and in on of his mad fits runs and finds Father *Thomas* his Confessour, and to him reveals, how he had poysoned his brother *Don Pedro*, and murthered *Monfredo*.

Not long after this, Father *Thomas* falls extreme sick of a plurisy even to death, who then revoking to mind the former confession made by *Martino*, he writes a letter, the which he chargeth his own sister *Cyrilla* to deliver into *Cecilliano's* own hand

three

three dayes after his burial, and in three weeks after Father *Thomas* dyes.

In the mean time the L. *Catherina* again sends her son *Don Martino* to *Valdebelle*, to sollicite his sister to returne and to live with her in *Burgos*; so thither (though unwillingly) he rides, and there delivers his mothers will and message to her; to whom she gives kind entertainment, and prayes him to tell her mother, that she will consider her request, and either bring or send her her resolution shortly. So he departs, and some three dayes after, *Cyrilla* (Father *Thomas* his sister) goes to the Lady *Cecilliana* and delivers her the priest her brothers letter, wherein she finds these lines.

Father Thomas *to* Cecilliana.

WEll knowing that the laws of heaven are far more sacred than those of earth, as I now lie on my death bed, ready to leave this life, and to fly into my Saviours arms, I could not go into my grave in peace, before I had signified unto thee, that very lately thy brother Don Martino *deliverd unto me in confession, that he first poysoned thy Brother* Don Pedro *with a pair of perfumed gloves, and then after murthered thy husband* Don Monfredo *with his rapier in* Burgos. *I send thee this letter by my sister* Cyrilla, *whom I dave strictly charged to deliver it to thee three dayes after my burial. Because I hold it most consonant to my profession, that not my life but death, should herein violate the seal of confession, this news coming to thee, indeed not from me, but from God.*

Father Thomas.

Ceci-

Cecilliano having read over this letter, is in a very great perplexity of ſpirit, as not knowing what courſe to take, but at laſt, ſhe takes her coach and goes to *Burgos*, and there directly to the Corrigadors; and before them accuſeth her brother *Martino* to be the bloody murtherer of her brother *Pedro* and her own husband; and for proof produceth Father *Thomas* his letter.

The Judges read it and are amazed, ſending for *Cyrilla*, and examine her, who relates all as afore ſet down: Whereupon they ſend out a warrant for his apprehenſion, and he is ſoon taken and brought before them; he is accuſed of the ſaid murthers, and they produce the letter, *Cyrilla* and *Cecilliana* as Evidence and Witneſſes; he denyes all the circumſtances: But being put to the rack, at the ſecond torment confeſſeth himſelf guilty of both the murthers. For which he is condemned, the next morning to have his right hand cut off and burnt, and himſelf to be hanged at the common place, of execution: Where being come and aſcended the ladder, putting the rope about his neck with more haſt and deſperation than repentance, he caſt himſelf off the ladder and was hanged.

HIST.

HIST. XXIII.

Sophia and her Son *Alphonso*.

The Contents.

Alphonso *poysoneth his own Mother* Sophia, *and after shoots and kills Cassino in his garden with a Carbine from a window. He is beheaded for these two murthers, then burnt and his ashes thrown into the River.*

IN the City of *Vercely* (in *Piedmount*) there lately dwelt a rich Canon of a *Cathedral*, named *Alosius Cassino*, who had a sweet young Gentlewoman to his *Neece* named *Dona Eleanora*, whose deceased mother left her very young and rich; when her uncle *Cassino*, being the neareſt her in blood, takes her into his protection, giving al manner of breeding & education requisite in a Gentlewoman of her ranck; and the better to make her perfect in vertues, he carefully sends her in his coach to *Cassal* in the *Marquisate* of *Mountferrat*, to the Lady *Marquerita Sophia* a widow Gentlewoman, very vertuous, for which shewas famous.

Thus with her waiting maid and one man ser-

vant

vant she arrives there, and is by *Sophia* received with much joy: Applauding *Cassino's* honourable care of this his Neece, who she hopes in few Years will be a most accomplished Gentlewoman.

Cassino did well to place his young Neece with the Lady *Sophia*, but ill in forgetting that she had a debauched young man to her son named *Seignieur Alphonso*, whose vitious life made him the laughter and pity of all *Cassal*. This young man seeing so sweet a beauty and so great an heir as *Eleanora*, fallen into his mothers hands, he secretly courts her, but she scorns him. He grows importunate, but finding it not to prevail, he acquaints his mother therewith, who forbids him to proceed any further, unless he will swear to reform himself; which he vowes on his knees to do, and accordingly leaves his lewd courses.

Cassino comes over three several times to *Cassal* to see his Neece: *Sophia* entertains him the best she may, and charges her son during his stay not to motion a word to *Cassino* of his affection to his Neece; so there is not yet any word spoken thereof, but secretly layes wait at *Vercely*, to know when *Cassino* will have his Neece home, and three weeks before that time she holds it fit to motion it to him; which in fair and honourable manner he doth. But *Cassino* is not a little displeased with her ambition in desiring his Neece for a wife to her son; as knowing the mothers weak estate, and the Sons corrupt conversation. Yet taking no notice thereof, he excuseth himself, that he hath already disposed his Neece, and their motion to him for her came too late.

Three weeks after this answer, not thinking his Neece to be safe in *Cassal*, he sends over his coach

and

and one of his servants to bring her home, writing a Gratulatory Letter to the Lady *Sophia* for her honourable Education and entertainment.

Cassino *to* Sophia.

HAaving heretofore privately contracted my Niece Eleanora *to a husband, his request and my promise now require that I take her from you in* Cassal, *to give her to him here in* Vercely: *To which effect I here send my coach and servant to you for her, and desire you to return her to me, with your best prayers: And had not God visited me with sickness, my resolution for her return had not been so sudden. And if my age cannot requite your honourable care towards her, I hope her youth will hereafter endeavour to free me of that debt and her self also, till when, as I will not fail to give it a place in my heart, so I am sure she will allot it one in her remembrance: In which mean time I forget not my chiefest respects, first to your self, then to your Son. God give us all his grace that we may live and die his servants.*

Cassino.

This letter vexes both *Sophia* and her Son, as seeing thereby their hopes frustrated; wherefore *Sophia* at her sons intreaty, opens the matter to her; but *Eleanora* is deaf to her motion, and is so far from hearkening thereto, that she will not so much as see *Alphonso*.

Thus breakfast ended, and the Coach ready, *Eleanora* departs to *Vercely* to her Uncle *Cassino*. But *Sophia* will not be thus repulsed, she again

again moves *Cassino* for his Neece; who very angry, that she should so disrepect him, as not to give credit to his words, that he had precontracted her, very sharply, returnes her the same answer as before; withall protesting for the future never to hearken to any motions of that kind from her: Which so vexeth *Alphonso*, that he returnes to his old vices; and the knowledge thereof makes his mother vow, that she will never open her mouth in his behalf to *Cassino* any more. This resolution of the mother breeds bad blood in the Son; for he thinks, if he can but dispatch his mother, he shall then be sole Lord of her wealth, and then that his estate would soon induce *Cassino* and *Eleanora* to accept of his affection; so he provides himself of poyson, which he still carries about him, waiting an opportunity to administer it.

Alphonso's return to his vices so distempers his mother, that she falls sick of a burning feaver; to allay whose heat she causeth some Almond milk to be made her, compounded with many could herbs, and drinks thereof three times a day.

The third day of her sickness, walking in the afternoon in the garden with her Son, she is suddenly surprised with the Symptome of her feaver, where sitting down, and causing her maid to hold her head, she prayes her son to fetch her a bottle of Almond milk; the which he doth, but first poures his poyson thereinto, and then gives it her, who drinks two great draughts thereof, when a sweat presently overspreading her face, and she beginning to look pale; he cryes out and calls for a chair, so she is brought

to

to her chamber and laid in her bed, and within few hours afterward dyes, and by her Son and ſervants is coffined up, and ſpeedily with much coſt and pomp buried.

The newes of *Sophia's* death, runs from *Caſſal* to *Vercely*, where *Caſſino* and *Eleanora* underſtanding thereof, exceedingly lament and ſorrow for it. The ſaid *Eleanora* being now grown mariagable, in regard of her great eſtate and vertues (as being the declared heir of her Uncle *Caſſino*) ſhe is ſought of many noble Gentlemen: But her Uncle at laſt, privately maries her to *Seignieur Hieronymo Braſciano* a rich Gentleman, who was nephew and heir to the Biſhop of *Vercely*; but in regard of their tender years on both ſides, they were not permitted to bed together.

But now we muſt return to *Alphonſo*, who deſperately gives himſelf over to all vices, conſuming all his time in licentious riots; in the midſt of which follies he remembers *Eleanora*, ſo apparelling himſelf and ſervants very richly, he rides over to *Vercely*, and becomes an importunate ſuiter, both to *Caſſino* and *Eleanora*, but all in vain; yet he obſtinately perſiſts, which makes *Caſſino* tell him, in plain termes, that his Neece is maried, and that in conſideration thereof, he forbids him his houſe and her company: Which unkindneſs *Alphonſo* takes ſo ill, that quite forgetting himſelf to be a Chriſtian, he vowes that he will murther *Caſsino*, and ſo concludes the beſt way to effect it to be by a Carabine, which many times by night he wears about him; whereupon informing himſelf that every morning and evening *Caſsino* uſed to walk in his garden

a-

alone, he thinks this a fit place to ſhoot at him; ſo going to a ſmall Tavern that lay neer to the ſaid garden, in diſguiſe about ſix in the evening: Where pretending to ſtay for a friend, he goes into a chamber and calls for wine, when bolting the chamber door, he opens the caſement and ſees *Caſſino* walking in his garden, when dreſſing his firelock, and priming it with powder, he lets fly at him, and with a brace of bullets ſhoots him into the breſt, whereof he fell down dead.

Aſſoon as this was done, and he put up his Carabine, in ſtead of being able to fly, God preſently ſtruck him into a ſtupified ſwoon, wherewith falling to the ground, the noiſe of that and his gun cauſed the people below to come up; where finding him groveling, they thought he had ſhot himſelf, which made them to take off his cloaths to ſearch for his wounds, but they find none. At laſt after an hour, opening his eyes with a diſtracted look, and amazed countenance, rather raving than ſpeaking; in the heat of his madneſs, he cries out again and again, that he had murthered *Caſſino*. And indeed by this time *Caſſino* is found dead in the garden; when ſearching for the murtherer they find his horſe at the door; go up the ſtairs, find *Alphonſo* in bed; when examining the people of the houſe, they report what they knew, as alſo his confeſſion that he had murthered *Caſſino*: Whereupon he is apprehended, and the next morning called to his arraignment, when he forſwears his former confeſſion; but the Judges to produce the truth, condemn him to the rack, where, at the firſt torments he again confeſſeth all: For which he

is ſentenced the next day to be beheaded; and being brought to the ſcaffold, there confeſſeth the murther of his mother *Sophia* by poyſon: So he is executed, and as an addition of puniſhment for his mothers death, his body is burnt, and the aſhes thrown into the *River Ticino.*

May God of his infinite Grace, ſo confirm our faith, that we may ſecure our ſelves in this world, and our ſouls in that to come.

HIST. XXIV.

Valfontaine and *La Pratiere.*

The Contents.

Pont Chauſey *kills* La Roch *in a duel.* Quat-briſſon *cauſeth* Moncallier *to poyſon* Valfontain. Moncallier *after falls and breaks his neck.* Quat-briſſon *cauſeth* Pierot *a Miller to ſtrangle* Marieta *in her bed, and throw the body into the millpond.* Pierot *is broken alive on the wheel, and* Quat-briſſon *firſt beheaded then burnt.*

IN *Vannes* a City of *Brittain* in *France*, there of late years dwelt a rich and noble Gentleman termed *Mounſieur de Careſtaing*, who by his wife

wife, had two ſons, the eldeſt intituled *Mounſieur de Quatbriſſon*, and the younger *Mounſieur de Valfontaine*, both hopeful Gentlemen. *Valfontaine* lived in the City of *Nants* with an Uncle of his named *Mounſieur de Manſey*, who ſees a young gentlewoman infinitely fair and beautyful, called *Madomoyſelle la Pratiere*, whom he likes and loves ſo dearly, that he determines to ſeek her for his wife, and ſo handſomely and with diſcretion manages his buſineſs, that ſhe conſents to love him, but prayes him to conceal her affection; till he ſhould ſeek her of her Father in mariage.

La Pratiere ſoon after leaves *Nants* and goes home to her Father *Mounſieur de Penille* at St. *Argnaw*; whither *Valfontaine* in ſhort time follows, and acquaints her father with his ſuite, and deſires his conſent; but he reliſheth not the motion, and ſo giving *Valfontaine* but a cold anſwer, thus for the firſt time he takes his leave and rides home to *Vannes*: Where arrived he tells his Father and mother of his affection to *La Pratiere*, whereof they approve, ſo *Valfontaine* prayes his father to ride over to *Penelle* to confer with him about this buſineſs, which in regard of the gout which he then was troubled with, he was not able to do; then he requeſts his brother *Quatbriſſon* to go with him, which he willingly yields to: So followed nobly, and with a letter from their father to *Penelle*, they take horſe and ride to St. *Argnaw*. Where arriving, *Quatbriſſon* delivering his fathers letter, and making a ſhort conference of his brothers affection to his daughter; turnes to her, and prayes her to walk into the garden, and ſo taking her by the hand, leads her thither (her father and his brother being there before) where he privately tells her,

(first swearing her to be secret) that he is captivated by her beauty, and is sory that his brother had the honour to see her before him: *La Pratiere* is so incensed at these unexpected speeches of *Quatbrisson*, that bending her brow, she tells him: *That this was not only an ignoble ingratitude, but a base treachery in him towards his brother; and therefore know, that I undervalue you, as much as I highly prize Valfontaine*; and so trips away, leaving him alone, but *Quatbrisson* goes to old *Penelle*, and in fair terms informes him of his love to his daughter, assuring him that himself desireth her to be his own wife.

Old *Penelle* likes *Quatbrisson's* motion, yet would not displease *Valfontaine*; yet overswaied with ambition, he calls his daughter into his closet, and bids her leave *Valfontaine* to love *Quatbrisson*; but she refuseth it positively, notwithstanding he is for the elder, but she will have the younger or none: And now *Quatbrisson* invents how to deceive his brother; to which end he tells him, that he finds it impossible to gain *Penelle's* consent; and therefore saith he, *let us go home to morrow*; which they here agree to.

But *La Pratiere*, seeing how things ran contrary, resolves to give her *Valfontaine* a private meeting, when that night sending for him to her chamber, she bids him be cheerful, for that in life and death she will be his and only his, and that she will send him a letter to *Vannes*, to acquaint him with a business which her tongue was sworn to secrecy in. So he giving her a Diamond ring, and she him a pair of pearl bracelets, they take leave.

The next morning, breakfast ended, *Penelle* takes *Valfontaine* aside, and in short terms prayes him hence-

henceforth to forbear his houſe, and refrain his Daughters company, for that he hath provided another husband for her. So after ſolemn leave taken, the two Brothers take Horſe and away.

Now *La Pratiere* remembring her promiſe to *Valfontaine*, two dayes after his departure ſhe ſends him this letter.

La Pratiere *to* Valfontaine.

MY promiſe owes you this letter, whereby I give you to underſtand, that I know not whether you have greater cauſe to love me, or hate your brother Quartbriſſon, *in regard he vowes he loves me dearer than your ſelf, and hath attempted to rob you of your wife, which (if I miſtake not) is baſe treachery in a brother. I have heard his courting, but for your ſake hate both it and himſelf. He hath won my father, but be aſſured (my dear* Valfontaine*) that he neither can or ſhall draw me to his deſires; and if any fear ariſe in your thoughts, let this diſpell it; that although my father have baniſhed you his houſe, yet his daughter is reſolved to retein you in her heart, and none but you. Be you but diſcreet therefore, and not paſſionate; and my affection to you ſhall ſhortly teach your brother to know, that in this buſineſſe he ſhall act his own ſhame and your glory.*

La Pratiere.

Valfontaine having received this letter is all on fire againſt his brother, but *La Pratiere's* injunction ſo prevailed with him, that he keeps under his paſſion, and returns many thanks to her for her

courtesy and constancy. *Quatbrisson* two or three dayes after goes to St. *Argnaw*, where he renews his suite, but finds them both in the same humours he left them, for *La Pratiere* is more & more averse. So that seeing his labour lost, he sorrowfully rides home to *Vannes*, *Quatbrisson* endeavours that his brother may not know of his journey, but *La Pratiere* the next day gives him word thereof by this her second letter.

La Pratiere *to* Valfontaine.

I Hold it a part of my duty and affection to advertise you, that these two dayes I have been importunately sollicited by your unkind Brother for mariage, but he hath found my first to be my last answer. Yea I have so nipt his hopes, by giving him and my Father my infallible resolution, either to wed you or my grave, as I think they may well be satisfied, and not further trouble me: But if your brother will yet make himself more ridiculous, I will then fall on my knees to my Father to hasten his consent to our mariage. And this is my positive resolution.

La Pratiere.

Valfontaine kisseth this testimony of his dear Ladies most tender affection, but fumes inwardly at his brothers malice, whereof he is resolved to tax him, but first returns her ten thousand thanks for her inviolable affection; which done he seeks out his brother, whom he finds feignedly sick, when as it were rejoycing at his presence he tells him, *that his tender love to* La Pratiere *hath reduced him to that extremity, and therefore conjures him for saving of his life, to abandon his love to her, and yield up his interest in her to him*, at which impudent re-

requeſt *Valfontaine* is ſo incenſed, that with indignation, diſdain and choller, he calls him baſe and treacherous, vowing to dye ere he conſent to ſuch a thought; and without any other Farewel haſtily flings out of his chamber.

Quatbriſſon vowes to make his brother repent this his peremptory carriage; to which effect, three dayes after knowing his brother to be at *Nants*, he ſeeks out a dear friend of his *Mounſieur la Roche*, whom engaging to be his ſecond, He writes this challenge and ſends it to him by the ſame hand: Who finds him at his Uncles houſe with one *Mounſieur de pont Chauſey*, where he delivers it. Wherein were theſe words.

Quatbriſſon to Valfontaine.

IN regard it is impoſſible for both of us to enjoy the fair La Pratiere *to wife; therefore it is fit that one of us dye, that the other may ſurvive, to be enriched with ſo pretious a treaſure; which conſidering, as alſo thy late uncivil carriage towards me. Therefore find it not ſtrange, to ſee affection give a law to nature, in inviting thee and thy ſecond, to meet me and mine with ſingle rapiers, to morrow betwixt two and three after dinner, in a fair meadow at the eaſt end of St.* Vallery *within a little flight ſhot thereof; where thou ſhalt find this Gentleman to bring thee ſafely to me, where I will wait patiently for thee.*

Quatbriſſon.

Valfontaine ſmiles hereat, and bids *La Roche* tell his brother that at the appointed hour and place he will not fail to meet him, and preſently requeſts

Pont Chauſey to be his ſecond, which he willingly agrees to. So the time appointed being come, the two brothers with their ſeconds enter the field; the principals firſt draw, and after three or four breathings and ſeveral wounds, *Valfontaine* ſo thrives, that he forceth *Quatbriſſon* to beg his life, which he freely gives him.

The principals thus having finiſhed, the ſeconds draw near, but *pont Chauſey* thinks it no diſparagment to refuſe to fight, ſith his principal hath foiled his enemy. But contrarywiſe *La Roche* will fight, and by no perſwaſion will be brought to the contrary; thus fighting, he is by *pont Chauſey* killed dead in the field; a fit reward for his boaſting temerity.

The news of this Duel arrives to their Father and Mother, and alſo to *Nants*, and thence to *Argnaw*; where *Penelle* grieves, but *La Pratiere* rejoyceth at *Quatbriſſons* foil; and taking advantage from thence, with prayers and tears ſhe gains her fathers conſent, ſo that in ſhort time after they are ſolemnly maried at St. *Argnaw*, and with great bravery.

But *Quatbriſſon* continues ſtill in his baſe ingratitude to his brother; and his luſt to *La Pratiere* reviving (becauſe he knowes it impoſſible as long as *Valfontaine* lived) he therefore reſolves to get him poyſoned, and ſo deals with his brothers Apothecary *Moncallier* to undertake and perform it, who for 300 Crownes promiſeth to effect and performe it. Which he doth in this manner.

Valfontaine about ſix weeks after his mariage, finds himſelf much inclining to a burning fever, for prevention whereof he ſends for *Moncallier* to *St. Argnaw*, where he opens a vein, and takes and draws ten ounces of blood from him and towards night

night gives him a glister, wherin he infused strong poyson; which so operates, that the next morning he dyes in his bed. *La Pratiere* melts herself into tears at her husbands sudden death, so are all both his and her friends, and among the rest *Quatbrisson* comes to her to comfort her, but she sleights him, as having a shrew'd suspition, that he had a hand in his death, but in what manner she knows not, but leaves to God to discover; and among many that sought her, at the returne of the year she makes choice of *pont Chausey* for her second husband, and maries him. *Quatbrisson* seeing himself thus sleighted, turnes his love into hatred; and gives himself over to whoredom, following Strumpets, that his lustfull heart desires all that his eyes can see. Among others, hearing of a peasants daughter three miles from *Vannes*, that was fair and young; he lewdly resolves to tempt her to his obscene desires; so thither he rides, sees and likes *Marieta* (for so was she called) and layes close seige to her chastity; which her mother observing in his frequent visits, and fearing the worst, forbids him her house, adding, that she would acquaint his father if he persisted; at which cross speeches he is much troubled, but remembring an old fryer named *Simplician*, he thought him a fit instrument to gain *Marieta* for him; to which end he sends for him, tells him his business which the old padda undertakes, and in short time perswades her to consent; so by an agreement, in the night *Quatbrisson* fetchethher away to his own old nurses house, and there secretly keeps her, and takes his pleasure of her.

Marieta's Father and Mother grieve for the loss of their only child, and suspecting *Quatbrisson* to have stollen her, complain to his Father and Mother,

ther, who send for him and examine him, but he denies all, and calls the old Woman hag to charge him with stealing his Daughter; and thus without any redress she goes home, and our youngster to his nurses to *Marieta*, where leave we him, to speak of *Moncallier*.

Quatbrisson hating (as is formerly said) *La Pratier*, hires *Moncallier* likewise to poyson her for 300 Crownes, which he speedily promiseth to perform: And about two moneths after her second mariage she falls sick of a pestical fever; *Pont Chausey* her husband fetcheth *Moncallier*, who first drawes six ounces of blood from her (and intends next morning to give her physick, wherein shall be infused poyson) but as he was ready to depart, being on the top of the stairs complementing with *Pont Chausey*, he trips in his spurs, and falling down headlong, breaks his neck. *Quatbrisson* hearing thereof, is neither glad nor sorrowfull, but froliking with *Marieta*, till now it is generally known that he keeps her; whereof her Father and Mother informed, repair again to *Quatbrissons* Father, and beseech him to restore them their Daughter; they promise her assistance and to search their tenants houses, which their Son hearing of about midnight, causeth *Pierot* his Fathers miller to fetch *Marieta* from the nurses house to the Mill-house, where at length she proves with child; when seeing her sad condition, she begins to repent of her folly, especially finding her lover *Quatbrisson* to look more strange on her than accustomed, but how to remedy it, she knowes not.

Quatbrisson now deals with the miller to marry *Marieta*, but he down right refuseth him. And poor *Marieta* beseecheth him either to provide her

her a husband or permit her to go home, which with words daily vexed, he abſents himſelf from her, yea, and at laſt refuſeth plainly to ſee her; ſhe exclaims at his ingratitude, and prayes *Pierot* to ſpeak to his young Maſter in her behalf: *Pierot* finds him out, but inſteed of comfort, they conclude to murther her, ſo for the feeſimple of his mill, *Pierot* within three dayes with a ſmall cord ſteals into her chamber and ſtrangles her; when carrying her to the mill boat in the pond, and faſtening a piece of a mill ſtone to her middle with a ſtrong new rope, throwes it into the deepeſt place of the pond.

The next morning away goes the miller, and tells his young maſter what he had done; who both joy in their villany exceedingly.

A moneth is ſcarce paſt, but P*ont Chauſey*, (*La Pratieres* ſecond husband) with ſome other Gentlemen, his friends, have a mind to hunt a duck; and make choyce of this very mill pond for their ſport; where the duck and two dogs are no ſooner in, but when they come to the place where *Marieta* was ſunk and tyed, they leave the duck and howle,&bark at each other without ſtirring thence: Which the Gentlemen obſerving, they preſently imagine that ſome body was drowned there, but ere they proceed to ſearch, they will make another tryall; ſo for that time calling off their dogs, after dinner they return, the Spaniels do as they did in the morning, which confirmes their jealouſie; ſo they deſire to draw up the ſluce, and let the water out of the pond, whereto the guilty Miller is very unwilling, ſo the Gentlemen ſeem to deſiſt, but go into the mill and play at cards for wine, which *Pierot* proffers to fetch from the town (there being none nearer) ſo away

way goes he, and they in the mean while draw up the ſluce, and by that time the water is half out, they ſee the dead body float, but ſeeing it impoſſible to know who it was, becauſe the face was eaten and diſfigured with fiſh; they conclude the miller muſt be guilty, ſo laying wait for him, at his return from the town, he is apprehended, where they ſhut him up in his mill till the body be known; which not long after happens by her Father and Mother, who knew her cloaths, and affirm it to be their daughter *Marieta.*

Pont Chauſey rides to *Vannes*, and tells the Judges of this deplorable fact; they ſend for the miller, examine and accuſe him of the ſame murther, but he denies and forſwears it; thereupon he is ordained to the rack, at the ſight whereof he confeſſeth himſelf to be the ſole Authour and actour of this murther, but ſpeaks not a word of *Quatbriſſon:* Whereupon he is adjudged to the *Scorpions*, to know if *Quatbriſſon* or any other were acceſſary with him; but he not able to endure the cruelty of that torment, confeſſeth that his young maſter *Quatbriſſon* hired him to ſtrangle *Mar*-with the feeſimple of his mill. So *Pie.* is condemned to be broken alive on the wheel, but defer his execution till *Quatbriſſons* apprehenſion, who was now at *Rennes*, where he is ſuddenly taken and impriſoned, and upon hearing his inditement read, and *Pierots* confeſſion, he preſently acknowledgeth the matter in all circumſtances: For which he is condemned, the next day to be beheaded; ſo the next morning mounting the ſcaffold, he firſt owns his murther of *Marieta*, and then confeſſeth *Moncalliers* being hired by him to poyſon his brother *Valfontaine*, for both which craving pardon of God, his head was cut off

off, and his body (for his brothers death) burnt to ashes. *Pierot* likewise at *Vannes* according to his sentence, was broken on the wheel; And *Moncalliers* dead body digged out of the grave, and in the Coffin burnt by the common Hangman, and his ashes thrown in the air.

HIST. XXV.

VASTI and HESTER.

The Contents.

Vasti *first murtheret h his Son* George, *and then poysoneth his own wife* Hester, *and being afterwards almost killed in the fields by a mad bull, he reveals these two murthers; for which he is first hanged and then burnt.*

IN *Fribourge* an ancient City of *Switzerland*, dwelt a rich *Burger*, named *Peter Vasti*, who had to wife a vertuous woman named *Hester*, by whom he had one only child, a Son, called *George Vasti*, and for many years they lived

lived in as high content as they could either desire or invent. But after twelve years were expired, *Vasti* turns debauched, leaves his house, followeth whores, reviles and beats his wife, and is by no means to be reclaimed. Nay now she hears that he keeps a young whore named *Salina* at the town of *Cleraux*, six leagues from *Fribourge*, and to her most mornings he goes, under pretence of going to Sermon.

Thus he spends his money and his time with *Salina*, and when he comes home from his whore, he still beats his wife.

Now by this time *George* their son is sixteen years of age and observes his Fathers cruelty to wards his mother, he on his knees desires to know the true cause thereof; his mother relates it fully to him: *George* growes passionate at the repetition, and swears either to right it with his father, or to revenge it on *Salina*; so the next time he sees his father beat his mother, steps to her assistance; which the father takes ill, and threatens him for the same, but *George* vows he shall not abuse his mother, so for that night they part. Next morning *Vasti* will neither see his wife nor his son; wherewith *George* vexed, asking his blessing, takes his horse and goes to *Cleraux*; where entring *Salyna's* house, he calls her whore, and charges her of abusing his father, mother and himself, and taking his short cudgil gives her at least a dozen blowes therewith, so goes to his horse and gallops home telling his mother, but concealing from his father what he had done.

Salina seeing *Vasti* came not to her that day, by a confident messenger sends for him, to whom he goes the next day, and she relates the occurrence between his son *George* and her; wherewith enraged he

he ſwears he will kill his ſon: *George* knowing his Father to be ridden out, aſſures himſelf that he is gone to *Salyna*, he thinks it more ſafe to meet him in the fields than at home, ſo he rides forth towards him to know whether he had any thing to ſay to him or no; ſo they meet and have a large tongue combat, which brings them home.

This conference makes the Father pray the Son to make an attonement betwixt his mother and himſelf; which he endeavours, and with much ado brings it to paſs as to outward appearance.

But alas, *Vaſti* had no ſuch intent, for though he ſeems pleaſed, he carrieth deviliſh malice in his heart; and therefore, vowing to love *Salina*, he reſolves to hate his wife, and ſharply to puniſh his Son, and to this purpoſe he ſends her word that he will not ſee her for a good ſpace, yet deſires her to be patient, for he is plotting a ſecret buſineſs for both their contents.

Thus having ſetled that affair, he now conſiders how to diſpatch his ſon *George*, and finds he muſt diſſemble, that he may the eaſier accompliſh it; ſo he ſeems very courteous and affable both to his wife and him, but ſtill minding to act his tragedy, he endeavours to perſwade him to go to the wars, and at laſt prevails; whereupon he promiſeth to ſend him to *Rome* to his Uncle *Andrew Vaſti*, who (he ſaith) is a captain in the Popes guard: *George* thanks his Father, and having with difficulty gotten his mothers good-will, prepares for his journey, when all things fitted, he goes, and his Father will bear him company to *Turin*, as he pretends; ſo away they ride together, but in a long narrow lane, a mile from *Loſanna* in the way to *Genoua*, it being neer night, as his ſon rides cloſe before him; he ſhoots

him

him through the back with his piſtol, wherewith he fell dead from his horſe, when mangling his face, he takes him on his ſhoulders, and throwes him into a deep ditch; which done he rides to *Morges*, and pretending to be ſick there, keeps cloſe eight dayes, and at the expiration of them comes home, tells his wife that he left her ſon well in *Turin*; whereat ſhe weeps for joy.

And now for ſome ten dayes he keeps good *decorum* with his wife *Heſter* at home, but at the end thereof, he fals into a relapſe of his old vices; wherein growing impudent and paſt all grace, he prodigally waſts his eſtat, beats his wife, and indeed turns a very Devil to her; wherewith ſhe acquaints the miniſter and ſeveral of his and her friends, but none of them can in the leaſt meaſure prevail, then ſhe tells him, that if he ſtill perſevere thus to abuſe her, ſhe will ſend to *Rome* for her ſon *George* to return home. *Vaſti* is galled with this ſpeech; and therefore to prevent her in this reſolve, as he had murthered his ſon, ſo alſo he will diſpatch her, & providing himſelf of ſtrong poyſon, he infuſed it into a Musk-mellon, which he reſolved to eat that day at dinner; whereof ſhe greedily eating a part before night dies; which he ſaid was cauſed by a ſurfeit from eating too much of the ſaid Mellon, which is by his neighbours believed.

Vaſti now at liberty, never lies from *Salina* till he ſpent his whole eſtate upon her, and then ſhe begins to grow cold towards him. For by fire from heaven his manſion houſe, goods and moveables, barns, corn and hay are all burned, his corne in the field yield no increaſe, his Vines wither, his Catel dyes, and all things goes to ruine; which makes him grow very poor: when going to *Salina* in his extremity, ſhe will not ſuffer him to come

come into her house; thus forsaken of all he wanders up and down, and one time coming from *Cleraux* to *Fribourg*, in a meadow he lyes down to sleep, and slept so soundly that he heard not the noise of a great many people, who pursued a mad Bull; which Bull runs directly to *Vasti*, and tosseth him, so as he seems to be dead; but finding himself dying by the wounds the Bull had given him, he confessed before all the company, that he it was neer *Losanna*, who murthered his own son *George* with a pistol, and since poysoned his wife *Hester* with a Muskmellon.

The criminal Judges of *Fribourg* are acquainted with this confession, who send for him in a cart; where again owning what he had formerly said, he was sentenced the same day to be hanged, and then his body to be burnt to ashes, which was immediately executed as was decreed.

And this was the wretched life, and deserved death of this bloody Monster *Vasti*. May we read this history therefore to Gods glory and our own reformation.

The Sixth Book.

HIST. XXVI.

MOROSINI and *IMPERIA.*

The Contents.

Imperia *for the love she bears to* Morosini, *causeth him with his companions,* Astonicus *and* Donato, *to stifle to death her old husband* Palmerius *in his bed.* Morosini *letting fall his gloves in* Palmerius *his chamber at the same time, which being found by* Ricardo, *nephew to* Palmerius, *and known; he thereupon accuseth* Morosini *and his Aunt* Imperia *for the murther, for which they, together with* Astonicus *and* Donato, *are apprehended and hanged.*

IN the rich and famous City of *Venice* was a young Gentleman called *Seignieur Angelo Morosino,* who in company of *Seignieur Astonicus* and *Seignieur Philippo Donato,* embarked himself, for the Islands of *Corfu* and *Zant;* where after a short

ſhort ſtay they were bound for *Conſtantinople*: But by the way overtaken with a ſtorm, they are by contrary winds forced into the harbour, and ſo into the City of *Ancona*, which belongs to the Pope: In which place our three Merchants ſtaying by reaſon of contrary winds, and knowing *Loretto* to be neer, they in meer devotion rid thither. Where they ſpend the two firſt dayes in viſiting the holy Chappell there; but the third day *Moroſini* leaving his Friends in Bed, ſteals to the Chappell, where being on his knees at his devotion, he ſees neer him a young Gentlewoman incomparably fair, likewiſe at her prayers: At whoſe ſight his mind is ſuddenly enflamed with affection to her, and would fain have boorded and ſaluted her there; when ſeeing her ariſe and depart the Chappel, he follows after her, and ſeeing her attended with her waiting Gentlewoman and a boy only; after ſalutes performed, he in ſuitable terms proffereth her his ſervice to conduct her home; which after ſome bandyed complements on both ſides being accepted, he took her by the hand and arm, and very gracefully brings her to her fathers houſe, who was named *Seignieur Hyeronimo Bondino*, and there he alſo learned, that ſhe herſelf was *Dona Imperia* his only Daughter.

Having gained this knowledg, conquered wholly with affection, he acquainteth her with his name and quality, with his intended voyage to *Conſtantinople*, but chiefly with his conſtant reſolution to ſeek her in mariage, both of herſelf and her father. And ſo expert was he in the art of love, that in three weeks time (wherein the winds continued contrary) he after many dayly viſits, and amorous courting, obtained her conſent and affecti-

on to be his wife upon his firſt return from *Conſtantinople*, but yet it was wholly impoſſible either for him or her to draw her fathers conſent hereunto, although he many times ſought it of him with prayers, and ſhe with tears, but how to remedy it, they know not.

Moroſini now acquaints his two conſorts *Antonicus* and *Donato* with his affection to *Imperia*, and brings them the next morning to ſee her; they highly commend his choice, and deal effectually with *Bondino* to draw his conſent to this match, but they ſpeak to a deaf man, for he will neither hearken nor yield in any wiſe: Which grieves our two Lovers to their very hearts, eſpecially becauſe now they ſee they muſt be ſeperated, for the wind coming fair, the Maſter of their ſhip ſends ſpeedily from *Ancona* to them to come away, for that he is reſolute to omit no time, but with all expedition to weigh anker and to ſet ſail for *Corfu*. *Moroſini* ſeeing a neceſſity of his departure, again moves *Bondino* for his conſent but in vain, whereupon ready to go away he comes to bid adew to his *Imperia*; at which time ſhe vows to remain unmaryed till his return, and he ſwears that he will returne within one year and mary her; whereupon he gave her a rich Emerauld ring from his finger, and ſhe him a fair carkanet of Orient Pearl from her neck, and of this mutuall contract, *Antonicus* and *Donato* are witneſſes: This done they all take horſe for *Ancona*, where arrived they preſently embarke for *Corfu* and *Conſtantinople*.

Bondino within two or three moneths after *Moroſino's* departure, provides her another husband, to wit, Old *Seignieur Palmerius* a rich Merchant of *Ancona* aged at leaſt ſixty years, and withal of a deformed and decrepit perſonage and conſtitution, but

but this old dotard is ſo taken with *Imperia's* youth and beauty that incouraged thereunto by *Bondini*, he comes to his houſe at *Loretto*, and ſeeks this his fair daughter in mariage: Whereto the Father conſents, ere yet *Palmerius* have ſeen *Imperia*. But at laſt her father brings her to him, chargeth her to diſpoſe her ſelf to affect and mary him, for he tells her ſhe ſhall have no other. She hears theſe ſpeeches, and receives thoſe commands with grief, and rejects both Palmerius and his ſuite, ſaying, *She cannot obey his will; becauſe ſhe is fixed to mary none but* Moroſini *only*; Her father adds threats to get her conſent, but to no purpoſe, for ſhe will at this time be no more brought either to ſee or hear *Palmerius*; and this was all the fruit of his firſt journey to *Loretto*. So he goes home again to *Ancona*, but about two moneths after returnes again to the no ſmall joy of *Bondini*, for now they fail not neither night or day to importune *Imperia* to conſummate the mariage, and to that purpoſe her Father gives her good words, and *Palmerius* ſends her rich gifts and preſents; but ſhe will not hear the one, nor accept the other, but reſolves to keep her heart wholly for *Moroſini*: But *Palmerius* grows obſtinate and wilful in his ſuite, ſo doth her father; to avoid whoſe perverſe perſeverances ſhe ſhut herſelf up in her chamber, where ruminating on divers wayes to call home her *Moroſini*, ſhe at laſt thinks fit to ſend one purpoſely to him, to haſten his return; when making choice of one *Seignieur Mercario*, and furniſhing him with gold for ſuch a journey, ſhe takes pen and paper and by him ſendeth this letter.

Imperia *to* Morosini.

I Should betray my affection to thee, and make my self unworthy of thine, if by this my letter I did not acquaint thee with how much sorrow I brook thy absence. Thou knowest in what a sweet and strict sympathy of love our hearts are united, so as I am confident, that all the Seas between Ancona *and* Constantinople *are not capable to wash away the remembrance thereof, either from thy heart or my soul. In which regard I most heartily pray thee to leave* Constantinople *and come to* Loretto, *because my Father* Bondino *is even ready to compell me to forsake my young* Morosini, *to mary old* Palmerius. *And when this my letter shall come to thy hands, judge with thy self what an ingratitude it will be to send any excuse, and not to bring thy self. Farewell my other self, my sweet self, and may God and his Angels ever prove propitious to thy desires and my wishes.*

Imperia.

Mercario in three weeks time arrives at *Constantinople*, finds out *Morosini* and delivers the aforesaid letter to him, which he peruseth: And after a solemn entertainment, returns him home with an answer, which within a moneth after, he gave to *Imperia* at *Loretto*, whose seals broken off, she therein finds these lines,

Morosini

Moroſini to Imperia.

THy health and conſtancy makes me as joyful in the receipt of thy letter, as thy fathers diſreſpect to me and love to Palmerius, *makes me ſorowful; for indeed ſo tender is thy affection, and our hearts ſo ſacredly united, that the vaſt Ocean is incapable to waſh off the leaſt ſenſe or memory thereof: But as to my ſudden return, I cannot ſo ſoon leave* Turkey *for* Italy (*which I infinitely deſire*) *becauſe the* Seigniory *of* Venice, *by* Landy *their Embaſſadour here reſident, have now made me Conſul of* Aleppo, *but what this Year cannot the next ſhall perform. And then I will bring thee thy* Moroſini: *till which time, ſuch I know to be thy merits and vertue, that I ſhall be contitinued the love of thy heart, as God is of thy ſoul. O thou my dear and ſweet* Imperia, *repute it not ingratitude in me to ſend thee this letter; for I ſpeak it in the preſence of God and his Angels, that as thou art my other half, ſo I am wholly thine. Farewell the only Saint of my heart, and aſſure thy ſelf that no mortall man whatſoever is, or can be, ſo ſo much thy ſervant and ſlave, as*

Moroſini.

Imperia receives this letter both with anger and joy, with anger becauſe he came not in perſon, but with joy becauſe it came from him, whoſe Victim and Martyr ſhe reſolved to dy, rather than to live *Palmerius* his wife. Yet her Father one way, and *Palmerius* another, ſtill haunt her at all times, in all places, without interniſſion: And finding ſtill after ſix moneths more elapſed, his

labour loſt, he concludes at once to ſtrike at all; and to that end proffers *Bondino*, that if his daughter will become his wife, he will infeoffe and endow her with the one half of his lands, and give all his perſonal eſtate into his hands to purchaſe her more: Which offer ſo wholly wins *Bondino*, that he goes to his daughter, and having related to her the ſame, withall tells her that if ſhe diſpoſe not forthwith herſelf to mary *Palmerius*, then he will utterly renounce, and for ever diſown her to be his daughter.

Imperia as it were ſtruck dead with her fathers cruel ſpeeches, ſighes and weeps that ſhe cannot ſpeak, but at laſt ſhe told him, that having ſeen and loved *Morisini* firſt before *Palmerius*, ſhe hoped God had appointed him for her husband, whom therefore ſhe deſired him to conſent that ſhe might mary, as farr more eſteeming *Morosini's* vertues, than *Palmerius* his wealth, and chiefly becauſe *Morosino* was before God her betrothed ſpouſe. But *Bondini* uſing many threats, in a chafe departs from her; when preſently ſhe falls to her thoughts and conſiders what to do, when ſhe concludes once more to ſend for *Morosini*; to which end having privately ſent for *Mercario*, ſhe together with a rich bracelet of ſparkes of Diamonds, by him ſends this letter, which was delivered to him within three weeks at *Aleppo*.

Imperia *to* Morosini.

I *Had little thought, that either profit or preferment had been dearer to thee than* Imperia, *or that the* Seigniory *of* Venice, *or their Embaſſadour* Landy *had had more power to ſtay thee at* Aleppo, *than ſhe to have requeſted thy returne to* Loretto,

retto, *for if my poor beauty or rich affection to thee be of ſo low and baſe an eſteem, as thou preferreſt thy wealth and reputation to it, then I am as miſerable as I thought my ſelf happy in my choice, and the ſweetneſs of my deſires have end as ſoon as they received a beginning: Judge then with thy ſelf, what a poor half I am of thee, when by thy voluntary abſence thou wilt wholly reſign me up to another, and that* Palmerius *muſt be my husband, when my heart and ſoul, yea, when God and his Angels well know I deſire nothing ſo much as to live and dye thy wife. Come away therefore my dear* Moroſini, *and my ſighes, tears and prayers ſhall implore the winds and Seas to prove propitious to thy ſpeedy return; and blame not me but thy ſelf, if thy abſence and my Fathers obſtinacy bereave me of my ſweet* Moroſini, *and thee of thy dear.*

Imperia

Moroſini receives this Letter and token, with bluſhes to ſee himſelf out ſtripped by her in kindneſs; when conſulting with his two friends *Aironicus* and *Donato*, (who adviſe his return) after a ten dayes ſolemn feaſting of *Mercario*, and great reward for his pains, he gives him for *Imperia* a fair chain of gold; and a rich Diamond ring faſten'd thereto, with a pair of turkiſh imbroydered ſilver bracelets, and a Letter which in ſix weeks he delivers at *Loretto*, which having opened, ſhe therein finds theſe lines.

Moroſini.

Morosini to Imperia.

THy sweet beauty and rich affection shall not only command my resolution but my self: I will therefore shorten the time of my stay, & convert a whole year into a few moneths, for to write thee the life of my heart; it is not the ambition of a Consulary dignity, nor all the treasure of Turky *or the* Indies, *which shall keep me from enjoying my fair and sweet* Imperia; *to whose sake and service I will be found ready to spend my best blood, and sacrifice my deerest life. O then my fair and sweet* Imperia, *live my dear wife, and* Morosini *will assuredly dye thy loving and constant Husband. I come my sweet* Imperia; *prepare therefore thy heart and eyes to see and salute me, as I do my lips and armes to kiss and embrace thee, and I both hope and rest confident, that my prayers and constancy seconded by thine, will prove thy* Fathers *obstinacy vain, and* Palmerius *his attempts and hopes ridiculous, in thinking to have thee to his wife, who art already mine by choice and promise.*

Morosini.

This letter *Imperia* receives with no small joy, but they are as suddenly nipt by *Bondino's* cruelty; who to bring her to his will, debars her of her liberty, and takes away from her her chief apparel and jewels, yea, and makes her more his prisoner than his daughter; whereat she is so cast down, that at last despairing of *Morosini's* return, and vanquished by her Fathers tyranny, she is inforced to be overcome, so that forgetting her promise and herself, she is contracted & maried to *Palmerius*. *Palmerius*

merius now maried to *Imperia* is ſo amorous and kind, that he leaves no coſt unbeſtowed on her, but this was not the content ſhe deſired, his age being too frozen for her vigorous youth; While now *Bordino Palmerius* and *Imperia* have each their contrary humours, *Moroſini* at length (after a ten moneths longer ſtay than his promiſe) with his two friends *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* ſet ſail for *Italy*, and purpoſely put in to *Ancona*; where they are no ſooner landed, but *Mercario* greets them with the newes of *Imperia's* mariage to old *Palmerius*, whereat they all both grieve and wonder: By this time alſo *Imperia* hears of their arrival. *Mercario* is employed to pay a private viſit, which is immediately granted, and the next night in her own houſe they meet; at *Moriſini's* firſt entrance into her chamber ſhe falls at his feet and begs his pardon. He takes her up and pardons her, and here their old affections revive, for as he promiſeth her that ſhe ſhall be his ſole and only love, ſo ſhe willingly proteſts to him that he ſhall be more her husband than *Palmerius*: Thus for that night they part.

Next morning *Moroſini* and his two companions give a publick viſit, and are courteouſly received by *Palmerius*, when in the ſame afternoon *Moroſini* and *Imperia* meet in her garden a pretty way diſtant from her houſe, and there ſhe grants him the free enjoyment of her body; which ſo makes her ſlight her old husband, that ſhe gives herſelf wholly over to her adulterous pleaſures; which are now grown ſo cuſtomary, that they are taken notice of by *Richardo* who was nephew to *Palmerius*, and a youth of about eighteen years of age; who for the preſent keeps all to himſelf, notwithſtanding they bleer the eyes of the poor old man his Uncle.

Morosini is not content thus to enjoy *Imperia*, for knowing his expenses far to exceed his Estate, and withall revolving that *Palmerius* his wealth would bear up his pomp, and confident that *Imperia* is so much his own, that he can fit her to any impression, and capable of any design to advance his fortunes, and confirm both their contents, he resolves speedily to murther *Palmerius*. To which end *Morosini* that very night finding an opportunity (being in bed with *Imperia*) they swearing secrecie, consult on the murther; where having proposed diverse wayes to effect it, she propounds to have him stifled in his bed, whereto he consenteth, so hereon they finally agree, thus at break of day he leaves his bed and mistress, and goes to his own lodging; where himself and his two friends, some three hours after call for breakfast, and after they had eaten, *Morosini* prayes his two friends to walk with him to the *Domo*, when being come there, in that famous Church, He acquaints them with the said business, and with his and *Imperia's* request for their assistance therein; *Astonicus* and *Donato* cheerfully promise their assistance; thus swearing secrecie each to other, they return to their lodging, and at dinner drink health to the success of their intended great business. After dinner *Morosini* relates all to to his *Imperia*, who joyed thereat; and impatient of delayes, they conclude to finish this business the second night after.

This dismal night now being come, no sooner is it twelve a clock, but *Morosini*, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, issue forth of their lodging, and go to *Palmerius* his house, where at the street door they find *Imperia* ready to receive them, when leaving *Donato* to secure the door, *Morosini* and

Astonicus

Aſtonicus leading *Imperia* without their ſhoes in wollen pumps, they all thre aſcend the ſtairs and ſo to her own chamber, where each of them receiving a pillow, ſhe guides them to *Palmerius* his chamber, when entring there, ſhe keeping the door, *Moroſini* and *Aſtonicus* do eaſily ſtifle *Palmerius*, and thruſt a ſmall Orange into his mouth; ſo drawing the door after them, they deſcend down the ſtairs to the ſtreet door and depart home, *Imperia* betaking herſelf with much ſilence to bed.

The next morning *Imperia* goes to hear Maſs at St. *Francis* Church, intending to ſtay there from ſix till eight; when behold about half an hour after ſhe went out, an Innkeeper of *Loretto* comes to *Palmerius* his houſe with a Letter from his Father in law, *Bondino*; which being given to his nephew *Richardo*, he ſtraight goes up to his Uncles chamber, and entring the ſame finds on the floor a rich pair of gloves, which taking up and knowing them to belong to *Moroſini*, he puts them into his pocket, and advancing to the bed and drawing the curtains, he finds him dead and well neer cold in his bed, with a whole ſmall Orange in his mouth. Whereat he made ſuch an out cry, that the noiſe thereof brings up ſome of the ſervants to know the cauſe thereof; who ſeeing their maſter dead, they believe he had ſtopped his own breath by putting the Orange into his mouth; But *Richardo* remembring *Moroſini's* gloves which he found, and calling to mind what he had ſeen of dalliance between his Aunt and him, he prayes the ſervants to ſtay in the chamber till his return, ſo he ſpeeds to the Podeſtate, and acquaints him of his Uncles murther, for which he ſtrongly chargeth *Moroſini*, and his ſaid

Aunt

Aunt, and craves justice on them both for the same.

The Podestate enquiring after all the circumstances that might lead to the discovery, and examining such persons as he thought might be concerned; and satisfyed with evidence and depositions so found by him and taken, he sends his two sons with his coach to St. *Francis* to allure *Imperia* thither, which they do; where she is no sooner entered, but the Podestate chargeth her that she and her enamorata *Morosini* had murthered her husband *Palmerius*, for which he made her prisoner for that day in his own house: She endeavours with many plausible words to excuse both her self and *Morosini*, but in vain, for Serjeants are sent to apprehend both him and his two companions, who (although they had received private notice of her imprisonment) yet could they not escape; for the Inn where they lay being beset with Officers and others, they being too weak to resist, were enforced to yield up both their persons, pistols and swords, and so are conveyed to the Common prison of the City.

Bondino hearing all the news of these passages at *Loretto*, suddenly falls sick and dyes. And at the same time *Loretto* and *Ancona* visited of the plague, the four prisoners are conveyed thence to *Polignio* two small dayes journey, to be tryed for their lives; where within three houres of their arrival, they are all convented before the two criminal Judges, and are then and there severally charged with the stifling *Palm.* to death in his bed, which all and every one of them apart do stifly deny. But the Judges, for vindication of the truth, think fit to expose *Aconicus* first to the rack, which torments he endures still affirming innocency. Within an hour

hour after, *Donato* is adjudged to the Scorpions; who being but of a weak conſtitution, his right foot no ſooner feels the fire, but after ſome tears, he confeſſeth the truth in the ſame manner and form, as in all its circumſtances we have formerly underſtood.

The ſame afternoon the Judges ſend for *Moroſini*, *Imperia* and *Aſtonicus*, to appear before them: Where they firſt charge them with *Donato's* confeſſion, then threaten them with torments, and bring *Donato* in a chair to confront them; wherewith overcome, they all confirm as much as *Donato* had formerly confirmed: So they are all four condemned, the next morning to be hanged at the common place of execution of that City. Thus they are remanded to priſon, whither ſhortly after word is brought that *Seigniteur Alex. Bondino Imperia's* Uncle had obteined her pardon of the Pope; She asks if *Moroſini* be pardoned, the officer ſaith no, then ſaid ſhe, I will dye with him: The Judges ſend for her and adviſe her to live, but ſhe will not hearken unleſs he may live alſo. They acquaint *Moroſini* therewith, who likewiſe intreats her to live, but her firſt anſwer is her laſt, that ſhe will accept of no life if he muſt die. The Judges give a whole day to perſwade her, but ſhe is ſtill deaf, deſirous either to live with him, or conſtant to die with, or for, him.

Therefore, when nothing can prevail with her, the next morning they are all four brought to the place of execution; where firſt *Donato* with no words, next *Aſtonicus* with few, are turned off; then comes *Moroſini*, who taking leave of *Imperia*, prayes her to accept of her life and to ſurvive him, ſoc onfeſſing his ſins he ſuffers death.

Imperia is now again ſolicited by the Judges,

Fry-

Fryers and Nuns to accept of her life, but she disdaines it, so ascending the Ladder and making a short speech to the Spectatours, she bids the Executioner perform his Office, who immediately turns her over.

Thus was the lives and thus the death of these three young men and one fair young Gentlewoman, than whom there never dyed any more both pityed and lamented. Learn we by their examples to avoid their crimes, which God grant, Amen

HIST. XXVII.

ADRIAN and *ISABELLA*.

The Contents.

Father Justinian *a Priest and* Adrian *an Innkeeper poyson* de Laurier *who lay in his house, and then bury him in his Orchard, where a moneth after a Wolfe digs him up and devours a great part of his body, which the murtherers understanding fly, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.*

A Rich Goldsmith of *Dijon*, the chief City of *Burgundy*, named *Mounsieur de Laurier*, aged sixty years or upwards, having been at *Frankford Mart*, and there sold many

many jewels, for which he had there received 1700 Crowns. As he returned home with the same money which he caryed in a cloackbag behind him, and some remaining jewels, and in a private leather girdle next his body;

It chanced that he fell sick on the way, whereof finding himself weak and unable to travel, he got into a poor Country Tavern upon the High way, where he took up his lodging for that night: His sickness increasing, yet he not liking his lodging as doubting his safety there, next morning takes horse, and about two a clock after dinner comes to *Salynes*, and went into the very first Inn he met at the Towns end, whereof the Host was named *Adrian* and his wife *Isabella*: He was a debauched fellow, and given both to Wine and Women, and of poor parentage, but his wife well descended with whom he had two thousand crownes in mariage, which he had wasted and spent.

Into this house and to this vitious host *Adrian*, is our sick *De Laurier* entred for the recovery of his health; he likes his hostess but cannot digest his host; yet he prayes him to procure him a Physitian, he brings one named *La Motte*, who seeing his water and feeling his pulse, lets him blood to prevent a burning feaver, and then gives him hopes of his health, but he finds himself still weak, & rather growing worse than better. *Isabella* tends him diligently, and performes the duty both of a good hostesse & a good woman; but her husband *Adrian* imagining *de Laurier* to be rich, doth verily hope and pray that he may speedily dye in his house, and if he does not he resolves to kill him by one means or other.

And now *De Laurier's* sickness increased to the despair of life, he prayes *Adrian* to bring him

a Priest to give him the Sacrament. *Adrian* performes his request, but brings him a Priest named Father *Justinian*, as wicked as himself in all vitious courses; whose prodigalities had likewise made him very poor. To this wretch, *Adrian* (having first endeavoured to draw his wife *Isabella* to have a hand therein, which she peremptorily and constantly refused) on a munday morning reveals his bloody purpose; where he freely consents, and swears to second him in the murther of *De Laurier*, so as what Gold, Silver, or Jewels they shall finde him to have, may be shared equally between them; which they solemnly swear each to other, so for the present they part.

In the morning they meet again, and consult of the manner and time to perpetrate this murther; and agree to do it by poyson, and to this end *Adrian* buyes the poyson, and *Justinian* will administer it in a wafer, which he useth sometimes to give him in his sickness. And as it were the better to favour their devilish design, word is unexpectedly brought, that *Isabella's* old Father (who lived some four leagues off,) was very sick and like to dye; whereupon *Adrian* presently dispatcheth away his wife *Isabella* to him, and with her their servant maid *Graceta*.

De Laurier is troubled at his hostesses sudden departure; and now seeing himself reduced to this extremity that he can see no body, and no body see him, but only they two, he more and more suspects his safety, so that every day and night brings him new cause of despair. He still conceals his Gold and Jewels from his Host and the Priest; yet he fears that their jealousie thereof prove the acceleration of his danger, for he often

sees

ſees them whiſpering, and obſerves ſome fatal apparitions in their countenances, which infallibly tell him all is not well. But ſo cunning is *Juſtinian* the Prieſt that he will not murther *De Laurier* till he know what his wealth is; therefore he adviſes him to ſend for his Son to *Dijon* to come to him, and proffers himſelf to carry it over to him in perſon, and deliver it with his own hand. But *DeLaurier* will rather trouble his hoſt *Adrian*, who carefully undertakes it. So the next morning *De Laurier* gives *Adrian* this enſuing letter, and four double piſtols to defray his charges to his ſon *Du Pont*, praying him to make all poſſible ſpeed back from *Dijon* with his ſon to him.

His letter conteined theſe words.

De Laurier *to* Du Pont.

SOme ſeven weeks ſince coming from Frankford Mart *I fell ſick at Salynes, where I ſtill lie very weak in the houſe of my hoſt* Adrian, *(the bearer thereof) whom I purpoſely ſend over to thee, to command thee to come hither to me with all ſpeed. I have here with me in Gold and Jewels to the value of* 1700 *crowns, and I fear that neither it nor my life is ſafe here. Come away with an intent to find me either dead or dying; conceal this letter from all the World. Love this meſſenger but truſt him not: God proſper my health and ever bleſs thy proſpirity.*

De Laurier.

Adrian having this letter, pretends to take his leave, and Father *Justinian* will needs see him take horse; but instead thereof they go to a low parler, and bolting the door, open the Letter, and satisfied with the discovery by the contents, they resolve to make that ensuing night his last, so the Letter is burnt, and *Adrian* privately husheth himself up in his own house from the sight of all the World: Father *Justinian* goes up to *De Lauriers* chamber, who is infinitely perplexed in Spirit, fearing that his death is already plotted. And now indeed the fatal time is come, for about midnight *De Laurier* waking out of his troubled slumber, prayes Father *Justinian* to give him a spoonfull or two of warm wine, in a small earthen pot wherein he used to drink; when this monster glad of the opportunity, steps forth and takes the poysoned water from *Adrian*, and pours the poyson from it into the little pot of wine, and so warmes it a little by the fire in *De Lauriers* chamber, and then gives it him to drink; which he greedily and innocently doth, whereof within one hour after he dyeth; and to prevent any crying, these two Devils with bedstaves ram a great holland touell into his mouth. This is no sooner done but they tare off his secret leather girdle full of gold, and break open the casket under his pillow, wherein they find the aforesaid great summ of money and jewells, which they presently divide, and presently in a great fire burn every thing that belonged to him, and likewise turn his horse into the open fields to find the fortune of a new master, so cautious were they in their villany. And by this time the corps grown cold, they dig a pit in *Adrians* Orchard, and there, in his shirt only, bury him, and cover the pit with green

green turfes that no mortal eye might perceive it.

Some three weeks being over, *Adrian* sends for his wife home to him; who being come, wonders to see her Husband so gallant, (for he had new clad himself very compleatly) and enquires after *De Laurier*; he answers, that about ten dayes afore he departed, he went away thence safe and well, and that he gave him fifty crownes for his entertainment and lodging, and as a token of his love had given himself and Father *Justinian* twenty crownes a piece more in gold; but *Isabella* fearing the worst, will not meddle or touch any part thereof. And now see and behold the justice of God, for the same day moneth next after *De Lauriers* body was buried as aforesaid, lo, a huge and ravening wolfe, seeking for his prey came into *Adrians* Orchard, and smelling dead carrion, fiercely with his pawes and nose tares up the Earth, and at last drags up the dead body, and there continues till an hour after break of day, eating the flesh of the armes, thighes and buttocks, but never did touch any part of his face: When instantly some Gentlemen hunters being assured that the wolfe passed that way, they closely follow, and at last find him in *Adrians* Orchard. But the wolfe terrified with the hunters shouts and cries, leaves his prey and flies for his life; when the hunters some of them entering the Orchard to see what the wolfe preyed on, their amazed eyes behold a mangled dead mans body, which they saw the wolfe had digged from his untimely grave: They presently suspect *Adrian* with his wife and servants of the murther, so setting a guard on the house, some of the Gentlemen go to the Criminal Judges and acquaint them therewith.

In the mean time *Isabella* hearing the greatness of the noise so early (her husband lying abroad that night with whores) began to doubt the worst, as fearing this might arise from *De Laurier*; keeps close within doors with her servants: And by this time the criminal Judges are come, and with them a multitude of people, among whom was the Physitian *La Motte* one, who alone of all the rest knowes the dead body, and cryes out that it was a Goldsmith of *Dijon* named *De Laurier*, who lay long sick in *Adrians* house, and that he verily imagined he was brought to some untimely end, and so buried there, but by whom he knew not. The Judges believing the report of this honest Physitian, causes the remainders of the flesh to be searched but find no wounds; yet suspecting all the whole household to be parties, they break open the doors and seize upon *Isabella* the wife, *Thomas* the Ostler, and *Graceta* the maid, when bringing them to the dead body, they flatly charge them with the murther thereof: *Isabella* and her servants are amazed, she saith that the body is of *De Laurier* the goldsmith aforesaid, but how he came by his death, she takes Heaven and Earth to witness that she knowes not, & with this deposition, punctually agree both *Thomas* and *Graceta*; search is presently made for *Adrian*, who had that night layen at Father *Justinians* house with two whores, as they were informed, but upon the first newes of *De Lauriers* unburial by a wolfe they were fled: Which flight proclaims their guilt to all, but especially the Judges, who to discover the truth, adjudge all three to the rack, whose torments seem nothing to *Thomas* and *Graceta*, being born out by cleerness of their innocent souls, but *Isabella* upon the good report

of her neighbours in her behalf is dispensed with for that torture, but they send every way abroad to pursue *Adrian*, and Father *Justinian*, yet still keeping the others close prisoners.

The Judges also send to *Dijon* to Du *Pont*, *De Lauriers* Son; who advertised of the disaster, suddenly comes to *Salynes*, where upon view, he ownes his Fathers dead body with tears, and giving him a decent buriall in the next Church, he informes the Judges that his Father had good store of gold and jewells about him, and therefore entreats, that both *Adrians* and Father *Justinians* houses may be searched; which is performed, but no part thereof found, whereupon he desires the Judges that *Isabella* and her servants may be put to rack, which they tell him they have already done, and that *Thomas* and *Graceta* both strongly justified their innocency, and that *Isabella* had so good a report of her neighbours, and so many proves of her innocency, that they must needs exempt and free her from those torments, but they tell him with all that they will keep them still in prison, and direct him to pursue after *Adrian* and *Justinian*, whom they undoubtedly suspect to be the murtherers.

Eight dayes are now past since these wretches first fled, and in all that time had they not gone seven leagues from *Salynes*, when behold the tenth night after their flight, being extremely tired with their foot travels, they espy at the entrance of a wood a straying horse, which coming near to take, *Adrian* knowes him to be De *Lauriers* horse: Joyfull hereof they make a halter of their girdles and garters, and casting their cloaks under them; they both ride on him, hoping it being now neer night to recover, *Pontarlin* by the next

morning by break of day, but they wander all night, and come within three long leagues of the place, whereat they are much troubled as fearing every bush. But here their horse begins to fail them, which encreaseth their fear, yet they resolve to ride thither, because they knew it to be so early that few people were stirring; and they are come within a league without being seen of any body, when it pleased God at the same time to bring *Du Pont* in sight of them. Now as he drawes neer, his eyes tells him, that the horse whereon the one man rid was either his Fathers or very like him, which struck some suspition of the men into his heart, that they were *Adrian* and *Justinian*; and he was the more induced to think so, because he that rode was a Priest. But the better to assure himself, he outrides them, and in passing by knowes the horse by several marks to be his Fathers, and consequently they to be his murtherers; so turning out of the way as it were to untruss a point, they go before him, (which was that he aimed at) and so he followes them to *Pontarlin*, which they enter and go to the first Inn, at the sign of the Tygre; which he observes, and setting up his horse at the next Inn, he comes back to the Tigre, and desires the master of the house to step and fetch the Criminal Officers of that town, to apprehend the Priest and other man lately come in, for that at *Salynes* they had murthered his Father. The host presently runs to the Officers who come with him, to whom *Du Pont* accuseth them of the murther aforesaid; whom they apprehend in their chamber, where they vow and swear to the contrary, which *Du Pont* understanding, desires they may be searched for his Fathers gold, which they do and find store

thereof

thereof, with some Jewells quilted in their doublets and hose, yet they impudently deny all: but *Du Pont* assures the Officers that it was all his Fathers gold and jewells, and now his, & therefore demands them, but they say, they must be sent with the prisoners to *Salynes*; which upon notice from *Du Pont* to the Judges there, is within two dayes performed. The Prisoners being brought thither, are again examined, but deny all: But being forthwith adjudged to the rack, Father *Justinian* at the very first wrench thereof confesseth the murther in all its circumstances, and affirms that himself and *Adrian* only were actours and authours thereof, and that *Isabella*, *Graceta* and *Thomas* were absolutely innocent and ignorant. The like also doth *Adrian* after some time. At which confessions the Judges rejoycing, they condemned them to be hanged the next morning, and their bodies after to be burnt to ashes: Which being now come, they are brought to the place of execution, where first *Adrian*, and then *Justinian*, with few words, both cleering *Isabella*, *Graceta* and *Thomas*, they after some few prayers are turned over. After which excution *Isabella*, *Graceta* and *Thomas*, are set free, and the remains of *De Lauriers* gold, which was about a 11 or 1200 hundred crowns restored to *Du Pont* to the general satisfaction of all parties.

Hist.

HIST. XXVIII.

Roderigo and *Dominica.*

The Contents.

Hippolito *murdereth* Garcia *in the Street by night, for which he is hanged.* Dominica *and her chamber-maid* Deniſa *poyſon her husband* Roderigo: Deniſa *after ſtrangles her new born babe and throwes it into a pond, for which ſhe is hanged. And on the ladder confeſſeth that ſhe was acceſſary with her Lady* Dominica, *in the poyſoning her husband: For which* Dominica *is apprehended and likewiſe hanged.*

IN the rich and populous City of *Granado*, there lately dwelt an antient Lady named *Dona Alicia Cervantella*, who by her late husband had two Children, a ſon named *Don Garcia*, and a Daughter called *Dona Dominica*; *Cervantella*, though not left rich, yet brought up theſe children very courteouſly, and maintained them exceeding gallant in their apparel, which invites an old rich Gentleman termed *Don Hippolito Sevino*, by the Lady her mother to ſeek the Daugh-

ter

ter in mariage. The mother likes well enough *Hippolito's* riches, but *Dominica* disdains his age, (being threescore and ten years old) at whose requests *Don Garcia* so prevails with their mother, that he soon changeth her good opinion of *Hippolito*, and so they all three give him the repulse and denyall: But such is his obstinacy that he will take no answer, neither can they shift their hands of him, though they refuse to see him, and many times leave him to converse only with bare walls.

But Dominica is so urgent to her mother for a husband, that she is ashamed of her unchast desires; yet to prevent future mischief, she promiseth her at large to get her one, wherewith she yet unsatisfied, prayes her brother to deal with her mother for the same, which he promiseth.

Not long after she going with her Mother to the *Benedictine* Monks church, being on her knees, she sees a proper young Gentleman likewise on his knees not far from her; where beckoning her mothers man to her, she bids him inquire what that young Cavalier is; he goes and returning speedyly brings her word that it is *Don Roderigo*, Son and Heir to *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, whom she at the very first sight desires for her husband before all others: whereupon she vowes that neither her mother or brother shall have any truce before they make this motion of mariage powerfully for her to *Don Roderigo*; and she is as good as her word, for her importunity so prevails, that upon consultation they approve the match, and *Don Garcia* is to seek an occasion to invite him home to his Lady mother *Cervantella's* house; the which he performed, and deals so effectually with *Roderigo*, that home he comes with him. *Cervantella* after many compliments

ments presents her daughters motion to him. He sees *Dominica* and likes her, and so takes time to advise with his Father hereon, for his mother was already dead. He motions it to him, but he seeks to divert his son from it, because he knowes her mother to be poor, yea and will no more hear of this motion; yet *Roderigo* will not give off so, but frequents her company, and promiseth that he will be her Husband; which pleaseth not only *Dominica* her self, but her Mother and Brother also.

Hippolito that old Dotard, understanding that *Roderigo* had gained *Dominica's* affection, and shall shortly mary her, which he thinks makes him slighted; he is all in a rage and vowes to murther him by night, when ever he finds him to issue forth of *Cervantella's* house. To which purpose, understanding that he was there within two or three nights after, he chargeth his pistol with three bullets, and waits his comming thence. But *Don Garcia* accidentally going forth privately to visit a Friend, *Hippolito* lets fly at him, and all three bullets pierce his body, wherewith he falls down dead to the ground.

The blow is heard, and *Don Garcia* is found reeking in his blood; whereat all are amazed, but *Roderego* seeking after the Murtherers, finds *Hippolito* limping in the street, with his dark lanthorn in his hand, and layes hold on him and causeth him to be committed to prison. Next day *Cervantella* goes to the criminal Judges of that City, and accuseth him for the same, and followes it so closely; that at the sight of the rack he confesseth the whole truth, and so by sentence the next day is brought to the common place of execution, and after a vain and foolish speech, he is hanged to expiate his crime.

Don

Don Emanuel knowing his son *Roderigo's* continually frequenting *Cervantella's* house, and her daughters company; to prevent his marriage he sends him to *Asnallos* a mannour house of his, some ten leagues off in the Country, with charge there to stay till order from him to return. *Roderigo* grieves heartily hereat, so doth *Dominica* in appearance; but two moneths are not fully past, when she being of a wanton disposition, and finding *Roderigo's* stay in *Asnallos* too long as she conceives; she cannot live chast, neither will remain constant, but imparts her favours to one or two proper young Gentlemen; which she cannot act so closely, but her mother hears thereof, and chides her sharply for it, but to little purpose, for she will not be reformed Whereupon her mother mews her up in a Chamber; whereat she pines and grows sick, and so keeps her bed, this makes her send a special Messenger to *Roderigo* to desire his return, and to inform him of her Daughters indisposition: Which *Roderigo* hearing, and believing *Dominica's* sickness to proceed from his absence, he sends them word that he will be with them certainly the next day; at the receipt of which newes they rejoyce, and according to his promise to her at *Granada*; he comes and visits his Lady, who dissembleth her affection to him; but so reall is his to her, that with much difficulty he obtains his fathers consent, and maries her with state and bravery.

Never husband loved a wife more dearly, that deserved so ill, for she sleights him, refuseth his bed and will hardly be brought to come neer him: Which unkindness of hers bringeth him to a consumption, whereof he is ready to dye; which she is so farr from sorrowing for, that she wished him

yea

yea and rather than he shall live she resolves to poyson him. For which end she makes choice of her chambermaid *Denisa*, who for fifty Duckats yields her consent; so they give hands and swear secrecy to each other, and now impatient of delay she makes *Denisa* secretly procure some strong poyson, which is put into some white broth for him, and is in the morning brought by the chambermaid, and given by the Mistress to her husband under pretence of comfortable broth and hot meat; whereof before night he dyed, and by his wife is privately and suddenly buried.

This tragedy thus acted, *Dominica* though a widow, yet is jovial and frolick, and now breaks pale, ranging beyond all bounds of chastity, insomuch that her own mother is ashamed to speak with her, and *Don Emanuel de Cortez* her father in Law to see her.

Two moneths are scarce expired since *Roderigo* was laid in his untimely grave, when (contrary to the minds of all her friends) she intermaryeth with *Don Lewis de Andrada* one of her former Paramours, & altogether as vitious as her self: Who, though he well knew her to be dishoneſt, yet by her wealth was induced to be her husband, but finding that come short of his hopes, he thinks it high time to be wise; and contrary to his predecessour *Roderigo's* humour, he is very strict to her, and in a manner makes her a prisoner to her chamber, and a scholar to her book and needle, taking from her most of her best apparell, and all her rings, chains and jewells, and allowing her little or no money.

Dominica is amazed at this change of her fortunes, yet she still continueth her unchast pleasure, and as close as her husband keeps her, yet

he

he is no sooner abroad, but she hath a ruffian at home. And her maid *Denisa* (following her Mistresses example) with the fifty duckats given her to poyson *Roderigo*; buyes new clothes, which procure her a sweet heart named *Hugo*, with whom she wantonized so often, that she became guilty of a great belly, which she concealed from all persons but *Hugo*, who advertised by her therof, fled to *Mauricia*: *Denisa* now considering her folly, and weighing her misery, which was increased (as she thought) her being delivered of a fair son; this wretch hoping to prevent her shame, strangles it as soon as it was born, and the same evening wraps it in a linnen cloath, and with a packthread tying a stone to it, caries it to a pond without the City and there throwes it in: Which done she goes not home that night to her Masters house, but takes up her lodging in the next poor Inn at the St. *Jobas* head, where to the Host and Hostesse she pretends lameness by the receipt of a fall.

But within an houre after, a Groom riding to water his horse in the same pond, the horse starts and snuffes exceedingly, pawing in the water with his foot, and thrusting his head therein, and will not be brought off, till at last the packthread being broken the linnen cloath appears and floats, which the Groom causing to be fetched a shore, and before diverse spectatours opened, they find therein an infant, which they guessed to be strangled by some strumpet, whom to find out they search all the adjacent houses, and at last find *Denisa* in her Inn: Where the Officers of Justice setting a midwife and some elderly women to search her, they evidence against her, that she was that day delivered of a Child; so she is imprisoned and the next day (being threatened with the rack)

she

ſhe confeſſeth the ſtrangling her Child, and throwing it into the Pond; for which inhumane fact ſhe is condemned, the next morning to be hanged. At which time brought to the place of Execution, She on the ladder again acknowledgeth the ſame; and addeth, That ſhe was acceſſary and conſented with her Lady *Dominica* to poyſon her Maſter *Roderigo*, which ſhe affirmed they effected as we have formerly underſtood. The Judges preſently ſend and apprehend *Dominica*, who confronted with *Deniſa* and threatned the rack, confeſſeth her ſelf guilty of murthering her firſt husband *Roderigo*. So they add to *Deniſa's* ſentence, that her body be burnt to aſhes; and the Lady *Dominica* to be hanged for poyſoning her husband: Which ſentences were the next morning executed upon them as was decreed. May we who read this Hiſtory cheriſh vertues by the knowledg of her vices, and fortifie our ſouls by religion and piety, as ſhe ruined hers by the neglect and want thereof.

HIST.

HIST. XXIX.

SANCTIFIORE and *URSINA.*

The Contents.

Sanctifiore (*upon promise of mariage*) *gets* Ursina *with child, and then afterwards rejecteth her and maries* Bertranna. Ursina *sensible of her disgrace, disguised in a fryers habit, with a case of pistols killeth* Sanctifiore *as he walketh in the fields; for which she is hanged*

IN the famous City of *Naples*, of very late years, dwelt two rich and beautiful young Gentlewomen, the one named *Dona Ursina*, the only daughter and child of *Seignieur Augustino Placedo*; and the other *Dona Bertranna* the only daughter of *Seignieur Thomaso de Troes*: Which two Gentlewomen had each of them diverse suitors to them for mariage, yet none of them so dearly or passionately loved *Ursina* as the Baron of *Sanctifiore* of *Capua*, a very rich young Nobleman; and *Bertranna* as eagerly loved him, but not he her *Bertranna* therefore seeks by all her

friends and means to draw him to forsake *Ursina*, but yet it is in vain; for such is *Sanctifiore's* love to her, that she accounts her self his, and he hers, by the strictest promise that can be imagined, for there was a secret contract betwixt them. Whereupon in honourable terms he seeks her of her Father, who through many intreaties at last consents that he shall mary his Daughter, but delayes the consummation thereof for some time.

Sanctifiore continuing thus in *Naples* at a vast expence, grows into want of money, and knowes not at the present how to relieve himself; wherefore to make sure work with his Lady *Ursina*, he seeks to draw her to his lustful desire; which after much time, and with many sighs, prayers and tears he at last obteins, for she gives him the free use and possession of her body, in which ununlawful familiarity they remain for two or three weeks. But then having abated his lust, (like a base Nobleman) he forgets all his oaths and promises to her, visiteth her seldom, and then but faintly; and when she desires him to mary her, he is either deaf or so ambiguous in his answers, that she begins to doubt and fear his infidelity: Which indeed proves so horridly ingrate, that within three moneths he utterly forsakes her sight and company, which torments & terrifies her heart and soul, but how to remedy it she knows not. For now *Sanctifiore* goes over to *Bertranna* and seems to court her very lovingly, whereat she rejoyceth exceedingly, especially being informed that there was some great distast fallen out between him and the Lady *Ursina*, and that being farr from home he wanted moneys to bear out his port in *Naples*. *Bertranna* being of a sharp wit, presently

ſently imagined that this laſt defect might cauſe the firſt: To take him therefore quite off from *Urſina*, and oblige him to herſelf, well knowing that her Father *De Troes* exceedingly loved him, ſhe deals underhand ſo politickly with her Father, that he meeting *Sanctifiore* the very next day in his houſe, takes him aſide into his ſtudy and told him, that in regard of his long abſence from *Capua*, and his great expenſes in *Naples*, he might probably want ſome moneys, and therefore he freely lent, and then and there laid him down 500 double piſtols; adding withall, that if he needed more, he ſhould have what he pleaſed, and repay it when he pleaſed, and that if he would mary his Daughter, he would give him all the lands and wealth he had.

This kindneſs of *De Troes* ſo prevails with *Sanctifiore*, that he preſently finds out his new miſtreſs *Bertranna*, and relates her what had paſt between himſelf and her Father: Which ſo pleaſeth her, that ſhe believes he will mary her, and in this hope he ſtill feeds her, being alwayes in her company, and not once thinking of poor *Urſina*. Who by this time hears of *Sanctifiores* keeping company with *Bertranna*, as alſo that he intends to mary her: Wherewith and with the ſight of her great belly, and not daring to acquaint any body with her diſgrace, her ſorrowes are ſo augmented, that ſhe knowes not which way to turn her, yet at length having her wits about her, ſhe means to try if ſhe can reclaim him, and to that end in a morning ſhe ſends for *Sebaſtian*, her Fathers Coach-man, who ſhe knowes will be faithfull to her (and giving him a rich Diamond ring from her finger) bids him find out the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, to deliver him that ring and tell him

that ſhe deſires to ſee him that forenoon; *Sebaſtiano* finds him and delivers his meſſage; to whom he gives anſwer, *Commend me to thy Lady, and tell her I will wait on her immediately after dinner.*

Urſina now waits his coming, when he arrives in his own Coach, and is conducted to her chamber: Where taking him aſide, ſhe complains of the coldneſs of his affection, his long abſence, the violation of his oaths, and of her great belly by him, with much more to the like purpoſe. Whereto he angerly replies, that he cannot get his friends conſent, and without that he will not marry her; that *Bertranna* was though not ſo fair, yet far more vertuous, and therefore (quoth he) provide thou for thy fortunes, and ſo will I for mine: So throwing to her her ring, he haſtily departs from her, and takes his Coach and away.

At the conſideration of this barbarous cruelty towards her, her heart is pierced through with ſorrow; but ſeeing no help ſhe reſolves to provide for her reputation, and for the laying down of her great belly: To which end ſhe thinks none ſo fit as an old Aunt of hers named *Mellefanta*, a wiſe and rich widow, living at *Putzeole* ſome ten ſmal miles from *Naples*; where inventing an excuſe to her Father, that it is not unknown to him how ſhe hath a long time been weak and ſickly, and becauſe ſhe hath often dream't that ſhe ſhall in a ſhort time recover her health at *Putzeole*, ſhe humbly beſeecheth him that he will ſpeedily ſend her thither to live ſome ſmal time with her Aunt *Mellefanta*; which her Father willingly conſents to, as willing to content her in all things; ſo about three dayes after having fitted up her clothes and baggage, attended with a chamber-maid, and

and a man, he sends her away in his Coach to his sister *Mellefanta*: Where being arrived, the speedily and privately acquaints her Aunt with the secret of her great belly, and prayes her best love and assistance; which she faithfully promiseth, commending her for concealing her folly, and bidding her be cheerfull, courageous and merry. But she cannot yet forget *Sanctifiore*, whose monstrous ingratitude is such, that the thought thereof impairs her health, and brings her unborn babe to an abortive birth, it being a Son; which she having often kissed and bathed with her tears, she gives it to her Aunt, and she the same night gives it a secret but decent burial. *Ursina* remains very sick and weak in her bed, yet still her heart is toward *Sanctifiore* notwithstanding all his base ingratitude; and therefore not daring to trust any but *Sebastiano*, she sends for him to her beds side, and swearing him to secrecie, she chargeth him to poast to *Naples* to *Sanctifiore* and to tell him, that she is extreme sick and not like to live, having been delivered of his and her Son dead born; and therefore that she prayes him to come over to her before she dye, for that she desires to discharge her mind to him. Away goes *Sebastiano* to *Naples*, and arrives at *Sanctifiore's* house, but cannot be admitted; he stayes in the street till he comes to take Coach, which is not long after, when meeting him with his hat in his hand, he delivers his Mistresses message to him at large; whereat the Baron first smiling, then in passion rounds *Sebastiano* this answer in the ear. *Tell thy mistress* Ursina *from me, that I wish she were buried with her bastard, and that they were both with the Devill*; and so without more words, enters his Coach and drives away to *Barranna*,

to

to whom he revealed all this whole passage. *Sebastiano* returnes and relates the message, which grieves her to the soul, so that she tells her Aunt thereof, who blames her for her fond folly, and bids her to defie and deteft him.

When behold, just in the nick of time, as her Aunt and she were abroad in a Coach to take the air, they meet a Servant with a Letter from *Placedo* to his daughter *Ursina*, which taking and breaking up the seals thereof, she finds these lines therein.

Placedo to Ursina.

HOping that by this time the sweet air of Putzeole *hath recovered thy health, my will and order to thee now is, that thou speedily return home to me to* Naples *(in thy Coach) by the bearer hereof, whom I have purposely sent to conduct thee thither. I believe that thy Country absence hath lost thee a good fortune here in the City; for Yesterday morning the Baron of* Sanctifiore *was maried to* Dona Bertranna, *daughter to* Seignieur De Troes *with great state and solemnity, whom I had well hoped should have been thy Husband. I remember my best respects to my sister, and my best prayers to God for thy vertues and prosperity, as being thy loving Father.*

Placedo.

The perusall hereof sets *Ursina* all in fire to be revenged on *Sanctifiore*; she swears to make him pay dear for his ingratitude, and vowes within her heart, that she will either murther him

him herſelf, or cauſe him to be murthered by others; and now ſuch is her malice and hatred towards him, that ſhe thinks of nothing but how, and in what manner to effect it, ſo returning to *Putzeole* with her Aunt, ſhe packs up her baggage, and with many thanks for her kindneſs, within three dayes takes her leave and goes home to *Naples* to her Father. Where ſhe is no ſooner arrived, but ſhe firſt tempts *Romancy* her Apothecary to poyſon, then *Sebaſtiano* her Coachman to ſtab *Sanctifiore*; but both theſe abſolutely refuſe to meddle in ſuch dangerous matters: Miſſing of her aim in theſe two, (uncertain yet how to accompliſh her will) ſhe enquires out his moſt frequent haunts, and walks without the City; and learning that moſt mornings and evenings, he goes a mile out of the City to a dainty grove of Orange and Olive trees towards St. *Germains*. She ſecretly provides herſelf of a Fryers complete weed, *viz.* a ſad ruſſet gown and coul, with a girdle of a knotty rope, wooden ſandals, a falſe negligent old beard, and hair for the head ſuitable to the ſame, in the one pocket of his gown, ſhe puts a ſmall begging box and a new breviary, bound in blew Turky leather and richly guilt, but in the other pocket ſhe puts a couple of ſmall ſhort piſtols ready charged with bullets and primed; all theſe ſhe ties up cloſe in the gown, waiting a time to work her cruel feat; when receiving notice on the *Tuſeday* after *Palmſunday*, that *Sanctifiore* was that day gone alone to his uſual place of walking; glad of which deſired occaſion, ſhe bids *Sebaſtiano* make ready his Coach, and giving him the little fardle, tells him, that ſhe is now reſolved to give *Sanctifiore* ſuch a merry meeting

in the fields as ſhall make him laugh, and therefore commands to drive away to him. Now approaching neer him, ſhe deſcends her Coach, and puts on her falſe Friers apparel, with all the prepared things, but ſhe ſtill hides the piſtols from *Sebaſtiano*, and alſo her deſign; ſo being ready with the almes box in one hand, and the breviary in the other, away goes this counterfeit Fryer, to *Sanctifiore*; to whom approaching with a bow or two, holding up her begging box for an almes, which he was minded to give, but ſeeing ſo fair a breviary in the Friers hands, he takes and opens it, when *Urſina* ſtepping behind him, and ſoftly drawing out one of her piſtols, ſhoots him into the back, and with the other into the breſt as he fell; of which wound he preſently dyed: Which done waving her handkercher, her Coach man comes up to her with his Coach, but is amazed to find *Sanctifiore* dead; but *Urſina* caſting off her Friers weed and throwing them into a deep ditch, goes into her Coach, and ſo with more haſt than good ſpeed drive towards *Naples*; for as they are paſſing along by the ſide of a hill, the Coach overturnes, and in the fall *Sebaſtiano* breaks his left leg, and *Urſina* her right arm, the furious horſes drawing the coach after them in peices. Sitting now down on the ground not knowing what to do, behold *Sanctifiore's* Coach came by with his Page in it named *Hieronimo*, who ſeeing and knowing the Lady *Urſina*, and ſeeing her coach reverſed, alighted to go to her aſſiſtance, when underſtanding her arm and her coachmans leg to be broken, he takes them both up and carries them home in his Lords Coach, and ſo ſpeedily returnes to fetch his maſter, whom he find

in

in the same pleasant grove dead: Whereat he cries out and tares his hair for grief, not knowing what to think; at last the page resolves to stay by the body and send the Coach and Coachman for *Bertranna* and *De Troes* his Father and wife, who presently arrive there with the criminal Judges, who send there Officers all about the fields to bring all persons they find before them, who among them all bring in but one poor ragged boy.

The Judges ask his name, who tells them, it is *Bartholomew Spondy*, his Father *Pedro Spondy* a Butcher dwelling at *Naples* in St. *John* Suburbe. They demand if he saw any one come neer the Gentleman; to whom he answers, that from the hedge within which he kept his Fathers cows, he saw the Gentleman walk alone at least an hour, that then he saw an old Frier come to him, who shot off two pistols at him and therewith killed him, for he saw the Gentleman fall presently, and that a coach came up to him, instantly and carryed him away but where he knowes not; they ask of what colour the coach horses were, and what Livery the Coachman had: The boy replies, the horses were coal black, and the Coachman wore a red cloak with some white laces on it. Which *Hieronimo* observing affirmed, it was *Ursina's* Livery and coach horses, and thereupon relates that how he found them about two houres afore, as is before related, whereupon they all suppose them to guilty of *Sanctifiores* death, and accordingly *Bertranna* craves justice against them of the Judges. To which effect they hast to *Naples*, and send an Officer to *Placedo's* house to apprehend *Ursina* and her Coachman, whom they find going forth at the gate in a fresh hackney coach, who furiously takes them

them away and puts them priſoners in the common goal of that City.

When *Sanctifiore* being ſolemnly buried, within two dayes after, *Urſina* and her Coachman are ſeverally convented, and charged to be authours of this cruel murther, which both of them ſtoutly deny; the boy is called to give in evidence againſt them, who ſtands to his former depoſition in the fields, but cannot think the Lady was the Fryer, nor can he truly ſay that this was the Coachman.

The next morning *Sebaſtiano* is racked, but the torments cannot make him confeſſe any thing; ſhortly after *Urſina* put to the ſame torment, and not able to endure it, confeſſeth her ſelf to be the ſole authour and actour of killing *Sanctifiore*, in the ſame manner and forme as we have already underſtood in all its circumſtances, but ſtrongly affirmes her Coachman *Sebaſtiano* to be guiltleſſe: Upon which acknowlegement of hers, her Judges do ſentence her, the next morning to be hanged.

So about ten a clock in the morning, our ſorrowful *Urſina* is brought between two *Nuns* to her Execution place: Where making a repentant and religious ſpeech, ſhe was turned over.

Honeſt *Sebaſtiano* although thus cleered is by *Bertranna's* ſollicitations judged to the double torments of the rack, which he patiently endureth without confeſſing any thing; the Judges therefore moved in conſcience to make him ſome ſatisfaction for infeebling his body & imparing his health, decree the Lady *Bertranna* to give him 300 Duckatoons; which was paid to him accordingly, and he diſcharged.

May

May God teach us all by reading this hiſtory, from our hearts to hate this Barons Levity, and from our ſouls, to abhorr this Ladies cruelty.

HIST. XXX.

De Mora, Ferallo and *Bellinda.*

The Contents.

De Mora *treacherouſly piſtols* Palura *in a duel*: Bellinda *with* Ferallo's *aid poyſoneth her husband* De Mora, *and afterwards maryeth, and then murthereth,* Ferallo *in his bed. So ſhe is burnt alive for the firſt, and her aſhes thrown into the air for her ſecond murther.*

NEer the City of *Stremos* in *Portugal*, within few years dwelt an antient and noble Gentleman named *Don Alonſo de Mora*, who having ſpent his youthful dayesin the warrs, now reſolves to ſpend the remainder of

of his age in eaſe and pleaſure at home. Whither he is now retired, hating women, ſpurning at love, and ſpending his time in hauking and hunting, vowing to lead a ſingle life: But he will ſhortly recant this errour, for in a cleer morning going abroad with his ſervants to hauk and hunt; in an hour he looſeth his ſervants and dogs, and is left alone; angry at which, ſitting down on the ſide of an hill, and caſting up his eyes, he beheld a heron hovering over his head, he lets fly his hauk at her, in which flight he loſt his hauk and could never ſet eye on her after.

De Mora doubly enraged with theſe loſſes, throwes away his hat and lure, and caſts himſelf on the ground to repoſe him, ſtill attending and expecting his hunters. He had not remained there above half an hour, but cloſe by him paſſed an aged Country Gentleman with a very beautiful young Gentlewoman following him; ſhe had a waiting woman following her, and a ſerving man bearing his cloack and rapier: Theſe were come that morning to take the freſh air, and as they paſſed by *de Mora* they civilly ſaluted him, who preſently ariſing, and asking their names, he is told that he is *Emanuel de Curſoro*, and that the Gentlewoman is his daughter unmaryed and named *Bellinda*. When his ſervants return and bring him a brace of Hares, and a wilde white Fawne, which he preſents to *Curſoro* and *Bellinda*, with promiſe that he will come to his houſe and eat part thereof; thus taking leave of each other, they go to their ſeveral homes.

At this interview *de Mora* is wholly captivated with *Bellinda's* beauty, ſo that to make himſelf ſeem younger than he is, he ſhaves his beard and dights himſelf in youthfull apparel, and in performance

mance of his promiſe rides next day to *Curſoro's* houſe to dinner, where he finds his entertainment magnificent and exceeding his expectation. But this is that which he aims at, for he acquaints *Curſoro* with his affection to his daughter, and his ſuite to ſeek and obtein her for his wife. *Curſoro* admires with pleaſure at this motion, and gives him hopes that he ſhall ſhortly obtain & enjoy her for his wife. Hereupon *de Mora* courts *Bellinda*, but ſhe is averſe to the motion. Her Father commands her to love him and none but him; ſhe makes no poſitive denyal but only deſires a moneths reſpite to reſolve on this great buſineſſe; which her Father and *de Mora* ſeverally grant, and conſent to give her, but in the interim *de Mora* ſometimes in perſon, but oftner with rich gifts, viſits her.

While thus *De Mora* leaves no means unaſſayed to gain her affection, *Bellinda* being not ſo chaſt as fair, loves a proper but poor Gentleman called *Ferdinando Palura*, to whom ſhe had been ſo kind as often to grant him the uſe of her body to the ſatisfaction of their youthfull pleaſures: Wherefore ere ſhe yield to mary *De Mora*, ſhe ſends for *Palura* and tells him her mind, which he agrees to, ſo as he may ſtill have the uſe of her body as before, enjoy by her gift part of *De Mora's* wealth, and after his death that within three moneths ſhe ſhall mary him: *Bellinda* grants him all.

Having thus concluded with *Palura*, and the moneth expired, her Father and *De Mora* repair to her, to whom ſhe with much reſpect anſwers, that in humble obedience to her Father, and true affection to *Don Alonſo De Mora*, ſhe is reſolved to be his handmaid and wife, when it

pleaſed

pleaſe him to become her Lord and Husband; with which ſpeeches pleaſed, he preſently contracts himſelf to her, and eight dayes after in great State maries her.

Now within leſs than two moneths, *De Mora* finding his young wife ſlight him, becauſe he cannot ſatisfie her youthfull deſires, and obſerving *Palura* ſo converſant in his houſe, and more than familiar with his wife; he growes jealous at him, and begins to reſtrain her of her liberty, yea, and ſets many eyes over her to watch her. *Bellinda* takes this very ill at her Husbands hands, and in requital growes impudent: Whereat *De Mora* enraged, calleth her to him, and chargeth her with adultery with *Palura*, which ſhe endeavours to excuſe, but nothing will ſatisfie his jealous humour, he therefore commands her that thenceforth ſhe neither dare to ſee or admit him into her houſe or company.

Bellinda to avoid further danger and inconvenience, thinks it not fit that *Palura* ſhould for a ſeaſon approach her houſe or ſelf; and thereof at their next meeting ſhe gives him notice, and he promiſeth to fulfill her deſire therein, of which private meeting and the particular ſpeeches that paſſed therein he is acquainted by ſome of his appointed ſpies; at the knowledg of which he is ſo netled, that one day after dinner, taking his ſword, a caſe of pocket piſtolls charged each with two bullets, and *Emanuel De Ferallo* his Ladies Gentleman Uſher, he rides to the town of *Arriallos*, where *Palura* lived, whether being come he ſends his man to deſire him to come to ſpeak with him. *Ferallo* finds *Palura*, and delivers him his Lords meſſage; which he underſtanding, ſpeedily goes with him to *De Mora*, who being

being frantick with jealouſie, after a ſhort complement, paſſionately chargeth him of adultery with his wife, and withall aſſures him of his intelligence (received as is before expreſſed) *Palura* proteſts all to be falſe and counterfeit, and that *Bellinda* is both chaſt and innocent of any ſuch crime; but this will not ſerve the turn, for *De Mora* drawes his ſword, and bids *Palura* do the like, which he doth: The iſſue of their combat was this, that after two ſeverall meetings, wherein *De Mora* was wounded, as *Palura* was turning his horſe to breath by conſent, *De Mora* with his piſtols treacherouſly and behind his back, firſt with one ſhoots him through the head, and with the ſecond into the reynes of the back; of which mortal wounds he preſently fell off his horſe dead to the ground.

De Mora ſeeing *Palura* dead, bids *Ferallo* go tell his ſervants that their Maſter was ſlain, then (ſaith he) ride home and tell my wife that I have ſent her adulterer *Palura* to Heaven, and within ſix dayes after come to me to *Lisbone* whether I am now poſting.

Ferallo performes all his commands, both to *Palura's* Servants and to *Bellinda*, who wonder at the ſame; but ſix weeks are ſcarce paſt ere *De Mora* returnes home from *Lisbone*, having obteined his pardon, and after a few angry words ſtill reſtraining her of her liberty, he ſeeks to reconcile himſelf to her, which her wantonneſs obſerving, and ſeeing ſhe could not get any other, ſhe makes choice of her Gentlema-nUſher *Ferallo*, who was a proper handſom man; and with him ſhe now growes too familiar, taking delight in obſcene pleaſures to ſatisfie their laſcivious deſires.

Three

Three moneths together they drown themſelves in the impiety of theſe their carnal delights, when by chance it comes to *De Mora's* knowledge: For it is to be underſtood that *Feralło* had formerly been diſhoneſt with *Bellinda's* waiting woman named *Herodia*, who ſeeing *Feralło* tranſported from her to her Lady, ſo that ſhe is mad with jealouſie, enters into a conſultation with herſelf what to do; to which end having run over an whole World of thoughts, ſhe at laſt reſolves to acquaint her Lord with this unchaſt familiarity between his Lady and *Feralło*, and with great celerity performes it; at which newes *De Mora* anew inflamed with jealouſie, ſuddenly eaſheereth him his houſe and ſervice, and will not either give him any reaſon, or ſuffer him to take his leave, and from thenceforth looks on his wife with infinite jealouſie and contempt, and will hardly ſſuffer her to ſee any, or any to ſee her. *Bellinda* much diſcontented herewith, ſuſpecting her woman *Herodia*, turnes her out of her houſe and ſervice, and though ſhe be kept ſo ſtrict, yet ſhe hath many meetings with *Feralło*, at one of which they conclude to murther *De Mora*, and afterward in ſhort time to inter-mary: To which effect *Bellinda* gets poyſon and adminiſtreth it in broth and diet-drink, which being of a languiſhing operation, he within leſs than four moneths dyeth thereof, when with a wonderfull exterior ſhew of ſorrow, ſhe gives him a ſtately funerall. And in a little while after according to her promiſe, marieth with her Gentleman-Uſher *Feralło*.

Six moneths, day and night, he keeps good correſpondence, but at the end thereof, ſatiety makes him neglectful and to ſlight her, the cauſe whereof is, that he is enamoured on *Chriſtalina* her

her waiting Gentlewoman, whereby he ſo far forgets himſelf, that even in his Ladies ſight he lies with her whole nights, without once thinking of his own wife.

But *Bellinda* diſdaining to be thus ſcorned by a Taylers Son (for ſo was *Ferallo*) after ſhe had uſed all means poſſible to reclaim him, and found them to be fruitleſs, retumes bloody thoughts of revenge againſt him, and the very firſt night that he leaves *Chriſtalina* and lies with her ſelf, ſhe (having purpoſely provided a ſharp and keen razour) at break of day, as he lay ſleeping in his bed by her, ſhe cuts his throat and leaves him ſtrugling and weltring in his blood: Which done ſhe riſeth up, takes her dead husbands knife out of his pocket, and goring it all in his blood, leaves it on his pillow by him; ſo putting off the Cambrick ſmock ſhe wore, which was all bloody, ſhe wraps it cloſe together and therein the razour and a two pound weight, and putting them in her pocket, away ſhe goes to St. *Julians* Church on foot without any one to attend her. Now in the midway between her houſe and the Church, there was a great deep pond, by which ſhe is to paſs, and before ſhe comes to it a poor old maymed Souldier named *Roderigo* met her, and with much humility begged an almes of her, which ſhe with many foul and harſh ſpeeches refuſing to give, he in diſcontent leaves her and ſits down at the foot of a great tree, where he could ſee her, but ſhe might not perceive him; when looking after her (having now learned her name of a milk woman that paſſed by) he ſees her throw into the ſaid pond her bloody ſmock and razour, which the two pound weight bound up therein with a blew ſilk garter, made preſently ſink,

and so away the trips to the Church, and assoon as Mass is done, returnes thence to her house; where enquiring for her husband *Don Feralle*, her servants answer they have not seen him that day: Whereat pretending to wonder, she sends other Servants to his chamber, the door whereof they find locked; they return and report the same to their Lady, who ascends with them again, where they all call and knock, but without any answer; she commands to force open the door, which is instantly done, when her self and servants discover *Ferallo* dead in his bed with his throat cut, at which sight they all make a lamentable outcry, and leaving the Corps untouched in the bed, run to acquaint the Criminal Corrigidor's of *Stremos*. Who come and, seeing the infinity of the Ladies tears, and the depositions of the servants that they found the door fast locked, the key within side, and his own bloody knife on his pillow, they absolutely do believe, that he made himself away; and this opinion of theirs is received and believed of all, and *Ferallo* is by his widow buried with all requisite ceremony and decency.

But here we must return to the old Souldier *Roderigo*, who, having seen *Bellinda* throw her bloody cloath into the pond, did verily believe that it conteined some shamefull secret against her, which he thinks all the water in the pond cannot wash away; suspecting that it was some dead child or such like thing. This Souldier stayes three weeks in *Stremos*, and begging for his living, among the rest he goes to *Bellinda*'s house, where at last meeting with her, he begs with much observance some charity of her, whereat much offended, she with much

with much anger bids her ſervants to ſet that bold beggarly Souldier packing, both from her and her houſe. At which diſcourteous uſage he ſwears revenge; and to that end, informing himſelf that *Don Gaſpar De Mora*, Nephew and general heir to *Don Alonſo De Mora*, was at great ſuit in law with his Aunt *Bellinda*, about ſome of his Uncles Eſtate deteined wrongfully from him, he repairs to him, and ſecretly tells him that ſome three weeks ſince, and the very morning that *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed, he ſaw *Bellinda* throw a bloody linnen cloth into the pond aforementioned, wherein he believed was wrapt ſome dead infant, which he deſired him to reveal to the Corrigidor's to examine.

Don Gaſpar De Mora believing this report of *Roderigo*, leaves all other buſineſs and acquaints the Judges therewith, to whom *Roderigo* again confirmeth the ſame: Which underſtood, the Corrigidor's go to the pond with *Don Gaſpar*, *Roderigo*, and three or four expert ſwimers; wherein one diving better than the reſt, ſees, finds and brings it a ſhore in his hand to them: Who preſently cauſing it to be opened, they find it to be a Cambrick ſmock, and in it a ſharp and bloody razour, with a braſs weight tyed all together with a blew ſilk garter.

The Corrigidor's are aſtoniſht at this ſight, which *Roderigo* ſvvears he ſaw *Bellinda* throw into the pond with her own hands, the ſame morning that *Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed. Whereupon ſuſpecting her guilty of his death, they poſt to her houſe, vvhich reſolutely entering, they then and there cauſe the Serjeants to apprehend her, and carry her

instantly to prison. Next morning she is sent for before her Judges, who roundly charge her with *Ferallo*'s murther, but she denies it; they produce her those bloody evidences, and confront *Roderigo* with her, yet she still persists in her denial; they adjudge her to the rack, at the very first wrench whereof she publickly confesseth, that it was she and only she that had cut her husband *Ferallo*'s throat with that very same razour, for which she is condemned, the next morning to be burnt alive without the walls of *Stremoi*, at the foot of the Castle, the common place of execution for malefactours.

Next morning at eight she is brought thither by a St. *Clares* Nun on her right, and a St. *Francis* Fryer on her left hand, when ascending the ladder and wringing her hands, she again confessed her murthering *Ferallo*, and addeth withall, that she had also poysoned *Don Alonso De Mora*; so praying the people to pray to God for her to pardon her sins, the Executioner with a flaming torch set fire to the straw & faggots whereof she presently dyes, and in less than an hour after her body is consumed and burnt to ashes, which her Judges cause curiously to be gathered up, and for her second murther to be scattered and thrown in the air.

May God make this her history and example to serve as a Chrystall mirrour for all men, and especially for all women, that so they ascribe unto God all Power, Praise, Might, Majesty and Dominion, now and for ever. *Amen.*

THE.

The Seventh Book.

HIST. I.

The History of King CHARLES *the First.*

The Contents.

Pym, Hampden, Stroud, Haſlerig, &c. *contrive with the* Scots *againſt the King, the* Scots *mutiny, and the* Engliſh *rebell by example.* Pym *dies unnaturally,* Hampden *is killed,* Peters *with the advice of* Cromwel *and* Bradſhaw *murther the King, ſeize his Eſtate and baniſh his Heir. At laſt the People return to obedience, and the traitours are brought to Execution.*

IN the famous and flouriſhing Kingdome of *England*, of late Years reigned a King ſo Peerleſs for his vertue, that his principal care was to appear good, and to be ſuch as he appeared, his greatneſſe being a motive to goodneſſe, and his goodneſſe the exerciſe of his Majeſties Grandeur: He was of an aſpect pleaſingly grave, wherewith the beholder went generally away ſatisfyed, of

an affable and ſoft ſpeech, yet ſtrong of body, which he much improved to advantage by a frequent and well-ordered exerciſe; whereby he learned both to do and ſuffer: his name was *Charles, avis editus regibus*, ſprunge from a royall ſtock of antient Kings, and by his birth and mariage, allyed to all, or the greateſt part of the Princely blood of *Europe*. For many Years enjoying the bleſſing of a long continued peace, in the ſociety of his deareſt and moſt virtuous conſort *Henrieta Maria*, the worthy daughter of *Henry* the IV. of *France* ſurnamed the great, from whoſe chaſt and fertile boſome he was enriched with many pledges of endeared affection, among which three Sons (of whom honourable mention will often be made hereafter) were the chief; the Eldeſt being Prince of *Wales* and of his fathers name *Charles*, the ſecond Duke of *York* and called *James*, and the third *Henry* ſtilled Duke of *Glocester*.

Heaven had now ſhoured down its bleſſings even to an exceſſe of happineſſe, when behold the Devil repining to ſee ſo much honour attended by ſo exemplary piety: Puts into the heads of a giddy multitude a diſpoſition of claſhiug, which was ſoon taken hold of by ſeveral factious ſpirits, whoſe very firſt appearance ſo animated the rout, that there ſuddenly began a violent nonconformity to all order, which carryed them headlong to factious councels, and they to a conſpiracy in the *Scotiſh* Nation, who are on a ſudden ſo highly provoaked by the inſtigacions of the *Engliſh*, that they make an incurſion into their Kingdome, and as a forerunner of them, they ſend to the People of *Haymouth*, *Ayton* and the remnant of the borders this enſuing letter.

The

The Letter.

WE cannot wonder enough, neither are we a little grieved that you ſhould be ſo ſimple, as to ſuffer your ſelves to be deceived with the fair promiſe of the late declarations. Have you forgotten why we have taken arms, how often we have petitioned for our Religion and Liberties and all in vain? Will you be perjur'd againſt God, looſe all your labours, and by your waverings, hazard both your Country, Religion, Liberties and Lives? Are not we here in armes ready to take part with you, and the whole Kingdom obliged to ſtand to your defence? Be not deceived with promiſes. May not Aberdeen *and the places about it be preſent example to you? God forbid that ſo baſe and unchriſtian thoughts, as we hear of you, ſhould enter into, and harbour in, the true* Scotiſh *and chriſtian hearts*

This was the Letter which was ſpread all over thoſe parts, the malice whereof produced an effect ſuitable to their deſires, *viz.* a general diſcontent over all *England*, which was ſhortly after followed by an inteſtine war: Which for diverſe years proving various, invites ſucceſſe to each party contending, yet at laſt, caſt the advantage on the rebels ſide, ſo that they had gotten into their hands the King, whom they now reſolved to compell to ſerve their luſts, or elſe they would renounce all ſervice to him, and make him their priſoner. The chief movers of this ſedition were five, who being of the great councel; were in their actions abetted by the *Londoners*, and by them (though accuſed of treaſon) brought in diſpight of Ma-

jeſty to ſecond their ſaid evil actions.

For the Army being by this time modelled according to *Cromwels* deſign, the Parliament ſwept, purg'd and repurg'd to his mind, and himſelf by the ſucceſſe attending the progreſſe of theſe things animated, he now with his other aſſociates begins to contrive that horrid murther which was afterwards perpetrated. The firſt ſtep thereto is the dethroning bills which are ſent to the King, whoſe anſwer thereto coming ſhortly after to be debated, Sr. *Thomas Wroth* by *Cromwels* direction ſpake thus, *That Bedlam was appointed for madmen, and* Tophet *for Kings, that our Kings of late had carried themſelves as if they were fit for no place but Bedlam, and therefore he moved that the King might be ſecured and kept cloſe within ſome inland Guarriſon, with ſure Guards, & Articles of impeachment drawn againſt him, that he might be laid by, & the Kingdom be ſettled without him.* Which was ſeconded by another called *Ireton* to the like purpoſe; but the nail was driven home by this letter.

Cromwels *Letter to the* Parliament.

I Need not mind you of the valour expreſſed by the Army in your behalf againſt the common enemy, nor tell of their piety, whereby they have deſtroyed your enemies: It is now expected that you ſhould govern by Your own power, and not teach the people any longer to expect ſafety and government from an obſtinate man, whom God hath hardened, for thoſe men that have defended you hitherto, will defend in what ever you do in relation to ſuch a reſolution. Make them not by your neglect think themſelves betrayed, and left hereafter to the rage and malice of an irreconcilable enemy whom

whom they have ſubdued for your ſakes, whoſe future Government is to be ſuſpected towards them, to become inſupportable and fuller of revenge than Juſtice. I ſay make them not by deſpair to ſeek their ſafety from other means than adhering to you; which reſolution if they ſhould take up, how deſtructive it will prove to you, I tremble to think, and leave to your ſelves to judge. Conſider ſeriouſly of this advice from

your humble Servant.

O. Cromwell.

This Letter being read, and the words ſeeming to import ſomething of a menace, whereof the Houſes being afraid, preſently paſs the Votes for Non-adreſſes, and print a ſcandalous Declaration to the World concerning his faults (as they termed them): While this was doing, *Cromwell* finding the King to be a great ſtop to his affairs, reſolves to have him privately murdered and therefore writes to *Hamond* to this purpoſe.

Cromwel to *Hamond.*

YOu know Colonel in what a dangerous bottom we are both ingaged, and in what an inevitable ſhelf we are like to ſuffer a wrack, for the Parliament who firſt imployed us are unſtable, that I am fain to work my utmoſt to keep them from a cloze, to prevent which, the ſureſt way will be to remove that Idol they ſo much adore, out of the way, either by poyſon, or by any other means, I leave the managing to your ſelf, the moſt private is the beſt, yet make uſe of the ſureſt, your faith herein will engage

your Friend. O. Cromwel.

This

This was not ſo ſecretly carried, but that notice of the ſame was gotten by one *Osborne*, who informes the Speaker thereof, in this enſuing Letter.

Osborne to the Speaker.

Sir,

I *Have it incumbent as a duty upon my Spirit to inform you, that Colonel* Hamond *hath received ſeveral* Letters *to remove the* King *by poyſon, or any other means, out of the way, which I had notice of from one* Rolfe; *who alſo told me, that* Hamond *would not, being loth to looſe the allowance he had for keeping the* King, *but that if I would joyn with him, we ſhould endeavour to convey him to ſome private place, and then might do with him what we would. This I am ready to make good upon Oath, if I may be permitted to come and go with freedom and ſafety.*

Osborne.

Upon the receipt and reading of this Letter, it was inſiſted on by ſome that a buſineſs of ſuch a nature ought to be ſifted to the bottom and not paſſed over, but others ſlighted it with ſaying *Osborne* was a Malignant, but at laſt 40 dayes were allowed him, when he comes and avoucheth it, and one *Doucet* further affirmed a deſign of *Rolfes* to piſtol the King; *Rolfe* comes to the Commons bar with a Letter from *Hammond*, who denies the deſign, and pleads therein for *Rolfe*, who in perſon did, but tremblingly and with much irreſolution deny it, and afterwards hid himſelf out of the way: This was all was done at that time or indeed at any time afterwards. Duke

Duke *Hamilton* was now come into *England* with an Army of *Scots*, but was quickly and with eaſe vanquiſhed by *Cromwell* at *Preſton*: Who upon his victory marched preſently to *Weſtminſter*, and took poſſeſſion of *Whitehall* and the *Mewes* for his quarters; where he had not long continued, but the King is ſeized in his bedchamber, and turned away priſoner to *Hurſt Caſtle* ſcituate in the Iſle of *Wight*, but ſo offenſively unwholeſome by reaſon of its ſtanding in the Sea, that the very Souldiers who keep it are for their healths ſake often compelled to ſhift their quarters, and to this place ſo evilly qualified was the King brought: Which inſolency ſeemed to the whole Kingdom to be an inauſpicious Omen of the wicked deſign already laid againſt his life, and indeed ſo it proved; for hereupon the Parliament was by a ſtrong purge moulded to comply with the Army, for two parts of three of the members were ſecluded, and thoſe that were admitted did proteſt poſitively againſt the King,

Now were they grown to that height of impiety, that it was moved in the Houſe to proceed capitally againſt him: At which time *Cromwell*, to put a ſpecious vizour on his villany after his uſual way of canting, told them if any moved this out of deſign, he *ſhould think him the greateſt Traytour in the World, but if providence and neceſſity had caſt them upon it, he ſhould pray to God to bleſs their Councels, though he were not provided on the ſudden to give them Counſel*; This ſpeech ſo incouraged the Gang, that *Scot* with an impudence not to be believed, brought in the Ordinance for tryal of the King, for the perpetrating of which damnable and treaſonable deſign there were appointed ſome of all ſorts, and leaſt they ſhould ſcruple

ſcruple either at the Act or Authority, for ſatisfaction of both it was Voted Treaſon by the Lawes of the Land for the King to levy war againſt the Parliament and Kingdom of *England*. By theſe contrivances having now brought themſelves to ſuch a height of power and impudence, they paſs the Ordinance without the Lords, and to take away the Ceremony of a Commiſſion under the great Seal, (which was the Kings) they proceed without any Commiſſion upon the Ordinance, and every Commiſſioner ſets his own hand and Seal to the publick inſtrument of their tranſaction. Thus inſtead of bringing the King to his Parliament, they bring him to a publick tryal in *Weſtminſter*-Hall, where they impiouſly and ſacrilegiouſly condemned him to be beheaded on *Tueſday* the 30th. of *January* 1648. On which black and diſmal day, his Majeſty coming on the Scaffold with an extraordinary Magnanimity and Chriſtian patience, had his Royal head ſevered from his body at one ſtroke. Thus this Noble Prince, a perſon ſanctified by many afflictions, after he had eſcaped Piſtol, Poyſon and Peſtilent air, could not be ſaved from the malice of *Cromwel*, nor the impudence of *Cook*, *Bradſhaw*, *Steel*, *Aske*, *Doriſlaus*, *&c.* Here you ſee *the Sheephard ſmitten and the ſheep ſcattered.*

Yet let us underſtand that Heaven is juſt,
Though ſlow; and ruine conſequent to luſt.

For ſin and puniſhment are as inſeparable companions as the Sun and light; *improbos* (ſaith the Poet) *ſequitur Ultor a tergo Deus*, no ſin ſo often threatned, ſo certainly puniſhed, as this of treaſon and Rebellion. The wickedeſt of women *Jeſabel*, could

could retort to *Jehu*, *had* Zimri *peace that ſlew his Maſter*; this we ſhall fully make good in the ſequel of this Hiſtory, for if the cry of bloodſhed without a cauſe draw down from Heaven a Vengeance even on higher power, what then may ſuch villains hope for, who murdered their lawfull Sovereign, not cloſely in a corner, but *aperto ſole* in the open preſence of the ſhining Sun, and at the door of his own houſe, from whence with applauſe and Majeſty he had formerly ſate triumphant and adminiſtred juſtice to all his people. Obſerve then how and in what manner the judgments of a provoked Deity have attended the beginners, Plotters and Actours in that moſt horrid murther.

The firſt both in deſign and puniſhment was *Pym* an antient Man, but elder in ſin than age, who firſt broaching trayterous principles in his ſpeeches in the houſe of Commons, and for the ſame being queſtioned, he (with four more of his Accomplices) flies into the City of *London*; where having gotten together the raſcality of the multitude in a tumultuous aſſembly, he and they are by the tumult brought to the Parliament, and ſoon after drove the King from *White-Hall*, but the Divine Juſtice found him out and plagued him with lice all over his body, which by no means or Art could be prevented, or driven away, untill they had eaten into his very bowels, ſo that he deſperately dyed. A juſt judgment, that he who by his inſtruments the baſeſt of the people had driven away his Prince, ſhould be forced out of this life by ſo deſpicable and odious a ſort of vermine.

The Lord *Brook* was a ſecond, who having taken up armes againſt his Leige Lord, as he was look-

ing

ing through a ſmall hole (after a party of Souldiers, which had faced *Liechfield*, where the ſaid Lord lay then in Garriſon) a bullet came and took him in the eye, that he immediately dyed. Thus can no ſtrength ſecure againſt Heaven, for the eye that mocketh his Father (the King, *Pater Patriæ*) and deſpiſeth his mother (the Church, *Eccleſia mater*) as this man was guilty of both) ſhall be picked out: Neither ended it here, but proſecuted *Hamden* (a third of the crew) who was ſhot and killed by a party of the Kings horſe in the ſame *Chalgrove* Field, where he firſt muſtered and armed men againſt his Maſter. Surely a juſt ſentence: *I have ſeen Yeſterday the blood of Naboth, and the blood of his Sons*, ſaid the Lord; *and I will requite thee in this plat*, ſaith the Lord.

Neither could the *Hothams* either Father or ſon eſcape unpuniſhed; for after they had with fronts of braſs impudently denyed to admit their Maſter into his own rightfull inheritance, and violently deteined it from him for many years, yea kept it againſt him, after, when they would have returned and made an expiation of their ſin by delivering the ſtrong place they held, into the rightfull hand of the true Proprietor, their pretended Maſters accuſe them of Treaſon, caſt them into the Tower of *London*, and there ignominiouſly cut off their heads: *Can any Man ſtretch out his hand againſt the Lords Anointed and be guiltleſs?* Surely nay. For though they fall not by the hand of an open Enemy, yet *Fire ſhall come out of the Bramble to burn up the tall Cedars of Lebanon*; witneſs *Robert* Earl of *Eſſex*, whoſe diſcontent and deſire of revenge drawing him to head a faction, wherein ſeveral times, both by command and perſon he fought againſt his Prince; but when he had broke

broke the ice he was ſuddenly caſhiered & another put in his place, he beat the buſh, another got the bird, for his Machiavilian Maſters fearing his power, and diſtruſting his revengful Spirit, for their better ſecurity and freedom from fear of him, they ſend a preſent, give him an Italian fig, by the ſtrength of which poyſon he was ſuddenly hurryed into another world to anſwer the miſdemeanours he had committed in this.

So have I ſeen the painful husbandman
Bring home the frozen ſnake unto his fire,
By whoſe refreſhing heat, when it began
To gather ſtrength, not pleas'd ſo to retire,
He rears his pois'nous head, and as he can,
His venome ſpreads to make his hoſt expire.
Like treaſon trading on that ſtep, by which
It did mount up to ſuch a lofty pitch.

And now though thoſe villains had by the ſucceſſe of their Treaſon, even gotten all into their hands: One of the bloody minded Colonels by name *Rainsborough*, a Separiſt and Sectary both in his Religion and obedience, being ſecure at the ſiege of *Pomfret Caſtle*, by the hands of ſeveral perſons yet unknown, was bereaved of his life, even in the height of his pride, and *Rabſhakeh* like railing againſt the poor beſieged: But God put a hook into his noſe and he periſhed ſuddenly as the dung of the earth. And not long after, *Ireton* a ſometime broken Citizen, aiming to poſſeſs one of the three conquered Kingdoms; *viz. Ireland*, was in that Kingdom at a City called *Limerick* ſhot to pieces with a Cannon, and hardly any part of him left to receive a burying place. *O how juſt is God in all his works.*

Shortly

Shortly after this, villany growing to his height and the vizor of all modesty and goodness taken away, the scene was now laid open, and the curtain of the design drawn, for the King is publickly martyred, and his Judges imployed in the greatest offices and trusts both forreign and Domestick; for Doctour *Doriſlaus* is sent as an Embassadour into the Low-Countries, to give an account of the action and seek peace: but he is met with the prophets reproof. *Hast thou killed and also taken possession*; for shortly after his arrival there, he is by some stirred up thereto no question by the spirit, suddenly taken away, in the midst of his mirth and jollity, out of this life, dying like an Hetheniſh infidel that had never heard of God: for when he was secure, and with the fool in the Gospel, bad his soul take his ease, lo! at the sin his soul ceases to be any more a companion to the body.

Another of the crew was dispatched into *Spain*, where he had not stayed any long time, but he was likewise met with by the same hand of divine Vengeance, and his life snatched from him before he was aware; his death was with violence sought to have a satisfaction for, but the Church (against whom he was a rebellious reprobate) protected her sons, so that their thirst for blood was to this day unsatisfyed. So *let all thine enemies perish before thee O Lord.*

Neither were these all that divine Vengeance visited; for one *Hoyle* a sometime Alderman of *York*, being carryed on with an inveterate, though undeserved hate, against the *Prince* of the people, after he had many times railed and reviled the dead ashes of that ever to be remembred man, at the returne of the return, and on the very day of their mischief, accompanyed with no other but the Devil, the Patron

tron of such miscreants) took occasion of discontent from his troubled conscience, and *Achitophel* like went and hanged himself in his own lodging chamber, and was, as the Scripture speaks, buried with the burial of an asse. But that he might not be alone, another of the fraternity and an Alderman too, *Wilson*, at his house in *Surrey* neer *Martin Abbie*, being weary of the burthen of his hated life, stabbed himself to the heart, and so with *Judas* received the perdition. Thus one after another they march off, but still with the mark of the beast in their foreheads, that he that runs may read, *This is the Lords doing and it is marvelous in our eyes.*

I might here relate to you the terrours of conscience that frighted that devil incarnate *Bradshaw* out of this life, and what sinister fate made *Prideaux* (a fit Atturney for a high Court of Justice) so suddenly to miscarry, and *Oliver* the usurping tyrant to dy desperately mad or worse (if worse can be). Upon all which forementioned persons the only hand of God, and not of man, was evident in the exemplarinesse of their punishment; but the rest being left to the Justice of the law, by the happy restauration of King *CHARLES* the second, some were banished, others imprisoned, tryed, found guilty of that execrable murther, and executed to the joy of all good subjects

Thus we see divine vengeance prosecuting these sons of blood and assassination, by whose treachery; dissimulation and breach of Oathes, the Kingdom was almost ruined: But the pit they digged for others they are fallen into themselves, and their mischievous device is fallen on their own pate.

HIST. II.

MONTROSE and *ARGYLE.*

The Contents.

Montroſe *endeavouring to ſerve King* Charles *the Firſt in his wars, is therefore envied by* Argyle, *who with* Huntly *plot to entrap him, and after many trialls they at laſt ſurpriſe him, when he is formally murthered:* Argyle *is impriſoned, who thereupon confeſſeth the whole, and for the ſame is executed.*

IN the Kingdom of *Scotland*, the more Northerly part of the Iſle of great *Britan*, within our memory lived a Noblеman rarely accompliſhed, valiant without faction, no man having done more heroical acts than he, in power riches and parentage equal to any the great men of his own Country, as being deſcended from that honourable and antient family of the *Grahams*, and inſtiled with the noble title of Marqueſs of *Montroſe*; who by the ſpecial providence of God Almighty ſtanding up to do his endeavours to maintain his Maſters the Kings juſt Rights and autho-

authority, the peace, ſafety and Liberty of the Subjects, and the honour and ſplendour of his houſe, was in all oppoſed by another great Man of the ſame Kingdom, who was alſo a Marqueſs, and bore the Title of *Argyle*, a Man both ambitious and cunning; ſervile (yet envious to his betters) but tyrannical where he could gain an advantage, and willing to any evil to get himſelf honour and ſafety: Againſt our Noble *Montroſe* did this perſon ſet himſelf a profeſſed Enemy, though ſometimes pretending friendſhip; to whom nevertheleſs he ſent this enſuing friendly Letter.

Montroſe to *Argyle*.

MY Lord I wonder at your being in armes for defence of Rebellion, your ſelf well knowing his Majeſties tenderneſs, not only to the whole Country (whoſe Patron you would pretend to be) but to your own perſon in particular. I beſeech you therefore to return to your allegiance and ſubmit your ſelf, and what belongs unto you, as to the grace and protection of your good King, who as he hath hitherto condeſcended unto all things asked, though to the exceeding great prejudice of his Prerogative, ſo ſtill you may find him like an indulgent Father, ready to embrace his penitent Children in his armes, although he hath been provoked with unſpeakable injuries: But if you ſhall ſtill continue obſtinate, I call God to witneſs, that through your own ſtubbornneſs I ſhall be compelled to endeavour to reduce you by force: So I reſt

your Friend if you pleaſe
Montroſe.

This Letter was sent by a Noble Gentleman, and replete with all kind of vertues, who delivered the same just when the two Armies were ready to encounter, but could have no other answer, than being committed to prison with this threat from *Argyle*, as soon as he had got the Victory to cut off his head: But God provided better for him, for the battell presently after being struck, *Argyle* and his party was put to flight with a great slaughter, which so enraged *Argyle*, that he resolves clandestinely to effect what he could not compass by force, to that end he hired one *Stuart* to assasinate *Montrose* in private; The Villain, finding it a thing of great difficulty to be by him alone atchieved, resolves to draw in a Noble person the Lord *Kilpont* to be accessary to the villany; therefore taking him aside into a private place, he discovered unto him his intentions: But the Nobleman highly detesting so base a treachery, laying before the said *Stuart* the odiousness of such a crime with many passionate speeches, the wretch seemed to comply as a convert, yet fearing to be discovered, as he followed the same Lord, at unawares he assaulted him and stabbed him with many desperate wounds, little suspecting so fatal a return from him who had been his friend and Creature: The murthered corps being found, caused a great tumult among the Souldiers, and grief among his friends, who presently laid wait to apprehend the murtherer, but he was fled and escaped by killing a Centinel, and the darkness of the night, and came to *Argyle*, who immediately advanced him (though he was no Souldier) to great commands in his Army.

This clandestine plot being now palpable enough to the eye of all discerning judgments, doth not

not yet terrifie *Montroſe*, who the better to ſtrengthen a good cauſe, by the potent help of powerfull allies, ſeeks to joyn to himſelf the *Gordons* (the Friends and dependants of the Marqueſs of *Huntly*) when on a ſudden, from what hands he could not tell, there came to him this Letter.

The Letter.

MY Lord, we need not we hope ſeek to ingratiate our ſelves into your Excellencies *favour, by informing you of our hearts, tis true, we have not with that readineſs as befitted us waited on you according to your expectation, with our ſwords in our hands, which if we had, knowing our Dependance on the Marqueſs of* Huntly, *we had been ruined, for hitherto we ſtill hoped his integrity, but now with grief are enforced to let your honour know the Contrary, for* Huntly *is your back-friend, and both by his example and private directions, hath withheld us all, forbidding even with threats all with whom he hath power to have any thing to do with your Lordſhip, or to aſſiſt you either with their power or Counſel. This we thought fit to ſignifie unto you, deſiring ſtill to continue in your good favour as*

Your faithfull Friends and ſervants.

Montroſe having received this intelligence, thought it no boot to ſtay any longer in thoſe quarters, but chiefly becauſe *Argyle* purſued him, whereat vexed in his heart to be followed by a coward, he reſolves to fight the rebels, and to that end made a ſtand, which *Argyle* perceiving,

deſires a ceſſation, and propoſes that engagements may be given on both ſides for a conference and treaty, yet at the ſame inſtant invites *Montroſes* Souldiers to forſake him, by promiſes of indemnity and reward, nay which is more contrary to the law of armes, yea the rule of Chriſtianity, ſets a great price upon *Montroſes* head, to be paid to any murtherer that ſhould bring it in, but to ſo little effect, that all dealt with, preſently diſcovered the treaſon; to retaliate the effects of which miſchief on *Argyles* own head, for he ſpeedily marches into his Country, when nothing leſs was ſuſpected, ſpoiles his territories, drives away his Cattel, and makes all men ſerviceable for war priſoners, marching when he had done from thence till he came to a place named *Dunkell*, at which time *Lewis Gordon*, Son to the Marqueſs of *Huntly*, who had been a rebel, but by the mediation of his brother the Noble Lord *Gordon* had been received into favour, by Letters from the old fox in the hole, his Father, tempted and carried away with him almoſt all the *Gordons*, and baſely deſerted *Montroſe* and him, when they were ready to be engaged with the enemy. The Marqueſs of *Huntly* by private directions to the Earl of *Aboyne* his ſon, who by reaſon of ſickneſs was abſent much about the ſame time, had inveigled and allured away almoſt all the Northern men from their colours. Nay to that height now was their treachery arrived, that ſeveral of the great ones envying the good ſucceſs of *Montroſe*, not of intent to do the King ſervice, but only to trepan his Lieutenant, invite him into the South borders of *Scotland*, where they had ſo contrived their buſineſs with ſecrecie, that when ſome of *Montroſes* beſt horſe, and moſt acquain-

ed

ed with the Country, were sent out to scout, they returned with this intelligence, that they had been ten miles about and diligently examined all by-wayes, but could neither find or hear of an Enemy, though in truth they were but four miles from *Selkirk*, where they had notice by Letters of *Montroses* strength, and that he might easily be surprised on the borders of *Tweed*, which indeed shortly after he narrowly escaped. *Montrose* perceiving himself betrayed by these Men, he marched into the North to recruit his tyred and broken forces, when *Huntly* began again to come into play, telling his followers he would undertake the war in person and not rely on *Montrose* (against whom in truth though without cause he ever bore a spleen) by which means *Aboyne* and his brother *Lewis* began to slack their duty, and at last desired leave to depart; which after many discussions, with much ado was extorted from *Montrose* sore against his stomack, and to take off *Huntleys* causeless malice against him, by a continued correspondence he sends to him to hasten with his forces, but *Huntley* meant nothing less, remaining obstinate and inflexible, resolving that neither he nor any of his Children should have any thing to do with him: *Montrose* yet unwilling to fall foul with him, by Sir *John Dalyel* thinks it convenient to send him this ensuing Letter.

Montrose to *Huntley*.

I Hope I need not inculcate to your remembrance the danger the King and Kingdom at present is in, & the misery that hanges over his and all faithfull subjects heads: Blame me not, my

Lord, if I can lay the fault on none but your ſelf and ſon, firſt for hindering the ſupplyes which the King ſent, and next for the loſs of thoſe gallant and faithfull men, lately with ſo much cruelty butchered, yet nevertheleſs, ſince things paſt cannot be recalled, I beſeech you to recollect your ſelf for the future, and if you will not aſſiſt, yet at leaſt grant the favour of a conference to the Kings Governour.

Montroſe.

Huntley received this Letter with his wonted peeviſhneſs; and was infinitely averſe to a conference; whereof *Montroſe* advertiſed, that he might leave nothing unattempted, reſolved to go and ſpeak with him whether he would or no. Therefore leaving his forces in their quarters, he poſted early in the morning to his Caſtle, and caught him ere he was aware, and gave him ſuch ſatisfaction, that at laſt he ſeemed to give him his hand, and promiſed not only his men but himſelf in perſon to aſſiſt him; ſo that *Montroſe* now ſuppoſing *Huntleys* ſpirit pacified and ſeriouſly inclined to joyne with him, falls ſtoutly to his proſecution of the war, but *Huntley* meaning to perform nothing leſs than what he had promiſed, having paſſed the Spey and entered into *Murray*, trifled away his time, and waſted his ſtrength without either honour or profit, and after ten weeks time returned home as wiſe as he went out, whoſe ſo baſe retreat made the army to moulder, and cauſed other approaching forces to make a ſtop, and delay their joyning: Whereupon deſpairing of any good from him, he began to look to himſelf, leaſt he ſhould betray him. In this nick of time comes a Herald to *Montroſe* from the King, commanding

commanding him to lay down Arms and disband, and to depart into *France* and there wait his Majeſties pleaſure. Aſtoniſhed at this, and ſuppoſing it might be but a plot, vowing that, as he had taken up arms by the Kings Commiſſion, ſo he would never lay them down but by his command, and therefore deſired the King himſelf to ſign him conditions, and he would immediately obey; at laſt articles are brought ſigned by the Kings hand to disband and depart the kingdom with ſpeed: Which, notwithſtanding all the plots of his enemies laid to entrap, he effectually performed, taking ſhip at *Stanhive* in a ſmall veſſel for *Norway*, from whence after many journeys into moſt parts of Chriſtendom with ſmall ſucceſſe, he returned with ſome few forreign forces into *Scotland*, whoſe numbers and ſtrength being inconſiderable, they were ſoon ſuppreſſed after a valiant defence, and the Marqueſſe of *Montroſe* himſelf enforced to fly, where meeting with the Laird of *Aſton*, and believing to find friendſhip at his hands, he baſely ſeiz'd on him & delivered him up to his enraged enemies, and they brought him to *Edenbourgh* by way of the Cannon Gate in a cart, bareheaded and bound, drawn with four horſes, and driven by the hangman with his hat on, towards the priſon, where he was cloſely ſhut up, and afterwards at the inſtigation of *Argyle*, Earl *Lowdon*, *Lothian* Ker, *Caſſels*, the *Laird* of *Swinton*, Sr. *James Stuart* and ſome others of *Argyles* faction, Mr. *Rob. Trayle* and Mr. *Mungo Law* Miniſters, he was accuſed for many things, but chiefly for waſting *Argyles* eſtate, for which indeed he was formally murthered, being hanged on a Gibbet twenty foot high, then cut down, and beheaded and quartered, and his body thrown into a hole in the common place of execution. Thus

was

was this famous man brought to a ſhamefull end by treachery; but now ſee the juſtice of heaven againſt the Malefactours, for King *Charles* the ſecond being reſtored to his Dominions, hath for the ſaid murther and other treaſons, apprehended and put into the Tower of *London* the Earls of *Argile* and *Antrim*, and caſt into another priſon *Swinton*: the chief of the rebells having already in one way or other been ſmartly and ſeverely puniſhed, ſome by death, others by the loſſe of their eſtates, and many by baniſhment.

So juſt is heaven that it never ſuffers murther to go unpuniſhed, eſpecially when committed with ſo open violence on ſuch noble perſons, having dyed lamented for his vertues all over Chriſtendom, by all ſorts of men: and ſince his death even bewailed by thoſe who had a finger in it, though their ſucceſſe at that time did animate them to ſuch cruelty.

HIST III.

Sonds and his two unfortunate Sons.

The Contents.

George *the Elder ſon falls in love with* Madamoyſelle de Laune, *but finding his fathers averſeneſſe leaves her.* Freeman *the younger ſon courts another Lady and will not be drawn from her: Under a pretence quarrels with his brother, and ſhortly after murders him in his bed; he diſcovereth it himſelf to his father, who thereupon cauſeth him to be apprehended, he confeſſeth the fact and is hanged for the ſame.*

IN the Eaſterne part of great *Britans* Iſle (as to the Metropolis thereof *London*) is a County called *Kent*, fertile and unconquered even from its *Aborigines*: In the midſt whereof within the compaſſe of half a ſcore years lived a gentleman of a good family and of a fair and plentiful eſtate, and intermarryed with a Lady of the Neighbourhood

bourhood, whose pleasing beauty, affable courtesy and innate modesty yielded him such variety of content, that his heart could scarcely think how to wish for more, till at last he was bereaved of her in the prime of her youth by deaths inevitable stroke, having had many Children, which were dead young, the only two remaining testimonies of their conjugal affection, being two sons, the one named *George*, and the other *Freeman Sonds*: The careful Father, as soon as they were of years convenient, put them out to very good and select schools, often in person visiting them, to have an eye to their education, both as to religion and learning; from school they went to *Cambridge*, and were placed in *Sidney* Colledge under the special governance of an able and Godly Tutour, by these means endeavouring to season them in their tender years with such sound and wholsome rudiments, as no sutle temptations of fleeting youth might for the future take them off; and indeed upon the elder brother *George* they had a mighty influence by disposing his nature early to hearken to his fathers advice, and incline to vertuous courses, being of an affable, mild and soft nature, which won him the hearts of his friends and acquaintance. But *Freeman*, though the younger, was quite contrary, being pleasing to none, but cross grain'd, peevish & perverse to all, and as much to his father as any.

These two brothers thus contrarily disposed, yet for many years kept a very perfect harmony, insomuch that when the father would have parted them by sending *Freeman* to the *Inns* of *Court*, he would by no means be perswaded thereto (though much prest to it) because he would bear his brother company: Which he did in all places, upon all occasions, with much seeming affection; in which

which time *George* growing now to the age of virility, fortun'd to cast his eye on a handsome young Lady (but his *Cousen Germane*) named *Madamoyselle de Launs*, who was resident with her mother at a place called *Lingstead* not farr from his Fathers mansion; to this Lady did our young Gentleman make his application, and by all the arts of a curious courtship woed her to yield to become his wife; She like a right woman, finding him caught, to make him the more sure, gives him line to entangle by, an extraordinary coy behaviour towards him, which made him so much the more eager, that he never desisted from day to day to lay so close a seige, that at last she consented to be at his disposal: Wherewith our two lovers rest so well satisfyed, that they would not believe any joy to equall, much lesse to surpasse, the content they at that time mutually participated in each others society, and the fruition of their concluded love: This was not carryed so privately but that one Mr. *Huginson* a near relation, got notice of it, who by a letter presently (writes word to Sr. *George Sonds* the Father to this effect, *That he had thought his Cousen* George *had come to his house out of love to bowling, but he saw now that it was out of love to his Cousen* Anne de Launs, *and that if it were not timely prevented, they might make themselves sure together.* This unexpected news coming to the father late at night, next morning he went to *Lingstead* and asked for Mrs. *De Launs* mother, which was his sister, and told her of it, she pleaded ignorance, and that she knew nothing, and disliked such a thing: Whereupon he desired to speak with her daughter, who with much difficulty was brought to him, to whom he said, *Cousen there is a businesse going on between my son and you,* alto-

altogether againſt the liking of your parents, and if you proceed it will be the ruine of you both, for I ſhall never give way to it, I hold it ſo unlawfull for Couſen Germans *to marry, and therefore if you will now go no farther in it, I ſhall be a good friend to you, and take care to provide you a fitting husband.*

Sir, ſaid ſhe, *it is gone ſo farr that I think my Couſen* George *will not conſent to what you propound, but if he be willing I ſhall not be againſt it, yet I think he will not.*

Upon this they parted and Sr. *George* came home, when he preſently told his ſon that he heard of ſuch a buſineſs, and had ſpoken with his Couſen about it, who (finding it diſtaſtful to the parents) ſeemed willing to lay it aſide, if he would not be averſe. Hereupon he abſented himſelf for a few dayes, but being underhand ſollicited to come thither, he was importunate with his father to go, who at length very unwillingly gave way to him, but charged him not to renew his ſuite. He had not been gone an hour ere Sr. *George* the father followed, who finding the young couple together, commanded them both farely to lay aſide their thoughts of a match, becauſe he did ever abhorr the mariage of Conſen *Germans*, telling his ſon withall, that if he maried her, he muſt not look to come within his doors, and ſo went his way.

Shortly after the young man followed him home, whom his father commending for his care, wiſht him to forbear going thither any more, which advice he took and punctually obſerved.

This forbearance of his to viſit them, made them bethink themſelves what to do to reclaim him, they ſollicite him by meſſengers, Letters and importunate requeſts, but to no purpoſe, for he continues firm againſt them, yet they ceaſe not to ſend to him,

him, which at laſt compelled from him this enſuing civil letter.

George Sonds *to* Madamoyſelle de Laune.

COſen, I have of late received many letters and meſſages from your ſelf and my Aunt your mother, inviting me to viſit you, and tender my ſervice as an affectionate Lover; I muſt confeſſe, the errour of my youthful thoughts not able to fathom the depth of reaſon or religion, did for a time make my fancy deviate and ſtrain my love into affection; but what ever my thoughts or intents were then, the matter being now known to my father, I ſee ſo much averſeneſſe in him that I cannot go on: Beſides I beſeech you dear Couſen to conſider, that we are ſo neer of blood, that I fear God will never proſper ſuch a mariage. Therefore I earneſtly entreat you to have me excuſed from any further progreſſe, and deſire you likewiſe to have no more thoughts of it, but quite lay them aſide: the continuance whereof will have ſo much of evill in it, as will worke not only for the unhappineſſe, but the ruine of us both; to avoide which ſhall be the deſire of

Your truly loving Coſen
George Sonds.

After the ſending of which letter, to be as good as his word and avoid temptations, he retired into *Suſſex*, and ever after he was ſo averſe to them, that he could not endure any mention of her or her mother.

In the interim of theſe paſſages *Freeman Sonds* the younger ſon falls in love likewiſe with a fair Gentlewoman, in whoſe company he was very fre-

frequent, ſpending even all his time with her in gaming. It was reported by the general vogue of the Country that ſhe had three or four hundred pounds a year, the newes whereof and the young couples love coming together to the fathers ear, he endeavoured to divert him, but finding his ſon obſtinately fixed, without any further motive he ſeemed to give way; but the fathers offer not anſwering *Freemans* expectation, made him grow diſcontent, conceiving within himſelf that if his brother were dead, he then ſhould have all. Here was the firſt entrance of the devill, and from hence forwards he began to have an evil eye, and with his brothers death.

Another motive, though in it ſelf but ſleight, yet was ſufficient to draw him, (it ſeems) to work a revenge, and that was about a doublet, the ſtory in ſhort was this.

George Sonds the Elder ſon comming out of *Suſſex* to *London*, by miſtake wore his brothers doublet, which upon his return home he deſired his brother *Freeman* to exchange, & each to take his own, which his brother *Freeman* refuſed with much obſtinacy. Notwithſtanding the commands & entreaties of his father, who having heard them wrangle about it, came to them to know what was the matter, but nothing would prevail with *Freemans* obſtinacy. Where upon his father ſaid, *I ſee this is nothing but wilfulneſſe only to croſſe your brother, to whom you need not be ſo dogged. For I tell you, if I die, You muſt be beholding to him, and whatever your flatteries tell you of a thouſand pounds a year or more that you have, which your father cannot keep from you. I who know better than they, tell you, that you have not a groat, but what you muſt be beholding to your father for, and that it is in his power to leave you as little as your Unckle* Nicolas

las *had left him. And, therefore you need not carry your self so stubbornly against him as if all were your own allready. I tell you, these cross humours of yours if you continue in them, will ruine you.* This was all his Father said to him: Yet he would have, and had his will, and still kept his brothers doublet; These words of his fathers he by mis-interpretation wresting to the worst, augmented his discontent, that by the help of the Devil, was blown into a flame, which so incensed him that he vowed revenge, and hence forward he thirsted after his innocent brothers blood, without which he was never to be satisfied.

Three moneths and upwards were now past since this contest for the doublet happened, in which time all manner of respect and kindness both from his brother and father continued to him to the very night before the murther committed, and all former quarrels seemed to be quite forgot. Sr. *George Sonds* the father in his interval had been seven weeks from them a prisoner in *Upnor* Castle, and did not see them but as they came sometimes to him passing between *London* and his house: At length he came home, and the very day before, he and both his Sons were at *Feversham* in the same County of *Kent* to see a match of running (a sport wherein the young men much delighted) all day there appeared nothing but pleasingness, and at night they all came home and went to bed, without the least shew of any discontent.

In this time of darkness, that malicious enemy of mankind taking his opportunity, began to intoxicate young *Fremans* thoughts with a fresh desire of revenge; to that end he summons all means that might facilitate his intent. Murder he resolves on, but how or by what means he had

not yet contrived, to bed therefore he goes to take counsel of his pillow, where generally men arise upon second thoughts better qualified; but hence alas he proceeds to perfect the wickedness of his deviliſh intent, not in the dark, though he passed a restless night, but as if not ashamed of his villany, *aperto sole*, the Sun being now risen, he riseth out of his bed, and goes into his brothers chamber, where finding him sweetly sleeping, like a desperate wretch, with the prepared Engines of his mischief, a cleaver of Iron and a Steeleto, he approaches the bed, where with the murderous heart and hands of a bloodthirsty and inhumane Assassine, he first with the butcherly cleaver as he slept beat out his brains, and as if that had been too little with the steeleto did stab him seven or eight times in and about the heart: neither was this all, but as if he had intended to kill his father by the relation, as he had done his brother by the fact, he had no sooner in manner aforesaid butchered the one, but he came presently to the other, and acquainted him with it, and brought him to the bedside to see his brother lie weltring in his blood, not as then quite dead. Oh unparalleld villany! Oh most sad spectacle! *Habet æternam labes illa memoriam*, certainly there is scarce any wickedness like this.

Me thinks now I see the grief-astonished father, even with *Niobe* to be converted into stone, and as it were torn in pieces by the several passions of love, fear, sorrow, amazement and Justice: but at length all passion laid aside, out of a meer entire love to the law of God and Justice, he causeth the murtherer to be apprehended and carried before a Magistrate, to whom at the first he freely confessed the fact of murthering his brother, but being

being asked why he did it, he anſwered, that *It was becauſe (upon a difference between him and his brother about a doublet) his father threatned he would ruine him, and make him a ſervant to his brother, and that he would make him as poor as his Uncle* Nicholas, *and that he had not for four years before of his father fourty nor twenty pound, and that his fathers diſpleaſure againſt him ſtill continued.*

Theſe, if truths, might have been ground of diſcontent, but no provocations to ſo wicked an act, but he who is the Father of murthers is alſo the Father of lyes, and taught this wretch to pervert his Fathers words, mentioned before (which were ſpoken to him for his amendment, and not for his hurt.)

Upon his confeſſion as aforeſaid, he was condemned to be hanged at the common place of Execution, not many dayes after, in which time between his condemnation and execution, he wrote to his father ſeveral letters, but chiefly one I ſhall commend to your view, to teſtifie the hopes of his true repentance and hearty ſorrow for his heinous fact. It conteined theſe liues.

Freemans *Letter to his Father.*

Dear and ever honoured Father,

IN the midſt of all the diſtreſſes of my ſad ſoul, the ſweetneſs of your love and fatherly indulgence brings with it much comfort to my diſconſolate ſpirit, which is a little revived by your loving letter to the High Sheriff, whereby I have this liberty to preſent the moſt dutyful affection of a penitent Son. Good father, let me upon my humble requeſt obtain your gratious pardon and forgiveneſſe of all my former diſobedient actings,

and admit me, I beseech you, into your prayers, that I may be thankfull to my heavenly father for this respite of life, and employ the short remainder of my dayes in repentance, prayer, and other holy duties: that so, thereby, I may win comfort to my poor soul here, and through the mercies of Christ my Saviour, enjoy everlasting blisse hereafter. Which God of his infinite mercy vouchsafe unto you dear father, and to me your most affectionate and obedient son

Freeman Sonds.

Shortly after this, he was brought to the place of execution to suffer the punishment inflicted on him by law for his offence; where there were a great multitude of spectatours to see him dye: When he came to the foot of the Lader, he looked round about him, and immediately ascending, spake to the people as followeth.

Although, Christian friends, through the heinousness of my offence, I am become unworthy to live in this world, yet I hope such will be your charity, that at this my last end I shall have Your prayers. I praise God I am come to a sight and sence of my sin, and I feel the weight of my burden, and I am come hither to be eased of it. I am now at my journeyes end, and I hope God will strengthen me to look in the face of death courageously, for that God who hath promised free pardon and remission unto all penitent sinners through faith in Christ, will purge and cleanse my soul from all uncleanesse, and deliver me from all blood-guiltinesse. Therefore once more let me entreat you to pray unto God with me and for me, that I may be presented to my heavenly father without spot or wrinckle, holie and without blemish, that he would receive me into everlasting peace, and into the

the glorious eſtate of his choſen Saints in heaven. O Lord, into thy hands I commend my ſoul, Lord Jeſus receive my ſpirit.

So after a Pſalme ſung, he prayed a ſhort ſpace to himſelf, then pulled his cap over his eyes, and immediately the Executioner turned him off the ladder.

Thus have we ſeen a noble Gentleman deprived of all his poſterity at once: The one Son murthered in his bed; by the fatal hand of his cruel Brother, and the other, deſervedly, hanged for the fratricide.

May it prove a happy example to, deterr others from the like exorbitancies, and by others harms, teach them to take heed to their own wayes, leaſt they fall into the like folly. Learn wiſdome hence, for,

Exemplo alterius qui ſapit, ille ſapit.

HIST. IIII.

Sir *Thomas Overbury* and *Turner*.

The Contents.

The Countess of Essex *lustfully loves* Viscount Rochester, *but hates her husband, and bewitches the Viscount to draw his affection: the successe answering her desire, she seeks to be divorced from the Earl her husband.* Sr. Thomas Overbury *diswading the Viscount from the Countesse, is by them with the help of Mrs.* Turner, Weston, Franklin *and others poysoned in the Tower of* London. *At last* Weston *is apprehended upon suspicion and confesseth all, the rest of the conspiracy seized and executed.*

IN the reign of King *James* of ever glorious memory, when peace and plenty had taken up their abode in the British Island by the Uniting of two distinct Kingdomes under one Pacifique Prince, there was a young Gentleman, by Nation a *Scot*, and of but mean Parentage who through

through the favour of Friends, but chiefly by his own good fortune gets into the Kings favour, which ſoon after raiſes him both to wealth and honour, by name *Carre*, his revenues being ſo enlarged, and his glory ſo reſplendent, that he drowned the dignity of the beſt Nobility, and the eminency of ſuch as were much more excellent; but this ſudden riſing procures him much envy, and that gives occaſion to moſt, firſt to dive into, and then to cenſure his actions: but the height of his fortunes maketh many ſpeak the beſt, and attracts the generality to a neerer obſervation of him: Among whom the Counteſſe of *Eſſex* (a woman that at that time did not greatly affect her husband, and withall being of a luſtful appetite, prodigal, ambitious and light of behaviour) noting the favour he was in, and in hope to make ſome profit of him, admires him, commending even his faults, and doting on his imperfections, ſo that her accuſtomed love towards her Lord begins to fail, and thoſe embraces which heretofore were pleaſing are now rejected with frowns, and harſh unſeemly words uſher her diſcontents, unto her husbands ears, which the Earl (not wanting in an extraordinary affection towards her, and being of a mild and courteous temper) diſcerning, endeavoured with modeſt admonitions to reforme, aſſuring her *that by ſuch actions ſhe offered more injurie to her ſelf then hurt to him*; but ſhe ſtill perſiſted, and harbouring envy in her heart towards her husband, makes her repair unto one Mrs. *Turner* (a woman that from her youth had been given over to a looſe kind of life, of a good countenance, but low ſtature, whoſe riotous courſes had waſted both her own and her husbands means) ſo that now wanting to maintain her pride, ſhe ſticks not

at any villany). Unto this woman the Counteſſe complaines againſt her husband, and they joyntly enter into deviliſh plots againſt him to the hazard of his life.

In this interval *Carre* is firſt Knighted, then made Viſcount *Rocheſter*, the accumulation of which honours kindles more luſtful deſires in our Counteſſes breaſt, ſo that now ſhe makes it her endeavour to accompliſh the end of her luſt; and for the better bringing the ſame to paſs, ſhe again goes to Mrs. *Turner*, and truly acquaints her with her affection to the Viſcount, and deſires her aid to win him to love her again. *Turner* promiſes the Counteſſe to inchante *Rocheſter* to affect her, and for this purpoſe one *Dr. Forman* was ſent for, who was ſuppoſed to have skill in Magick: This man by rewards and gifts was won to joyn with them, and after many friutleſs, though chargeable experiments, adviſeth her to live in the Court: Where in a ſhort time ſhe ſo wins upon him by a free carriage, that he becomes beſotted on her.

Forman now and *Turner* are hugged, and much made off, who endeavouring for their own profit to keep the Counteſſe in ignorance, opportunity is offered for a parley at a banquet (provided as was thought of ſet purpoſe) where they began their meetings, and from this time they continued in looſe living.

Not long before this had *Carre* entertained as into his ſervice one Mr. *Overbury* lately come out of *France*, who behaved himſelf with ſo much diſcretion and wiſdom that he quickly gained his Maſters extraordinary favour and affection. Yea ſuch was his diligence that he ownes him as his friend, imparting to him the choyceſt of his ſecrets

crets; and not hiding from him the familiarity between him and the Counteſſe of *Eſſex*. *Overbury* unwillingly hears and ſees what he hates and loathes, for now they commit adultery, even in publick, without fear or ſhame; the Viſcount neglects all his buſineſſe for his luſt, and blinded with pleaſure, overſlips and lets paſs all advantages to the hazard both of his credit and fortune; whereupon *Overbury* (who was by this time Knighted) took an occaſion to ſpeak to him, and tell him, *that the Court began to call his modeſty in queſtion, and feared that his honours would be obſcured by evils, and blemiſhed with levity and unconſtancy*: This freeneſſe of Sr. *Thomas Overbury* ſeemed harſh in the Viſcounts ears, ſo that in a kind of anger, (though undeſerved) he flung from him, but there paſſed no more words.

The Counteſſe of *Eſſex* growing now inſatiable in her luſt to our young Viſcount, increaſeth her hatred towards her husband, againſt whom ſhe now complaines with ſo much eagerneſſe, that nothing will ſatisfy her but to be divorced from him, alledging that ſhe did find in him a frigidity *quoad hanc*, ſo that he could not execute the office of a husband, affirming her ſelf to be a maid, & a divorce at laſt ſhe got (having firſt uſed witchcraft againſt her husband, and cauſed [as was pretended] her ſelf to be ſearched) and then began publickly to ſpeak of marrying the Viſcount, which was but whiſpered at before between themſelves. Particular friends are acquainted with it, and *Overbury* in ſpecial is asked his opinion, who with much ſerioufneſſe, acknowledging the many favours he had received by his countenance and love, deſired to be Excuſed, but being importunately urged he ſaid, My Lord,

I hope you will ſo much remember your honours and large revenues, and daily expectation of others, that you will not caſt away all upon a woman, that is noted for her injury and immodeſty, and pull upon you the hatred and contempt of the great ones for ſo ſmall a matter; conſider I beſeech you the condition of the perſon of whom I ſpeak, her former and preſent carriage and converſation, and the diſhonours that are now upon her by the common report of the Vulgar. 'Tis not the part of a wiſe man to make her his wife, whom he hath had for his whore; ſurely you can expect no better requitall at her hand then ſuch as ſhe ſhewed her former husband, therefore if you mean to be made famous by the continuing of that honour which you now enjoy, my opinion is that you ſhould utterly leave and forſake her company, and to hold her both hurtful and hatefull.

The Viſcount, netled with this plaindealing, growes teſty, and Sr. *Thomas* replying, they fall at laſt to words of anger, ſo that in concluſion *Overbury* requires what is due to him, and wills *Rocheſter* to leave him to his own fortunes, with theſe and many ſuch otherlike words they at that time parted.

Rocheſter at their firſt meeting relates to her the whole former paſſage, whereat ſhe becomes enraged and vowes revenge, becauſe he had taxed her with the name of a Whore (oh how unwilling is ſhe to hear of her faults) ſo that with paſſion, ſhe tells her Viſcount, that neither of them muſt look to proſper ſo long as he lived, and therefore that it was both neceſſary and fitting for his ſafety that he ſhould be a means to diſpatch him. Whereupon the Viſcount being led by the Noſe (as he thought for the beſt being hoodwinkt by the Devil) he gives conſent and endeavours to put in practice

that

that which they had determined: Now on all hands they caſt about how this may be effected with the leaſt ſuſpition of danger, loſs, or diſparagement by the attempts.

For this only cauſe was a quarrel picked with Sr. *William Wade* an honeſt Gentleman, and he (though under other ſpecious pretences) turned out and one Sr. *Jervis Yelvis* for a ſumme of money made Lieutenant of the Tower, by the Viſcount *Rochesters* means, and therefore obliged to ſerve his ends. *Rochester* having thus fitted the Tower to his purpoſe, layes his gins to entrap *Overbury* and get him thither, which he compaſſed by this means. At this time *Overbury* by the Council is thought fit to be ſent Embaſſadour to the Arch-Duke, which coming to his ear, as he was contemplating what was fit to be done, *Rochester* comes to him and tells him of the Councils intent, and finding him unſettled in his mind, he utterly diſſwades him from undertaking the Embaſſy with many reaſons, and the better to confirm a belief in him towards his perſwaſions, and to encourage him in his determinations, he ſhews him much more favour then of late he had uſed to do, and by this means he is utterly deceived, and grows confident to forſake that employment. In this mind the Viſcount leaves him, and betakes himſelf to his purpoſe; for ſoon after he goes to the King, and amongſt many other things, at a time convenient, tells him how inſolent *Overbury* was grown, that he not only contemned him, but his Majeſty alſo, eſteeming his employment to be ſent Embaſſadour, either too light a preferment for his deſerts, or elſe did intend to procure him ſome further evill, for that he utterly diſliked it, and did reſolve to refuſe. The King poſſeſt thus,

groweth

groweth angry: But when ſoon after, he indeed refuſeth it (as he was betrayed to it) ſo according to his enemies expectation, he was for his contempt committed to the Tower, where by *Rocheſters* and *Northamptons* only order he was kept a cloſe priſoner.

In the interval of theſe paſſages the Counteſſe had made another application to Mrs. *Turner*, when, after much paſſionate diſcourſe, theſe two women poſitively conclude that he muſt die: Then conſidering how to do it, after long ſtudy, they agree, poyſon to be the only way, and one *Weſton* (who had been *Dr Turners* man) moſt fitting for this exployt; who being ſent for and talked with, for two hundred pounds undertakes it. The devil never wants inſtruments of miſchief.

All things being in this forwardneſs, and *Sr. Thomas Overbury* faſt, Mrs. *Turner* by the inſtigation of the Counteſs, becomes a ſuiter to Sr. *Thomas Monſon* to have his letter to preferr *Weſton* to wait upon Sr. *Thomas Overbury* in the Tower; who hearing the name of the Counteſſe, and knowing the love between her and *Rocheſter*, wrote, and ſent him with his letter to Sr. *Jervas*, who ſhewed it to Sr. *Thomas Overbury* that with the more readineſs entertained him, harbouring in his own boſome him who would prove his deſtruction. The Counteſſe therefore now begins her work, and ſend to *Weſton* a ſmall glaſs of poyſon, which being delivered, he by the privity of Sr. *Jervas Yelvis* the Lieutenant of the Tower, did adminiſter to *Overbury*, for the Lieutenant was in the buſineſs, and upon conferenee with the Earl of *Northampton*, was promiſed a 1000l. to get it diſpatched, whereof he partly gave notice to the Viſcount in this enſuing letter.

Earl

Earl of Northampton *to Viſcount* Rocheſter.

SWeet Lord, think not I find pain in that which gives me ſweeteſt pleaſure; which is any thing that falls from your pen: Three things concur to my exceeding joy in your worthy letters, proof of your love, comfort in your words, and judgement in your writings. You may believe the word of him that will die rather than flatter you; my heart is full of the love of you, your characters are no more pain for me to peruſe, being as well acquainted with your hand as my own, the pain is no more than the cracking of a nut for the ſweet kernel, or my neeces pain in the ſilver dropping ſtream of your pen, &c. I ſpent two howers yeſterday prompting the Lieutenant with cautions and conſiderations, obſerving with whom he is to deal, and promiſed largely, that he might the better act his part for the advantage in which he dealeth.

Hen. Northampton.

Yelvis at his return to the Tower, goes to *Overbury* to ſound him, and by many pretences of comforting, inſinuates himſelf into his intentions; ſo by this means having learned what he could out of him, he writes to *Northampton* to this effect.

Sr. Jervas Yelvis *to the Earl of* Northampton.

My eſpecial good Lord,

IMmediately after my comming home, I undertook my priſoner, according to your inſtructions, who, ſoon as he came into the place, proteſted his

inno-

innocency upon the Bible, and then asked me, what they intended to do with him, I answered, they mean to refine you, that your pureneſſe may appear a little better, after this walking with him I adviſed him to give conſent to the match between Rocheſter *and the* Counteſſe: *but then he grew hot againſt your Lordſhip and the Counteſſe, ſaying, If he were her priſoner, (as he thought he was) then (ſaid he) let her know that I care as little to die, as ſhe to be cruel: I find the Counteſſe of* Suffolk *to be joyned with you in this plot, though the Chamberlain knowes not of it nor any one elſe; but* Rocheſters *part I ſhall much fear untill I ſee the event to be cleerly conveyed.*

Yours Jervas Yelvis.

All perſons thus made againſt him, and *Weſton* checkt for delay of performing his promiſe, gets certain poyſons, *Viz. Roſalger, White Arſenick, Mercury Sublimate, Cantharides, Powder of Diamonds*, and three or four more ſeveral poyſons, and tempers them both in his broth and meat, Tarts and Jellies, nay his very ſalt, and ſauce, his meat and his drink is mingled with poyſon, by which means he growes extreme ſickly, inſomuch that he can ſcarce ſtand or go: To augment his grief in this his weak condition no friend may be admitted to ſee him but at a diſtance, notwithſtanding which ſtrictneſs over him, yet the newes of the marriage between the Viſcount and the Counteſs comes to his ears, upon the hearing whereof he told the meſſenger, he had as good have brought him word, that to morrow he muſt dye, for he was ſure now not to live long, this perplexity of Spirit makes his malady encreaſe more and more upon him, ſo that now being

being in this extremity he thinks it high time to put *Somerset*, (for so now was *Rochester* made) in mind of his promise to release him, and for this purpose he writes him a Letter to this effect.

Overbury *to the Earl of* Somerset.

RIght noble and worthy Sir, your former accustomed favours and absolute promise concerning my present deliverance, hath caused me at this time by these lines to sollicit your Lordship, and to put you in remembrance of the same, not doubting that your honour is at all forgetfull of me, but only (by reason of my imprisonment, being possest of diverse diseases) I would for my bodies health and safety, taste the felicity of the open air; In which cause if your Lordship please to commiserate my present necessities, and procure me my speedy deliverance, I shall not only stand so much the more obliged to you, but also acknowledge you the preserver of my life.

Thomas Overbury.

Within two or three dayes, *Somerset* returnes an answer in short to this purpose.

Somerset *to Overbury.*

I Received your Letter, and am not unmindfull of you, but as yet the Court is very busie about important matters, and the Kings ears are not at leasure to entertain any motion; but assoon as I can find opportunity, I will not fail to speak in your behalfe: In the mean time to ease

ease the pain of your malady, I have sent you a Soveraign powder either to be eaten or drunk; it will make you more sick, but fear not, I will make this a means for your delivery, and for the recovery of your health.

Somerset.

This Letter feeds Sir *Thomas* with hopes, who (poor Gentleman) took the powder, never dreaming of such horrid treachery, which wrought upon him with much vehemency, so that his sickness grew more vehement and violent (the said powder being in truth rank poyson) but *Weston* seeing he still lingered, and that all *Franklins* poysons did not operate to effect (this *Franklin* was another limb of the Devil, hired to provide all manner of poysons, and prescribe the way to give them) finds out an unknown Apothecary by Mrs. *Turners* help, and with him coucludes for 20l. to administer a glister wherein should be put *Mercury sublimate*; the young man is won to do it. *Weston* prepares it, and perswades Sr. *Thomas* to take it, for that it will be much for his health; Sr. *Thomas* consents, the Apothecary and *Weston* give him the glister, by the infusion whereof, he falls into a languishing disease, with a pain in his guts, with an extremity of vomiting and other purging, which left him not till it had caused his soul to leave his poysoned body: Being thus dead he is presently and unreverently thrown into a Coffin, and buryed, without knowledg or privity of his own friends, upon the Tower-hill, none being suffered to see his body but the agents of those that had poysoned him. And because upon his invenomed body appeared diverse blanes and blisters; his murderers to take away his good name,

name as well as they had done his life, did ſlanderouſly report that he dyed of the French pox. (But it was afterward proved as falſe as the diſperſers of the ſame.)

Thus we ſee that as well good as bad men come to miſerable ends, and oftentimes thoſe that are verſtuous do ſooneſt ſuffer diſgrace and contempt. This murther had now lain (though not without ſome ſuſpition and jealouſie) concealed neer two years, *Somerſet* ſtill continuing his looſe courſes, till at laſt ſmitten by the guilt of his own conſcience, he begins to grow melancholy (but that was then thought to ariſe from the diſlike of the King growing towards him) and to make ſure of all, he ſends into *France* to make away the Apothecary that adminiſtred the Phyſick that killed *Overbury* endeavoured to get in all letters and writings concerning that buſineſſe, and diſgracing or puniſhing all that ſpoke of it. But what God will have diſcloſed, ſhall never be concealed. Several opinions there are how it was brought to light, the moſt probable is, one Mr. *Rawlings* a kinſman of Sr. *Thomas Overburies*, having heard the bruit of poyſoning, petitioned to the King that the ſaid matter might be referred to the Judges for examination, which was granted, whereupon my Lord *Coke*, by vertue of his warrant ſent for *Weſton*, and examined him upon diverſe articles concerning the ſame; but he for about a fortnight ſtifly denyed all; at laſt he is wrought on by the Biſhop of *London*, and by his perſwations tells all, how Mrs. *Turner* and the Counteſſe came acquainted, what relation ſhe had to Witches, Sorcerers and Conjurers, that the Lords of *Northampton*, *Somerſet* and *Frankling*,

Monſon and *Yelvis* had all their hands in it, whereupon they were all apprehended, (only *Northampton* was dead before) ſome ſent to the Tower, ſome to *Newgate*, and ſome to other places confined.

Having thus confeſt this grievous wickedneſſe and conſpiracy, being convicted according to law, he was carryed to *Tybourne* to be hanged, where again queſtioned upon the gallows, he juſtifies all that he had ſaid before, both as to himſelf and others, then after a ſhort time ſpent in devotion, with much ſeeming repentance, he was turned off the Ladder and hanged. After him Mrs. *Turner* was arraigned for aiding and aſſiſting in the ſaid murther, whereof upon a very honourable trial being found guilty, ſhe was alſo condemned to be hanged and within two dayes after was brought from the Sheriffs to Newgate in a coach, and there put into a cart, and carryed to the common gallows, where ſhe was executed; many of the Gentry came in coaches thither to ſee her die, to whom ſhe made a ſpeech, deſiring them *not to rejoyce at her fall, but rather to be warned, to ſerve God and abandon pride, and all other ſins*; relating her breeding with the Counteſſe of *Somerſet*, having had no other means to maintain her and her children, but what came from her; adding that when her hand was once in this buſineſs, ſhe knew the revealing of it would be her overthrow: with theſe and the like ſpeeches, ſhewing great penitency, and moving the ſpectatours both to pity and grieve for her, ſhe was turned off in her yellow tiffany ruff and cuffs, according to her ſentence. After her *Franklin*: then *Sr. Jervas Yelvis* upon their ſeveral arraignments of the fact were found guilty and hanged, and dyed very penitent and ſorrowful for what they had done. *So-*

Somerset also and his Countesse were attached, and examined before the Lord Chancellour, when they both deny and alledge the accusations false; but when they heard that *Weston*, *Turner*, *Franklin*, *Yelvis*, were all hanged and had confest, then the Countesse likewise acknowledged the same to the Council, but he stood stifly in his justification. Nevertheless the King at last granted a Commission to a Lord high Steward for the time, and joined most of the Judges with him as assistants, by vertue whereof they were brought before their Peers, where the Countesse again pleaded guilty and confessed the fact, but *Somerset* still pleaded not guilty: at last after a long hearing of the evidence, allegations and defences *pro* and *con*, the Peers, having conferred of the matter, return the verdict, laying their hands upon their breasts, and swearing by their honours (for they do not take an oath like ordinary Jurors) that he was guilty of the murther and poysoning of Sr. *Thomas Overbury*: whereupon my Lord high Steward, pronounced sentence of death against him, and so he was had back to the *Tower*, where he remained at the mercy of the King, who pardoned them both afterwards. Thus we see that neither wealth nor honour are any certain inheritance, but rather occasions for the Devill to quarrell at, & bring us to infamy for, especially if we run wilfully to that sin of blood. For our good God hath a revenging hand, and scourging whip to punish sin, adultery and blood being alwayes rewarded with shame, infamy, misery and death.

HIST V.

KNIGHT and *BUTLER.*

The Contents.

Butler *a* Hampſhire *youth comes to* London, *and is Prentice with a clothdrawer. He takes many evill courſes, comes acquainted with another Prentice named* Knight, *with whom ſeeing money, for lucre thereof he murders him in the night, is ſhortly after taken, confeſſeth the fact, and is executed for the ſame.*

WIthin the reach as it were but of Yeſterdayes memory, out of *Hampſhire* came a youth, whoſe diſaſtrous end riſing from the former practiſe of a more prodigious life, is the ſumme of the enſuing relation; in brief, *Alton* in the before mentioned County, was the birth place of this young man, where though he could not boaſt of a ſtock of gentry, yet juſtly he might ſay he was deſcended of honeſt parentage, the meaneſs of whoſe condition enforced them the more early to ſeek

ſeek to place their Son abroad, ſo that for the future by the advantage of a trade, he might not only live the more honeſtly, but alſo the more comfortably, for this end therefore he is ſent to *London*, but there in ſtead of learning good, he runs headlong into all vice, aſſociating himſelf with none but debauched perſons, whoſe vitious livings and examples drew him on firſt to drunkenneſs, then to exceſſive gamings, wherein he was grown ſo expert, that by falſe play and ſuch like means, he ſometimes gained much money, but had not the grace to put it to any good uſe, but by rioting and exceſs conſumed and waſted it on lewd and idle women. This ſort of Creatures ſoon drained his purſe, to ſupply which wants, and ſupport his luxury, he practiſeth all kinds of villany, enticing diverſe ſervants to purloyn from their Maſters, many parcels of goods and ſell them, then would he and they go together to the company and houſes of harlots, and there profuſely ſpend what they had ſo wickedly gotten. During which time of his notorious life he became an apprentice to one Mr. *Goodday*, a drawer of cloth in *Carter-Lane*, *London*, ſtill frequenting his evil company, though more cloſely now, and by ſtealth, than before.

In this time of his apprenticeſhip he became acquainted, and grew into familiarity with one *John Knight* an Apprentice alſo in the City of *London* to one Mr. *Worth* in *Milkſtreet*, who was accuſtomed for the advantage of his trade to go to *Briſtol* Fair, during whoſe abſence theſe two young men were ſeldom aſunder, their love to each other ſeeming ſo to encreaſe, that the leaſt abſence of either was irkſome to the other, ſo that night the uſual ſeparater of friends drew

them into a ſtricter nearneſs, by laying them together in one bed, which they uſed for many nights together, all things being even in common between them and no ſecret unrevealed.

From this entire Love, the Devil that ſubtle and malitious Enemy of Man, drew his deſign to ruine them both, which happened in this manner.

On the ſixt of Auguſt

Early in the morning at their upriſing, *Butler* ſeing ſome bags of money in his friend *Knights* cuſtody, was immediatly upon ſight thereof urged by the Devil to covet the ſame, he began thenceforward to contrive the death of his friend and bedfellow, that he might the more ſecurely convey away the money, and the better to cloak his miſchievous intent, with a merry countenance he invited his friend abroad that day, where they ſpent the time with much outward jollity, at night they came home, and as formerly lay again together; but behold how that Devil of coveting other mens goods, having once gotten poſſeſſion in his heart, would not be rooted out, but provokes him to deſtroy his brother; for now the bloody deſign could not out of his mind; he therefore intends about the dead of the night to kill his bedfellow, by cutting of his throat; Accordingly he takes a knife to bed with him, and at his time deſigned, takes it into his hand, but his heart was not yet hardened enough to commit the murder, but laying aſide the knife, he again betakes himſelf to his bed. This he did as he confeſſed ſeveral times before he acted his cruelty: But the morning now approaching, and the Devil growing ſtronger in him,

him, with a murtherous heart and hands, he did barbarously and inhumanely set upon the youth, as he lay harmlessely fast asleep in the bed by him.

The first wound being not mortal, awaked him and by reason of the smart thereof caused him to struggle and make a noise, which was heard into another room of the same house; but not with so much strength as to move them to any suspition. *Butler* fearing to be discovered by the noise of his groans, chops his fist into the mouth of *Knight*, and so they two lay striving and tumbling very near halfe an hour before the fatal blow was given: but at length with much savage barbarisme he did perpetrate the murder, by giving the youngman a very ghastly, deadly wound cross the throat, which done, down the stairs he goes, and takes out of the shop a summe of money in two bags, being about one hundred and ten pounds, and so with his double guilt of robbery and murder, leaving his bloody shirt behind him, and a lock of his own hair in the hand of the dead young man, which hair was pulled off in their striving together, one to commit, the other to prevent, the fact, he hasts home to his Masters house in *Carterlane*, where he privately laid the money in a new trunk, that he had bought with part of his theft; Thus he abode secure for certain dayes, *Viz.* from *Thursday* to *Saturday* unsuspected, following his business at home as formerly.

Many thoughts and jealousies were in several mens heads, who should be the murderer: None aiming at the right, till at last one (as it were directed by the immediate providence of God) who lived in *Milkstreet* (where the murder was done, and knowing that *Butler* used sometimes to

be with the murdered youth) went to *Carter-lane* to *Butlers* Maſters houſe and ſpake with him, by the uncertainty and unſetledneſs of whoſe words and carriage he ſoon began to ſuſpect him guilty, and thereupon cauſed him to be apprehended, and carried before the Lord Mayor of *London*, to whom at the firſt he made a ſtout denyal, but ſhortly after being wrought upon by many fair promiſes and good words, he confeſſed the whole, and all the circumſtances of it, crying out for a little time for his ſoul, and much lamenting his ſin. That night he was committed to *Newgate*, and there lay exceedingly ſtartled about the State of his Soul.

Upon the 13th. of *Auguſt*, when he was arraigned at the Seſſions in the *Old-Baily*, he pleaded guilty to the Indictments with much ſorrow and ſhame. On *Friday Auguſt* the 15th. when ſentence of death was paſſed upon him he with all humbleneſs ſubmitted thereto, ſaying, he had deſtroyed the Image of the eternal God. After his ſentence, he was conveyed back to priſon, where he had a fortnights ſpace given him to repent, all which time he ſpent very penitently, and at the end thereof, about ſeven a clock in the morning a Coach came to carry him away to the place of execution, which was at *Milk-ſtreet* end, in *Cheapſide*, a gibbet being ſet up there on purpoſe, and he come under it, he went up the Ladder, the Executioner ſtanding above him. When he was tyed to the gibbet he began to ſpeak to this effect.

I am here (Loving Friends) a miſerable creature, and by the juſt hand of God come hither to die juſtly for my ſins: So confeſſing himſelf to be a grievous ſinner, he wiſhed the people to take heed to the beginings of ſin leaſt by degrees they grow more

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bold and hardy in evil waies every day more than other. *That they would hearken to Gods word, or their own conſciences when they are firſt checked for their ſins, which if he had done, he was ſure he ſhould not have died that ſhamefull death for his moſt foul, horrid and bloodie ſin. Be careful of your company, read the ſcripture much, follow the church and you'll find more comfort in the word and prayer, than in all youthfull delights; be ſubject and obedient to your Maſters, to the reſtoring that diſcipline which is almoſt loſt in the City, adviſing Youth to live more temperately, and to ſhun lying.* Then begging pardon of all the world for all the injuries he had done them, and forgiving all by whom he had ſuffered even his evill companions, praying to God to forgive them, for all that is evill in them, ſo begging their prayers for him he concluded.

Having finiſhed his ſpeech, he then called on the Lord by prayer with an elevated voice, and with many tears, which ended, he ſaid, *Now I am lanching into the Ocean of Eternitie.* Then deſiring the Executioner to forbear turning him off, till he gave him a ſign; after he had ſtood ſtill a little while in a way of ejaculations, with his cap over his eyes, he lifted up his hands and gave the ſign, whereupon the Executioner did his office, and he was a dead man within a few moments, ſuffering the puniſhment of the law for his heinous offence. Shortly after he was cut down & his corps put into the coach which brought him, and from thence conveyed to St. *Gregories* Church, where about noon he was buryed.

God grant this may prove a warning to all to ſhun the like actions, leaſt they be compelled to undergo the like puniſhments, though it's probable not with ſo good a ſucceſſe of repentanc; but let us,

us all ſhun every occaſion of evil and make it our work to run the race that is ſet before us in all Godlineſſe and honeſty, concluding with that ſentence of the Father, *Omne tempus quo te non ſenſeris eſſe meliorem, hoc te æſtimo perdidiſſe.*

An Appendix Dehortatory.

HAving in the firſt ſix books of this work, by Forreign examples endeavoured to make the horrour of blood-guiltineſs appear, I thought in this ſeventh and laſt to add theſe five which are modern: but I believe for the depth of their villany and the unheard of actings in them not to be paralell'd upon the face of the earth. There are in each of them degrees of wickedneſs, till they arrive at that pitch that they dare reach even at heaven. To begin with the laſt.

You have therein bedfellows and fellow ſervants the one murthering the other in cold blood in his bed, not out of malice to his perſon but a thieviſh deſign for his money.

In the fourth you have greatneſſe, by poyſon deſtroying a meaner but more honeſt perſon, whereby that maxime *Virtus & ſumma poteſtas non coeunt.*

In the third you have the Elder brother killing the younger, and by his deſerved execution leaving his father childleſs: what greater grief to a family?

In the ſecond, one great one undermines another, and by clancular means baſely and inhumanely gets him ſlain.

But in the firſt, *Vix credibile*, Sacred blood is drawn by impious hands: not cloſely in a corner; but

but as in deſpight of heaven, openly, *ſpecie juſtitiæ*, the offendours ſitting down (with the harlot mentioned by the Wiſe man) and wiping their mouths as if they had not done amiſs, *Probſcelus! Pudet hæc Opprobria nobis, & dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli.*

Oh let us earneſtly pray to God to extend his mercy towards us, leſt when he make inquiſition for blood our too too guilty Land receive the dregs of the cup of his wrath. To conclude; *Parrhaſius* painting *Hoplitides*, could neither make him that ran to ſwet, nor him that put off his armour to breath, adding this as a note, *No farther then colours*, meaning that it was not in his pencil, but the Deity to give life. So I have ſet before you terrible examples of ſhame and puniſhment to deterr you from ſin; but if God add not his reſtraining grace all is but vain: *For* Paul *may plant and* Apollos *may water, but God alone can give the encreaſe.*

Soli Deo Gloria.

A Poſcript.

SInce the concluſion of this work, and while it was in the Preſſe, ſome occurrences have ſo happened, that it had been a wilful neglect not to ſay ſomething of them. It is a rule obſerved by ſome, and believed by many to be true, that every thing hath its critical time, whereby conceit may forehope of the Good ſucceſſe of an affair; and it is illuſtrated by many examples, that certain dayes have been perpetually ſucceſful to certain Perſons or Nations. In relation to which ſome of the Deſperado's of our Kingdom (who only did ſwim with the full bladders of other mens eſtates violenrly ript from them) took Twelfe night laſt for to begin new miſchief: Having had ſo good ſucceſſe in that began on Twelfe night 1661. and therefore hoped it might once more prove to them an happy Omen; but faction is (and will I hope ever ſo prove) like Sand, which may be brought into a heap, but can by no art be wrought into a rope or band, to connex any thing together.

How bloody their actings have been is yet too freſhly remembred, and how butcherly their new deſignes were opened, we have too late ſeen: but the ſame God that deteſts confuſion, and loves Or-

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der, hath brought them into the pit, and whom the ſword Military miſſed, that of Juſtice will ſtrike. So certain and unalterable is that decree of Heaven intended to all, though ſpoken only to *Cain, What haſt thou done, the voice of thy Brothers blood cryes to me for Vengeance? Now therefore thou ſhalt be a Vagabond over all the Earth; as thou haſt ſtrayed from me, thou ſhalt wander to all, and never have an abiding place, till juſtice find and root thee out.*

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